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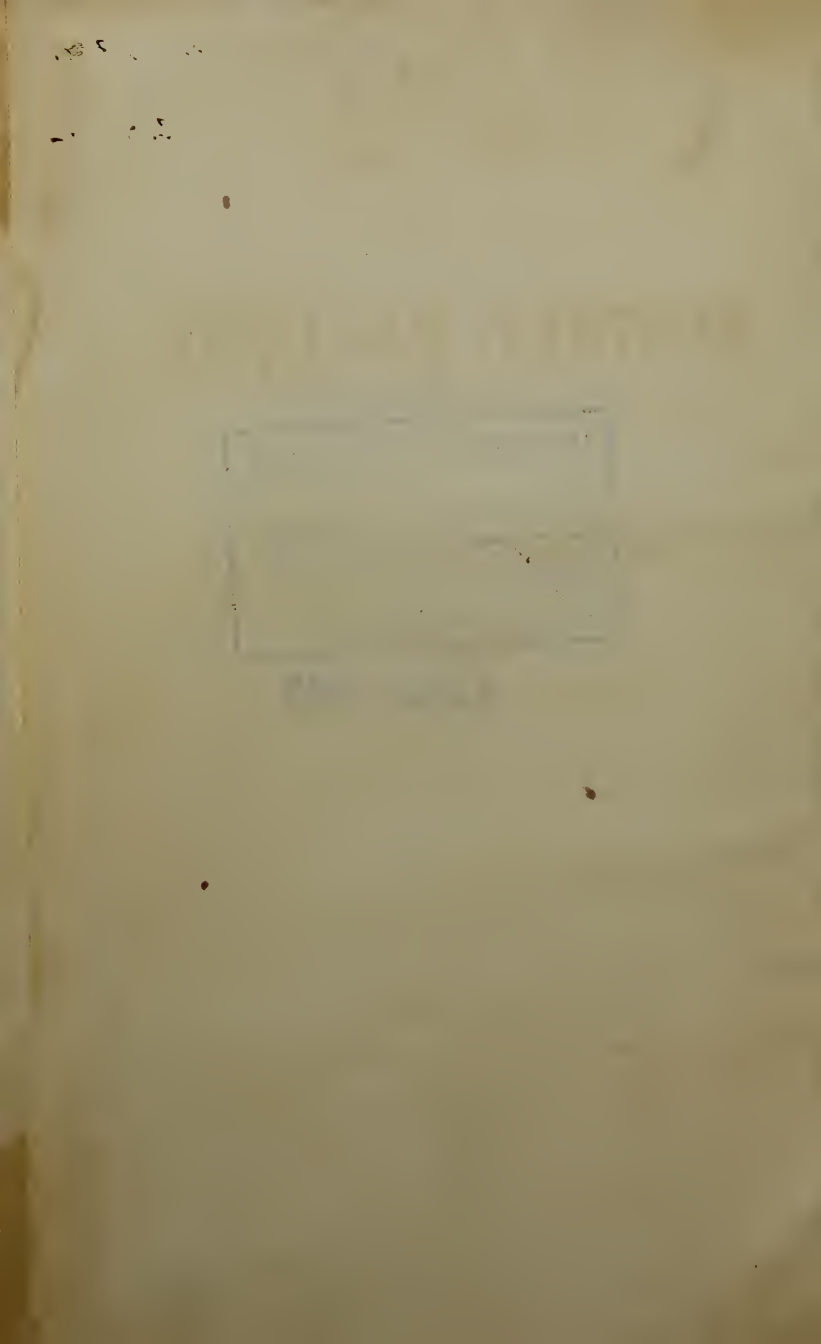
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# MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

*D. Cowan*

VOL. I.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1857.

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CAPE TOWN:

WILLIAM BRITTAIN, 44, ST. GEORGE'S-STREET;

A. S. ROBERTSON, ADDERLEY-STREET; J. C. JUTA, WALE-STREET; W. L. SAMMONS, PLEIN-STREET.

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1857.

# STANDARD LITHOGRAPH

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## P R E F A C E .

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IN presenting the first volume of our Magazine to the Public, we are somewhat at a loss to know what to say. Self-criticism is a good mental exercise; but then it should be perused by ourselves alone, or it may read like self-praise, on the one hand, or a mock assumption of modesty and diffidence on the other. Apologetic prefaces are too common: few read them—none care for them. What can we say, then? That we have done all in our power to provide amusement and instruction for our readers, and if we have ever failed in realizing all their expectations, it has been from no lack of care or energy on our part.

We have been supported even more liberally than we could have anticipated, not only by subscribers, but by contributors also; and we are more often troubled by a superfluity than by a deficiency of matter for publication. To both subscribers and contributors we have to return our sincere thanks; and, in commercial language, “hope for a continuance of their favours.”

And thus, with gratitude on our lips, and hope and confidence in our hearts, we make our bow to the gentle Public, and let fall the curtain on our first act, trusting to hear (may we whisper the truth?) that buzz of applause so cheering to the spirits of a blushing *Débutant*.

Cape Town, June, 1857.



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# CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## ADDRESS.

OUR opening words will be few. It surely requires no apology to introduce a new Periodical to the Cape public. On all sides we hear of prosperity and progress in things material, though, with characteristic John-Bullism, we still grumble a little because we do not move so fast as we would. But, while careering along the material road, need we forget the intellectual? A community that gives no signs of even a nascent literature of its own, is still far from civilization. Wealth may accumulate, but mind decay; though, indeed, the experience of the world has rather shown that a nation's intellectual vigour and its increase of wealth have been simultaneous. That such may be the case with the Cape Colony, all its true friends must ardently desire; and to them, therefore, the establishment of a local periodical like the present, must be a source of pleasure and satisfaction.

We have not entered on this undertaking without receiving a few warnings, and sinister prophecies, from the timorous, founded on the fact of one or two previous failures of periodicals attempted to be started in Cape Town. Without entering minutely into the various points of difference between those cases and our own, we can at least assure our readers that we feel quite secure from the operation of the causes which led to the downfall of our predecessors; while the promises of support received from all sides would embolden men less sanguine than ourselves to persevere in our object.

The CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE will be essentially a "Miscellany," combining amusement with information, and affording equal space to literature, science, the fine arts, and commercial and statistical intelligence. One great design of its conductors will be, to illustrate, in its pages, the early history of the Cape Colony. Many rare and valuable records are at their command for this purpose; and many interesting, and hitherto unedited MSS., on the subject, will be brought before our readers.

Every care will be bestowed in selecting for publication the most valuable, interesting, entertaining, or instructive of the papers which may be forwarded by contributors, and certainly no *personal* favour will be shown to any individual writer. It is wished to make the MAGAZINE a favourite with all classes and all parties,—with the young and the old, the active man of business and the recluse student, the seeker after knowledge and the seeker after amusement. To this end will all the abilities and energies of the Editors be addressed.

We forbear to make many promises, preferring rather to let our performances speak for themselves. Thus we present our first number to our readers, hoping that our new acquaintance may ripen into a friendship, and so form a connexion which shall be life-enduring.

*Cape Town, 1st January, 1857.*

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## NOTES ON ANIMAL LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY H. HALL, R.E.D.

*Part I.*

THE distribution of animal life in this quarter of the globe is a subject of considerable interest. In no part of the world do we find a greater variety of the larger Mammalia than in Africa, and nowhere did they once abound so numerous as in its southern extremity, comparatively speaking, but a very few years ago. In the beginning of the eighteenth century, the elephant and the rhinoceros browsed on the proteas and heaths which clothed the skirts of Table Mountain; the lion crouched in the reeds of the Liesbeek, and the hippopotamus gambolled in the waters of the Salt River. The hyena, within the memories of many living, served as a nightly scavenger to our streets, while troops of baboons levied black-mail on the vineyards and gardens of Table Valley. The splendid blauwbok, or roan antelope, was found on the hill sides of Swellendam; the blesbok and quagga grazed on the downs of Caledon; whilst the rude pictures in the Bushman caves of Graaff-Reinet, Albany, and Queen's Town, show that the giraffe, at not a very distant period, was well known to the then savage inhabitants of the Sneeuwberg, the Winterberg, and the Stormberg. But all have now passed away: a few spectral-like elephants are heard of, from time to time, as still haunting the deep and gloomy recesses of the Tsitsikama and Kadouw forests, but seldom indeed are they visible to human ken. The rhinoceros (sage old Chikooro) has retreated far, far away to the woody hills of the Limpopo, or the arid plains in the northern Kalihari Desert. One of the last of hippopotami has yielded up the ghost, not very long ago, on the banks of the Berg River, and he is scarcely now to be met with south of the Orange, or west of the Great Fish River. The blauwbok has long forsaken the hills of Swellendam, and betaken himself to the rugged solitudes of the Malutis, or the desolate valleys near the source of the Orange River. The giraffe, since the days of Le Vaillant, has not been seen within the colonial border; and at the present time, not for many hundred miles north of it. In the howling wilderness of our northern frontier the roar of a hungry lion may still be occasionally heard; but "the lions," as a body, have

long forsaken us. All, all the larger and noble Mammalia are fast receding before the march of civilization; the hyena, jackal, and wild dog, alone keeping their ground, and prowling actively as ever as ovicides on our thinly-inhabited sheep farms, or making the night re-echo with their howls while growling over the garbage cast on the dunghills of a frontier outpost. It will be therefore partly the object of this article to fix as accurately as possible the habitat of the principal animals of South Africa in this year of our Lord 1856.

To prove that this subject is of some importance, we need here only remind our readers of the disappearance or extinction of the Dodo from Mauritius, the Dinornis from New Zealand, the Elk from Ireland, the wolf and bear from Great Britain, and the almost extinction of the orrox, lynx, and many other wild animals from the forests of Central Europe. Even in South Africa, several antelopes described by old writers (the Takaitse, for instance) cannot now be found, or at least identified with existing species. Where shall we, in the present day, find a lion, a python, a tiger, or a wild bull in Modern Greece? Yet we know these animals abounded there in classic days, as Hercules, Apollo Belvidere, Bacche Pater, or Theseus, can testify (although, by the bye, jolly old Father Dionusos must have caught his tigers in India). Where shall we in the Cape Colony now find a giraffe, a rhinoceros, a roan antelope, in the localities in which they once abounded? The western side of the colony, and eastward till we reach the plains of Cradock and Colesberg, is now almost denuded of its once rich and interesting Fauna. Peace to their manes!

We shall now proceed to detail more particularly the localities in which the larger animals are found at the present day; and to investigate where they were last seen within our colonial boundary, commencing of course, as in duty bound, with the "Nobel der König" of Goethe, "King of Beasts," the lordly Lion,—*Felis Leo* of naturalists. In our undertaking, we beg to state that we write open to correction, and that the apparition or destruction of any of the animals we describe, at a subsequent period, are facts that should, if possible, be recorded.

#### THE LION.

With the exception of part of Bushmanland lying north of the Beaufort district, and the most eastern portions of the districts of Queenstown and Albert, we do not believe

a lion, at the present day, is to be found within the limits of the Cape colony. In the Sovereignty, however, they are still numerous,—and that district may even yet be called, like old Numantia, *Leonum arida nutrix*;—also in Natal, the Transvaal Country, Great Namaqualand, and Bechuanaland. In Kaffraria Proper, except in the rugged country bordering on Natal, they have not been found for some years. The last lion killed on the Eastern Frontier was an old male, which Eno's Kafirs despatched with their assegais, near Commetgies Post, in 1842. But stray ones, no doubt, have been heard of in the thinly-inhabited parts of the Uitenhage or Colesberg districts, since that period. We may, in 1856, however, consider the lion as extinct in the Cape Colony Proper, except along the course of the Orange River, or other remote parts of our back settlements. Some few years ago, the Bontebok Flats, north of the Amatola, was a famous hunting ground for lions, and many a grizzly male has fallen there a victim to the rifles of the military Nimrods of the Frontier. Major Bates (our respected Governor's private secretary), also Colonel Kyle, of the 45th regiment, have highly distinguished themselves as lion-slayers in the Sovereignty and Natal. A reference to Pringle will show how numerous lions must have been on the Frontier in 1822; and previous to the war of 1836, Lower Albany was much infested with them.

The nearest accessible locality for sportsmen in search of the lion at the present day, is the country east of the Kraai River and the heads of the T'Somo, lying between Queenstown and Albert districts, about four or five days' journey from Queenstown. In lion-hunting, a female with cubs is always the most dangerous. This was known even in the time of Horace:

Non videas quanto moveas periclo  
Pyrrho Gatulæ catulos leonæ.

#### THE ELEPHANT—(*Elephas Africanus*).

The African elephant, strange to say, since the time of the Romans, has never been seen in Europe,\* for we must take it for granted that Hannibal's elephants, at least, must have been African ones, if not those of Pyrrhus also. When the Dutch first formed this settlement on the shores of Table Bay, the elephant abounded in

\* A young one has lately been received in the Jardin des Plantes, in Paris, from Central Africa. For this fact, I am indebted to my friend, C. J. Andersson.



the immediate neighbourhood. The old records describe a large male sticking in the mud at Salt River, somewhere near where Montagu Bridge stands at present; and the numerous rivers, hills, and fountains bearing its name show how universally it was distributed over the country, even after its partial settlement. Although seldom seen at the present day, a few elephants are still found in the Tsitsikama forest, and as late as 1852, Captain Robertson, 6th regiment, then commandant at Port Elizabeth, suddenly came upon a troop of eighteen or twenty in a remote part of the Kadouw bush, near Enon, where Pringle describes them, in 1822, as being very numerous. These are, we believe, the only two colonial localities where they are still found. The Fish River bush was formerly a favourite haunt of theirs; but after the war of 1836, being much disturbed, they appear to have migrated through the Buffalo forests, and across the Kei into the inaccessible thickets found east of the Umzimvoobo, where they are still numerous. The traces of their old paths, and heaps of their gigantic bones, still tell of their former presence, and of the slaughter committed on them by the rifles of Thackeray, Driver, and other celebrated ivory-hunters. One fountain, in particular, situated in a dense thicket near Fraser's Camp, being a favourite rendezvous of theirs, many a mighty bull has there succumbed to old Driver's prowess, and their bones whiten this little-known locality to the present day.

Any Nimrod who now wishes the sport of elephant-hunting in the glorious style described so vividly in the pages of Andersson and Cumming, will hardly meet with any south of Lake N'Gami, or he will have to penetrate into the unhealthy region north of Delagoa, or that part of the Kalihari between Lake N'Gami and Ovampo country. The Boers have long since annihilated them in the Sovereignty and the Trans-Vaal country (tabooed to hunters). A few may be found in the eastern border of the Great Desert; and in Moselikatzé's country they still abound.

How the few elephants that yet inhabit the Tsitsikama and Zuurberg forests are allowed to live in peace and quietness appears to us a mystery, and can only be explained by the denseness of the bush, the extreme ruggedness of the country, and the fact of the animals themselves being cautious and shy in the extreme. One was killed in the Zuurberg in 1851, and some perhaps since. No animal would be more prized in Europe than

an African elephant, and it would well repay a trader to bring a healthy calf here or to Port Elizabeth, for exportation. The elephant, as well as the lion, is unusually distributed over the African continent, south of Lake T'Chad, although the latter is still found on the shores of the Mediterranean. To the gourmand, the elephant presents rare attractions. *Pied d'elephant roti*, à la *Anderson*, is most appetising, and *Trompe sauté*, à la *Gordon Cumming*, "is a dish fit for an emperor." For ourselves we prefer, like Beau Tibs, a slice of his cheeks piping hot, served up with white ants' eggs and young locusts, —the sauce poor old Secheli was so fond of before the Boers ate him up. For large feeders, his paunch, dressed à la *haggis ecossais*, is a most excellent and economical dish,—*verbum sap!* It may be satisfactory generally to the public to know that there are not less than 10,000 distinct muscles in an elephant's trunk, a fact that will be appreciated in this ivory country by scientific hunters and frontier smousers.

#### THE RHINOCEROS.

Of the rhinoceros and its varieties we need hardly say that not even the elephant has entered into the nomenclature of our colonial localities so often as our friend "Chikooro," as the numerous Rhenoster Bergs, Agter Rhenoster Bergs, kuils, vleys, puits, kops, fonteins, spruits, rivers, &c., called after him can testify. He also, in days of yore, was wont to disport over the ground now graced by the villages of Mowbray, Rondebosch, and Wynberg. Where, then, shall we now find him? Go one thousand miles into the interior, look for his spoor, and you may perhaps hear of him further on. One hill in the Sovereignty, a little to the south of Vaal River, is called Rhenoster Kop, from the fact of the last one in that country having been killed there, in 1842; and yet, strange to say, in that year one or two were still living in the Fish River Bush, and a couple more on the Coega, near Port Elizabeth, where the last of the "Chikooros" was shot in 1853 (a large old male, who carried a couple of score of bullets in his jacket), by a feeble old Hottentot that he stumbled over. Another male was killed by the well-known Koester family in the Ecça Valley, in 1842, and was considered to be the last in these parts; so that it may now be safely said to be extinct in the Cape of Good Hope. They are still very numerous in Bechuana and Damaraland, in Great Nama-

qualand, and other remote parts of the interior ; but we will refer the reader to Cumming, Andersson, Harris, &c., for their more particular and private history. Like the elephant, the African rhinoceros has not visited Europe since the days of the Romans. It is also found generally distributed throughout the whole of Africa, from the southern limits of the Sahara to the Kalihari.

The Fish River bush, abounding in spekboom and euphorbium, was a favourite haunt of the rhinoceros, and twenty-five to thirty years ago, they were found there (especially the black species) in immense numbers, very much to the discomfort of our Albany brethren of that period, the early habits of whom ill prepared them for the energetic movements of Chikooro on his own dung-hill. A young rhinoceros calf, about three months' old, nicely pickled, is (the learned in those things say) most delicious, and the udder of a female white rhinoceros, stuffed with young scorpions, and allowed to lay a few days in an old "cattle-kraal," until it acquires, as epicures say, the true game flavour, would, native gourmands assure us, create an appetite under the very ribs of death! His hide, cut into strips, beaten on a stone, and allowed to lie a few hours in hot ashes, is also a luxury, being commuted into a delicious gelatinous marrow, of a most delicate flavour, resembling macaroni on a large scale. The pettitoes, marrowbones, tripe, &c., are all favourite dishes with our native epicures.

The horn of the rhinoceros, by the vulgar, is said to possess many virtues. Its shavings, boiled into a jelly, cure, they say, fits of all sorts, and barrenness in women. Poisons of every variety can immediately be detected in a cup of the same material. Reduced to powder, and mixed with an equal weight of dead men's bones, old writers say it is the most sovereign specific in existence for dropsies, lethargies, the vapours, &c., &c.

The rhinoceros is supposed to be the reim or unicorn of Scripture. Like his brother, the sea-cow, he has been terribly used by the Ancients. Ctesias describes him as having a white body, a red head, with a horn a cubit long, sticking out of his nose ; certainly rather a showy beast. In the old naturalist plates\* he is depicted as a most formidable monster, clad in a full suit of defensive and offensive armour, his countenance bristling with horns and indignation, and one of the former sticking up be-

\* Vide Kolben.



tween his shoulders besides. But, bad as these representations are, it must be confessed they are hardly so ugly as the original; for, in truth, we must say the rhinoceros, be he black or white, is a marvellously ill-favoured beast, and, as Fag says in the play, he is really one of the obstinatest, meanest-disposed brutes as can be. We have all heard of a bull in a china-shop; but, gentle reader, read Andersson's "*Lake N'Gami*," and then dream of a rhinoceros, even in a delf-shop.

#### THE HIPPOPOTAMUS, OR SEA-COW.

The old Dutch colonists dearly loved the sea-cow, and conferred its name, as is usual with that imaginative people, on a multiplicity of rivers, holes, and gats, which in days of yore were frequented by them. Dearly, we say, did they love this clumsy monster, for what wild beast offered such stores of delicious fat; what offered such mountains of biltong; what yielded up such tongues; whose hide cut up into such numbers of sjamboks and whip-thongs?

They are very numerous at the present day in all the rivers of Kaffraria, as far west as the Keiskamma, where an immense old male was shot by Lieutenant McPherson, 91st regiment, in 1850. Its head, preserved by Dr. Barclay, now graces the medical museum at Chatham. When we took possession of East London, the sea-cows were often very troublesome, and sometimes even ventured to attack the boats. We have ourselves seen them, in 1844, in the great Fish River, as high as Double Drift, and they may still perhaps be found in the little frequented reaches or gats of that stream, between Trumpeter's and Kafir Drifts. In the Orange River, from its mouth to its source, the sea-cow is very numerous; also in all the rivers of Africa generally, between the Nile and Niger and Orange Rivers.

The Ancients had a very strange idea of the sea-cow. Aristotle describes it as having the mane of a horse, the hoof of an ox, the tail of a hog, and the bray of an ass. Herodotus said it had the tail of a horse, and Diodorus swore, by Zeus, he was as big as a brace of Titans. Pliny gives it hoofs, mane, tail, and a fine coat of long hair. When getting apoplectic, it was said to bleed itself by rubbing the veins of its legs against a sharp stone. Pausanias assigns it a vile character, and declares it was a personification of Typhon, the God of Destruction himself, and the emblem of cruelty and voracity. It is

a pity he had not tasted its delicious fat and marrow bones, and we have no doubt he would have given poor Behemoth a better reputation. Albertus Magnus pourtrays it with a neck as long as a giraffe, supporting a most awful chuckle head, garnished with terrific grinders and goggle eyes, and looking fearfully ill-tempered as it raises its immense visage out of its watery dwelling. Vincent of Beauvais asserts it had a tail like a fish, and Polycarp of Avignon vowed it had feet webbed like a duck. Between all these learned men, it was hard to say whether our poor friend was fish, flesh, fowl, or good red herring.

The fat, tongue, marrow bones, and biltong of the sea-cow, are all very excellent, and hippopotamus sausages, about as long as the cable of a first-rate man-of-war, are found on all the principal tables in Bechuanaland. For our own part we have fared very daintily on the plain hide, prepared either *au naturel* or *à la sjambok*, and once or twice *à la veldt schoen* or *remetje*.

Gordon Cumming's waltz with a sea-cow is well known. It is, however, generally believed that in this case the noble Highlander drew rather plentifully on his imaginative powers, for it is surmised this old Behemoth would have been rather a rough partner.

The old Arab medical writers say that the liver of the hippopotamus, dried and dissolved in chamber-lye, is a sovereign cure for all megrims in the head, and rush of blood to that region. The remedy appears a simple one, and would be worth a trial.

#### THE BUFFALO—(*Bos Caffer*).

Except near Plettenberg's Bay and the Fish River bush, we believe the buffalo is no longer to be found within the colonial boundary, and will probably hardly be met with south of the Vaal, or west of the Umzimvoobo rivers. In 1842-3-4, we have often seen a small herd that frequented the country between the Koomes and Fort Brown, and once saw a shaggy old bull grazing quietly with a span of bullocks, only a few hundred yards from the post at Fraser's Camp. At that period there were also a few near the mouth of the Sundays River, where they may still be found, the country being well adapted for them. The horns of a full-grown bull are very fine, but require great care in preserving them, as they are very liable to be attacked by worms.

The favourite habitat of the buffalo at present appears to be the dense thorn thickets of Damaraland, and the

woody hills of the Limpopo and its tributaries. The flesh makes excellent biltong, and resembles bull beef. We once made a very delicious meal of a Fingo shield made of a buffalo hide, and it is a very great advantage to the light troops of that nation that every man may be considered, in case of necessity, to carry a week's rations on his arm, and so be almost independent of any commissariat department whatever. What a relief it would have been to poor Mr. Commissary Filder, if our Crimean heroes at any time could satisfy nature for a week or ten days, by eating their boots or devouring their shakos and belts, if made of such a nutritious substance as buffalo hide!

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### HOW I CAME TO EMIGRATE.

To those who are interested in the comparative tables of prices in England and her colonies,—the relative value of capital and labour,—the soil, climate, and productions,—the sources of wealth and revenue; to those who have emigration theories of their own, or other people, to support; to those versed in statistics,—financial, population, and agricultural returns, and a dozen other serious and important subjects of the same class: to all such people I have only one remark to address, viz., don't on any account read this paper,—or, as a linendraper's apprentice would call it, "this article." For I, the author thereof, do solemnly assure you that you will not meet with the smallest particle of the information you desire on any of the above matters, nor the slightest argument wherewith to support your own theories, or to attack those of others. There is, indeed, nothing weighty in this narrative of mine, save the weight that rests on my own heart; nothing in the financial way, except an occasional allusion to my own finances; and no emigration scheme, but the one I formed for emigrating myself, to relieve my mind from the terrible pressure caused by—what I am going to tell you.

If, after this fair warning of what you have to expect, you complain of want of depth, frivolity, folly, or anything else, you are a most unreasonable reader, and have entirely mistaken your own caste of mind in perusing this story at all. You may be a man of sound judgment and strong understanding; but if you want roast beef and plum-pudding, you have no business to be plunging your knife and fork into my whipt-cream and syllabub.

Large families and small means; a love of roaming; an indefinite idea that every one makes a fortune in the colonies; a perfect inaptitude for any honest calling at home; bankruptcy; climate; ill-health; evil reputation; want of ability, or want of elbow-room to display it;—these are a few of the reasons which generally induce people to leave their native country, and rush to the antipodes, or occasionally to stop half-way in South Africa. None of these causes expatriated me. I left my country solely in consequence of a little event which forms the subject of this *historiette*.

Every one is aware of the deeply-rooted habit that English people in general, and Cockneys in particular, have of rushing off to the sea-side at a certain time of the year. An ethnologist may suggest that it is the old Norse blood still peeping out after centuries of dilution with the waters of civilization. Possibly so: but whatever the cause, the fact is undoubted. The strangest part of the affair is, that in spite of the fatal experience of year after year, the deluded Britons still persuade themselves that this habit of theirs brings them health and pleasure.

As for me, of all places in the world, I do most detest a watering-place;—I mean a sea-side place, and especially in “the season.” Human nature is bad enough at all times, but I never feel so great a contempt for it as when it is making an exhibition of its absurdities in these localities. Perhaps you will say that I am a cynic, because I am no longer exactly a young fellow. Not at all: I thank my stars that I am *not* a boy; but if you mean to insinuate that I am old, or middle-aged, or anything of the kind, you are grossly mistaken, not to say impertinent. But can anybody tell me what there is to like in English life at the sea-side? Let it be understood that I am not speaking of Cowes and yachting: they are all very well in their way, if you are fond of playing at sailors, and are rich enough to have a yacht of your own, or agreeable enough to be invited on board other men’s. What I quarrel with is the miserable stroll-on-the-sands-in-yellow-slippers, donkey-riding, machine-bathing, pier-lounging life, that the English will pretend to like.

Recreation! A pretty sort of recreation to loll about all day, making your right-eye ache with staring through a telescope, and your left-eye weak from winking; to ride on a donkey, with your legs dangling on either side, like the nether garments suspended outside an Old-Clo’man’s shop: to get into a horrid little wooden box, steaming from the

moisture of the last occupants' towels, and be shaken to a jelly, in order to have the pleasure of jumping into a sea about up to your knees, amid fifty other boobies like yourself; to sit in a broiling sun, at the pier-head, for the sake of "sea-air;" to live in a horrid lodging-house, where everything, except the weekly bill, is on the minutest scale,—where the landlady, and her Irish maid-of-all-work, know as much about cooking as a Greenlander, and where you eat quite as much dirt as food; to go to bazaars or libraries in the evening, listen to frightfully bad music, and be swindled out of your money in lotteries where nobody ever was known to get anything higher than a sixpenny-ticket; or, worse than all, to be dragged to a subscription-ball at the "Rooms,"—so extremely select that your own grocer, or your own butcher, is dancing in the next set of quadrilles to your own, and your youngest sister, who is romantic, is discovered to have waltzed with a tailor's assistant, and polked with a chemist's apprentice, and fancied them both "officers." Do you call this recreation?

Health! Broiling yourself in the sun; running a great risk of ophthalmia from the incessant glare of sun, sand, and sea; catching rheumatics from damp sheets, and draughty little holes of rooms; bringing on indigestion from the tough, burnt-up, or half-raw viands you are obliged to devour; and narrowly escaping the ague or a sun-stroke. Is this health?

The truth is this: we English go to the sea-side, as we do most other things, from habit; we live in a certain fixed and unvarying way there, from habit; we swear it is healthy, from habit; and, as we are proverbially the most obstinate set of people on the face of the earth, I am firmly persuaded that we shall persist in the habit, in spite of all that may be pointed out, or experienced, of its absurdities. As for myself, I certainly don't intend to go to the sea-side—that is, to a sea-side cockney-haunted town—again, as long as I live. Confidentially, and relying on the reader's honour, I will tell him why.

My father was a surgeon, who was considered to have a pretty good practice. I don't know what people call *good*, but I am sure such a term ought not to be applied to that which only enabled my father to leave me three thousand pounds. Certainly, he left my mother the same sum, and my sister two thousand—eight thousand altogether; which I call a beggarly result for thirty years' physicking. And then my mother is always talking about my poor father's industry! What a reward his industry gained to



be sure ! However, I don't wish to detract from the good man's virtues, though I decline imitating them. I am not industrious myself,—I never was industrious, and I have not the least intention of ever being so ;—unlike my friend Tom Swift, who is always going to begin hard work next Monday, but always postpones it for one more week when the Monday actually arrives. In effect, therefore, Tom's life and mine are pretty much alike ; but he is always going to reform, and I make no such pretences.

"My dear Robert," my mother used to say, "don't you intend to follow your profession !"

"My dear mother," I used to reply, "I have no profession to follow."

"But you know what I mean, Robert," the good lady would rejoin ; "don't you mean to qualify yourself for a surgeon ?"

"I really don't."

"Then what do you mean to do ?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing ! What, absolutely nothing ?"

"Absolutely nothing."

"How very shocking ! to think of living a life of perfect idleness !" she exclaimed.

"Why ?" I asked. "It seems to me, on the contrary, a highly virtuous resolution on my part."

"What can you mean ?" she asked.

"I mean this, my dear mother. I have just enough to live on. There are thousands entering the medical profession, who have *nothing* to live on. Now, if I enter the lists with them, all the practice I obtain is so much bread taken out of the mouth of some poor fellow who actually wants it."

"Nonsense," was the rather ungracious reply. "Besides, Robert, if you had proper ambition, you might wish to have some better position than you can hold with £120 a year."

"I have a great doubt, my dear mother, whether any ambition is proper ; but, however, I intend to improve my position,"

"How ?" she asked, in surprise.

"By marriage."

The good lady drew a long breath, and seemed to be in some measure soothed if not satisfied ; and from that day we understood one another. But never let a woman—wife, mother, sister, or friend—know your designs. They *will* try to help you, and they are sure to spoil your best

chances of success by their over-anxiety for it. My worthy mother has cost me half-a-dozen wives—that is to say she has prevented me from marrying half-a-dozen times by trying to “help” me.

I cannot go through all the catalogue—it would really be too painful to my feelings ; but when I mention that on one occasion she actually “popped the question” for me, long before the right moment had arrived, and thereby robbed me of all chance of ever gaining Miss Emilia’s affections ; when I record the fact that she assured Miss Frederika’s papa that I had eight hundred a-year of my own, and that he almost kicked me out of his house when he discovered the falsehood, which was not *mine* ; when I state that she confidentially informed Miss Betty Turner that I was devotedly in love with her, whereas it was Miss Jane, her cousin, who had the money, and to whom I was *really* attached,—the old lady having mistaken the one for the other, and thereby caused me to be indignantly rejected by the right one:—when I assure the reader that these are only a few of the cases in which I have been a miserable victim to maternal anxiety, I am sure that he will sympathise with my unmerited afflictions. But let me relate the last of the good lady’s deeds, and my own, in reference to these matters.

The evil spirit led my mother, my sister Jemima, and myself, to spend a couple of summer months at the sea-side. I had often protested against this proceeding before, because I never liked the life we passed at a watering-place, and had more than once suffered blighting disappointments through the heartless conduct of young ladies at such places, who flirted with me, tormented, jilted, and deserted me. However, I yielded once more, and for the last time.

We took very economical lodgings : and what can be more horrible than such an abode ? Lodgings are bad enough at any time, but when you come to the worn-out drugget, cane-bottomed chairs, buff-merino-curtains, and dirty white dimity bed-hangings, with cracked crockery and German-silver forks of most unhealthy yellow tinge,—to say nothing of the Irish girl, who waits on you, and does everything else in the house, with her black hands and the eternal sooty smudge on her face, red elbows, uncombed hair, and black cap ;—when you have to endure *this*, I consider it is an affliction that ought to atone for a great many little sins.

“I think they’ll do for us, Robert —don’t you?” asked my mother, when she had looked over the frightful den.

"Indeed, I think they will *do* for me soon, mamma," I replied.

"But, seriously, my dear; we can't afford better with our limited means," she said.

"Then, it's a great pity we came here at all, with our limited means," I rejoined: "but take them by all means, madam." And she did take them, and I became proprietor of a room six feet square, with a tent bedstead of most ancient mahogany, two strips of drugget, a wash-stand about the size of an office-stool, and a dwarf-set of rickety drawers to serve also as a dressing-table, with a cracked swing-glass that made me shudder at my own face, whenever I saw it reflected in it.

I don't know how people pick up acquaintances at the sea-side, but everybody does it somehow. Occasionally, perhaps, an old fellow talks to you, sitting at the pier-head, and by and bye his wife and daughters join him, and they talk too, and from bowing and talking you get to visiting, and flirting, and introducing to other friends, and so on, till at last you find you have a hundred acquaintances, where you began without knowing a soul. This is the way we managed on the present occasion, and by some such process I became first acquainted with the Reynoldses.

"What a sweet girl Julia Reynolds is!" exclaimed my mother.

"Charming!" said my sister.

And both my mother and my sister looked hard at me, as if they expected me to join in their raptures. But they were mistaken. I had experienced often enough the ill effects of letting them into my feelings; so I held my tongue. It is quite true that I had walked with Julia, talked with her, ridden with her (on donkeys), driven with her, danced with her: but I was not going to make any admission.

"So amiable!" said my mother.

"So cheerful!" echoed my sister.

"So accomplished!" repeated my mother.

"So pretty!" responded my sister.

I knew they were still looking at me, so I kept my head still fixed on my book, as if I were really interested in it; but as everybody knows that all the books you would care to read are invariably "out, just at present," at a sea-side library, nobody will require to be told that I did not feel the slightest earthly interest in the book I held in my hand.

"Don't you think so, Robert?" asked my mother, weary of waiting for any remark from me.



"What?" I asked, as if I had not heard a word.

They went over all Julia Reynolds's praises again, and again asked me if I did not coincide with them?

"'Pon my soul, I can't say," replied I with a yawn of indifference. "Yes, I dare say; I haven't noticed so very particularly."

"Oh fie, Robert!" said my sister; "how can you tell such a fib?"

"I'm quite sure *she* would not believe you if she heard it," cried my mother, with a meaning smile.

"Now, my dear mother," cried I, in a rising passion, "if you mean to say that you have been talking any absurd nonsense to Miss Reynolds about me—"

"I assure you I haven't said a word," exclaimed she, in alarm.

"Very well, ma'am; and I trust you will *not*; for I think you have done me quite mischief enough already in that way;" and so saying I walked out of the room.

You see I was determined not to have my game spoilt this time; and so, in the course of the same evening, I distinctly gave notice to my mother and sister, that if either of them ventured to say a word to Julia Reynolds about me, I would, the instant I knew it, leave the place.

Julia, certainly, was a pretty girl. Moreover, she was clever, lively, and good-humoured, and above all, she had fifteen thousand pounds of her own—or *would* have, on attaining twenty-one, or marriage. Such was the effect of her late uncle's will; and the fact was confided to me by no less a person than her own father, who was very candid with me, and seemed to feel the highest confidence in me. Indeed, I made up my mind that the old gentleman rather wanted me to be his son-in-law, and as I saw no objection to my condescending so far, all looked *couleur de rose*.

But I had a horrible presentiment that if my mother interfered at all in the matter, some dreadful mistake would occur, and my prospects be ruined—to say nothing of the blighting of my heart's affections. The consequence of this feeling was, that whenever I saw the slightest chance of a *tête-à-tête* between my mother and any of the Reynolds family, I immediately rushed to the rescue, and prevented any catastrophe.

One morning I went to call on our friends, and ask Julia and her sister to come for a ride, when in the drawing room I beheld a stranger.

"Captain Falcon—Mr. Slim," said Julia, introducing us.—I bowed, and the captain made the slightest bend in the

world, at the same time putting his glass up to his eye, and surveying me with about the same expression as he would have assumed in examining a curiosity in a museum—say the Berg River hippopotamus.

I felt an intense desire to kick Captain Falcon, which, however, I could not very well do, under the circumstances; and I confess that the captain looked just the right sort of man to make a human target at twelve paces of any one who might offend him.

Julia and Johanna, her sister, went on conversing in the easiest manner imaginable with Falcon, and I endeavoured to join them; but every time I did so, that confounded captain stuck his glass again up to his eye, and surveyed me in the same supercilious style as before. I looked furiously at him, but positively the fellow seemed utterly unconscious of it;—in fact, he treated me exactly as if I were an animal of an entirely different species from himself, and one whom he was rather surprised to see endowed with the gift of speech.

“Captain Falcon is very near-sighted, I am afraid,” said I to Julia.

“Yes; he can’t distinguish small objects at any distance,” she replied.

Small objects! Did she mean to insult me? Supposing I *am* only five feet four, there are smaller men in the world than myself. And yet I could swear that there was satire in the tone in which Julia uttered the words. As for the captain, he went on talking to Johanna, without in any way noticing my remark.

“Will you ride this afternoon?” I asked, in a half-whisper to Julia.

“Thank you, we are engaged to ride with Captain Falcon.”

“He’s an old friend, I presume.”

“A most intimate, and a most valued one, at all events,” she replied.

Pleasant to hear this, upon my word! Julia, with her fifteen thousand pou—I mean, charms,—seemed slipping through my fingers after all. What should I do? Retire from the contest, and leave the field open to the captain? Never. Besides, Julia might only be doing a little bit of clever coquetry, to make me come to a declaration. The girl *must* be fond of me; I felt it. I could not be mistaken as to those tender pressures of the hand, those gentle glances beneath the half-closed eyelids, those faint yet tell-tale blushes on her fair cheek when I spoke to her. Oh no!

She *must* love me ; and Captain Falcon should be ignominiously defeated if he attempted to rival me.

No sooner had I returned home, on the evening of that day, than I was seized on by my mother, who appeared all eagerness to make some communication to me.

"My dear Robert, you really must listen to me—for you know the interest I always feel for you, my dear son. Now pray don't interrupt me. But, really, Julia Reynolds—upon my word, she is not worthy of you."

"Madam!" I exclaimed, "do you mean to say that any one has dared to breathe a syllable against the character—"

"Not her character, my dear Robert,—not her character," cried my mother, hastily ; "but she hasn't a sixpence."

"Pray, don't tell me any such absurdity as this," I cried in indignation ; "I happen to know, madam, from her father's own lips, that she has a very good fortune."

"That's just the dreadful imposition of the thing, my dear Robert. Her father tells every one that Julia's god-father left her, in his will, fifteen thousand pounds ; and so he did, but then he died insolvent—so she never got a penny of it."

"How?" I cried, in amazement.

"It's every bit true, my dear," said my mother ; "for Johanna told me so herself, half-an-hour ago.

"Johanna! what, her sister?"

"Yes: she came to see us, and she told me all about it."

Imagine the cruel stab to all my fond hopes that this dreadful revelation dealt me! I felt almost broken-hearted, and I am sure I must have looked so, for my mother continued :

"Well, for *my* part, Robert, I must say I always preferred Johanna to her sister."

Now, as Johanna was very plain, rather stupid, and decidedly bad tempered, I could perceive in a moment that my mother had some other meaning than her words appeared to convey. I remained silent.

"And there's no doubt about *her* fortune, for she has her eight thousand now, and enjoys the interest of it!"

"Indeed?" said I, as carelessly as I could ; "pray how do you know that, ma'am?"

"From her own lips," said my mother.

"Well, it really does not concern me," I replied, and so saying, I turned away, and went to my own dog-kennel of a room.

Calm reflection made my mind undergo a certain change with regard to Julia Reynolds. It was useless to blind

myself to the fact that she was a coquette. Had she not been showing the most decided preference to me above every one else, and was she not now commencing a downright flirtation with Falcon? How should I like a flighty woman of this kind for my wife? Look at Johanna, on the contrary; nothing could be more correct and irreproachable than her conduct. I felt convinced that she would make the most estimable, economical, and domestic of wives; and really there was a sweetness of expression in her face that had never properly struck me before.

I soon let Julia perceive that her endeavours to attract my attentions, or excite my jealousy, were utterly futile. I devoted myself to Johanna: I strove to please her—to gain her young virgin heart;—I succeeded!

Let me pass over the “back-parlour” conversation with the father, which ensued. He welcomed me as his future son-in-law with excess of cordiality; and when I mentioned the word “settlement,” he would not hear of such a thing, —declared that he felt unbounded confidence in my honour, and would not bind me by rubbishy parchments to anything.

I was at the climax of my felicity.

A few days afterwards, I was informed that Capt. Falcon (poor devil!) was engaged to Julia; and it was proposed that we should make a double wedding. The captain became quite cordial with me, and I found him a much better fellow than I could have anticipated.

The wedding day arrived: we were married. I must confess that Julia looked lovely; and Johanna very nice.

Among the congratulations in the vestry, none were more hearty than those I received from the other bridegroom, Captain Falcon.

“’Pon my soul, old fellow, I *do* congratulate you,” he said; “you’ve married a devilish nice girl, and although she hasn’t any tin, that’s no matter, when you have plenty for both of you.”

A faint tremor seized me as I heard the last part of the sentence, and I felt sick. What could the man mean?

But my bride was waiting; we hurried away from the church, and to the wedding breakfast. There we had the usual toasts, and old Reynolds became very eloquent about the virtue and amiability of Johanna. (By the way, I may just remark, that when these qualities are eternally being talked of, you may generally guess that the lady is not what the world calls lovely). At length these words from the paternal mouth smote my wondering ear.

"And though he" (meaning myself) "has married a girl without a sixpence, and most nobly offers to settle a part of his own fortune on her, I say, ladies and gentlemen, I'm sure he'll never repent what he has done."

I cannot tell you one word of the rest of the speech. I have confused recollections of feeling faint; of getting up and stammering out my return of thanks, though what I said I cannot even guess at. I was utterly bewildered—in a waking trance.

"Better not take any more champagne," whispered Falcon in my ear: he evidently thought I had swallowed too much.

The carriages came to the door. I suppose we got in,—for I soon after found myself by Johanna's side, careering along at a full gallop.

"You are ill, Robert," she cried, as I looked stupidly at her.

"No; but—tell me the truth Johanna—has Julia any fortune?"

"Yes, dear, she has fifteen thousand pounds."

"Did you not tell my mother that she never got a penny of it?"

"No, dear; your mother must have misunderstood me—you know she does not hear very well. I said we *feared* poor Julia would never have got a penny, because it was reported that her godfather had died insolvent; but it wasn't true after all."

I groaned inwardly!

"And you, *dearest*?" I asked.

"My dear Robert, surely papa must have told you that I have nothing. I myself told your mamma that we have only the interest of papa's eight thousand pounds to live on, between us all—and we are seven altogether."

I did not curse; I did not cry out; I did not even groan;—I sat motionless and speechless. I had made the pleasant discovery that *I*, with three thousand pounds, and no profession, had married a penniless girl instead of a fortune!

Such was my wedding-day.

\* \* \* \* \*

I was not at all inclined to starve, and Johanna's appetite is a large one. Somebody told me that three thousand pounds is a fortune at the Cape. So I took a passage in an early ship for Table Bay; and if you look over the files of the *Shipping Gazette*, perhaps you may find, among the lists of passengers, the names of MR. AND MRS. SLIM.

A. W. C.



## THE GENIUS OF THE NORTH.

[The author of the following lines was an elder brother of Dr. A. N. E. Changuion. He was born in London, and educated in Holland, under an English tutor. As a youth of nineteen, he proceeded to Stockholm, where he was nominally attached to the Library of Count van Suchtelen, then Russian Ambassador at the Court of Sweden. Subsequently, he studied Oriental languages at Upsala, which study he continued at St. Petersburg, where he had obtained a clerkship in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. He died at Odessa, in 1832. He never published any of his poems. His manuscripts, which were numerous, are lost. Of his poetry, nothing remains but a few short pieces, which he from time to time forwarded to his brother, and of which *The Genius of the North* is a specimen.—ED. C. M. M.]

One was born,  
In the days of yore,  
Who waxed in strength,  
Sprung from the Gods.

—FROM THE EDDA.

See'st thou, in yonder dark'ning heav'n,  
A spirit bold, of warlike air;  
A hoary king, to whom is giv'n  
A land of might, unknown to fear?

He rules those everlasting rocks,  
Where valour, truth, and honour dwell,  
Where manly freedom scorning mocks  
Oppression's scourge and slav'ry's hell.

The wheeling snow-storm is his car,  
His steeds the north and western blast;  
Gleams through the cloudless skies afar,  
His unsheathed glaive, the meteor vast.

Nor less refulgent is the blaze  
His beauteous belt sheds o'er the plain,  
Of seven gems of purer rays  
Than e'er were found in earth or main.\*

\* The seven stars in the constellation of the Great Bear.

A glacier guards his manly breast,  
A granite helmet decks his brows ;  
Bright shines the North-star from the crest :  
It never sets,—it ever glows.\*

Envelop'd in the cloak of night,  
He grasps what none but he can wield,  
And rears aloft, with God-like might,  
The frozen Ocean, as his shield,—

Stupendous, vast, of ice compact,  
Ten thousand ages frozen o'er,—  
A shield no lightning's flash e'er crack'd,  
Nor all-o'erwhelming Time can sore.†

He shakes it in the face of heav'n,  
Th' ethereal vaults reflect the gleam,  
Like beams along their surface driven,  
And Nature starts as from a dream.

It beams, it shines, o'er strand, o'er bay,  
And darts around its ruddy rays ;  
It lights the ice-bear to his prey,  
And wakes the eagle by its blaze.

But mark this awful Spirit's mood,  
And temper stern :—if heaven should fall,  
He yields to none, by none subdued,—  
Obeys but one, the Lord of All.

His age is older than the Sun's,  
His arm, though wither'd, still retains  
Its innate strength, and never shuns  
To smite his foes, when fate ordains.

Know'st thou him not ? Ask Earth his name,  
When Winter's howling storms burst forth,  
And mourning nature will exclaim,  
It is the Genius of the North !

F. N. CHANGUION.

\* This alludes to the motto of the Swedish Order of the North Star : *nescit occasum*.

† "Sore," to wound or injure, occurs in Spenser.

The beautiful allusion to the Aurora Borealis, in the eighth and ninth stanzas, is too obvious to require pointing out.

## USEFUL AND ORNAMENTAL PLANTING.

THE following hints on useful and ornamental trees and shrubs may be of some assistance to the amateur, and may possibly serve to remind the more experienced of valuable plants that he may have hitherto overlooked. In the present paper I shall confine myself to one natural order, viz., *Myrtacea*,—plants agreeing with myrtle in important characters. This order is considered a most natural one amongst plants, and is easily recognised. Entire leaves, with a marginal vein, form a sure indication of it, with few exceptions, which probably do not belong to the order at all.

It is composed of 45 genera and about 751 species, the greater proportion of which are natives of Australia, two only being recorded from South Africa. Before proceeding to enumerate those species deserving of place in every garden by all who wish a display, or on every estate by all who wish to convert barren spots into valuable forest land, it may be as well to refer to the cause of so many failures in planting trees which have been from time to time introduced into the colony. To say that the ground should be properly prepared is easy on paper, but insuperable obstacles will frequently intervene to prevent its being carried out in practice. There are but few estates on which may not be found large tracts of waste land of a character to defy cultivation. They may be large basins full of water in winter, and too deep to be drained, or they may be the summits of low barren hills, alike exposed to the burning sun, or that fell destroyer of the planter's hopes, a hot wind. What is to be done with such places? Plant them of course? But will trees grow there? Why not? To alter the character of the soil is out of the question; to change the nature of the locality is impossible;—in fact, we must take it as it is, and plant accordingly such trees and shrubs as are known to inhabit similar situations in other countries, not widely different in external temperature. To plant such places successfully requires some knowledge of botanical geography. This is of the



utmost importance. Temperature, in its effects, is almost immediate on plants, and according as it is more or less suitable to them, so will they live or die. Plants cannot exist long under any excessive change of temperature; and, indeed, many instances are on record, where comparatively slight variations have had a fatal effect. The change from a moderate temperature to one excessively high, bears a close resemblance to the effects of intemperate living on the animal frame. On the other hand, an excess of moisture gorges the plant with crude sap, which remains unchanged; its powers are enfeebled and deranged,—debility, disease, and death, speedily follow as a matter of course. Long experience has proved, and, indeed, it is beyond all dispute, that unless the planter possesses some knowledge, at least, of the leading features, of not only the country, but district, from which his plants are derived, but little success can attend his operations. Obstacles of this sort, however, ought to be regarded merely as incentives to renewed energy.

In the earlier days of Botany, no one thought of the geography of plants, till Tournefort, in ascending Mount Ararat, noticed that, “as he rose above the level of the sea, the vegetation assumed essentially different characters, and that their change corresponded very closely with what was observed in the progress from Asia Minor to Lapland.” But to the prince of travellers, Humboldt, we are indebted for the all but perfect state of the science; and one eloquent passage from his “Aspects of Nature,” bearing on the question, may not be here out of place:—

“Those, therefore, who can view nature with a comprehensive glance, and apart from local phenomena, may see, from the poles to the equator, organic life and vigour gradually augment with the augmentation of vivifying heat. But in the course of this progressive increase, there are reserved to each zone its own peculiar beauties: to the tropics, variety and grandeur of vegetable forms; to the north, the aspect of its meadows and green pastures, and the periodic re-awakening of nature at the first breath of the mild air of spring. Each zone, besides its own peculiar advantages, has its own distinctive character. Primeval laws of organisation, notwithstanding a certain law of freedom in the abnormal development of single parts, bind all animal and vegetable forms to fixed ever-recurring types. As we recognise in distinct organic beings a determinate physiognomy, and as descriptive botany and zoology, in the restricted sense of the terms, consist in a detailed analysis of animal and vegetable forms, so each region of the earth has a natural physiognomy peculiar to itself.”

Many curious facts, in illustration of this argument, may be found in Humboldt's works.

In the present paper, I shall confine myself chiefly to the plants of Australia, as they are well adapted to the climate of South Africa. And here I had better explain that in recommending certain plants as worthy of being introduced, it may be that they are already in the colony. This is unavoidable, seeing we have no published record of what plants have been already brought to the Cape, a circumstance much to be regretted. I could point out more than one instance of considerable expense having been unnecessarily incurred on this account. Let us hope that this inconvenience may be rectified through the medium of this publication, which may then become a valuable work of reference.

Passing over a number of *genera*, I would first direct attention to a splendid class of Australian shrubs,—*Beaufortia*, so named in honour of Mary, Duchess of Beaufort, who died in 1714. They are of the easiest culture, free-growers, and perfectly hardy. Any common garden soil, inclining to what is termed sandy loam, suits them well. Where only a few shrubs can be grown, *Beaufortia decussata*, *B. sparsa*, and *B. carminata*, are to be specially recommended. Their scarlet, red, and pink flowers, are freely produced, and make a truly gorgeous display. Their average height is about four feet, though they may attain to six, under favourable circumstances. Like the rest of this hard-wooded order, these plants, in the hands of the non-professional, are not easily propagated by cuttings, but, as they seed abundantly, this is of little consequence. The seed, being small, requires to be sown in shallow boxes of light sandy soil, and to be kept constantly moist, but not wet. If sown in summer, they ought to be shaded from the mid-day sun, but to enjoy its morning and evening rays. When seed is sown in boxes, if it is small, the soil, before sowing, should be pressed smoothly, but lightly, with a piece of board, so that the seed may be deposited at a uniform depth; then cover, according to the size of the seed. Very small seed cannot be too lightly covered. In watering, great care is requisite to prevent minute seed being crushed out of the soil.

*Calothamnus* is a splendid genus of New Holland shrubs, bearing a strong resemblance to *Beaufortia*, and ought to succeed in a similar situation, and requires similar treatment. It is a difficult matter to point out the best of this class, as all are really beautiful; but *Calothamnus clavata*,

*C. villosa*, *C. quadrifolia*, and *C. sanguinea*, are worthy of particular attention.

*Melaleucas* are a genus of pretty shrubs, natives of Australia. Several species are to be found in Cape Gardens. Any sandy soil suits them well. They are more neat than showy, their average height being from 3 to 6 feet. Two small trees of the genus, viz., *Melaleuca Leucadendron* and *M. minor*, are both natives of the East India Islands, and not yet, as far as I am aware, introduced to South Africa. They are well worthy of a trial in warm spots. From the leaves of these two trees is distilled the far-famed *cajeputi* oil, remarkable for its green colour, peppermint flavour, and strong smell of turpentine. This oil is much used as an external application in chronic rheumatism, and possesses the power of dissolving *caoutchouc*. The Chinese use the bark, in shipbuilding, in place of oakum.

The *Eucalypti*, the blue-gums of Australia, next demand our attention. In the year 1810, the well-known botanist, Robert Brown, discovered upwards of one hundred species, but at the present day, scarcely twenty are known accurately. The whole genus, in fact, is in utter confusion. The botanical writers in the English Cyclopædia, at present in course of publication, state distinctly that no European botanist will attempt to describe the different species from specimens; it being no uncommon thing to receive half-a-dozen perfectly distinct species, all under the name of "stringy bark." The writer of this paper, about six years ago, received three papers of "stringy bark" seed from Australia; all under one name, but all three proved to be distinct species. This is no doubt in part owing to the very great likeness one *Eucalyptus* bears to another; and no small share of the confusion is due to the colonists themselves,—which is rather unaccountable, seeing that there is quite enough difference between them for any intelligent man to distinguish one species from another. The question here arises, Do the aborigines give several species the same name? It seems not. At Guangau, about eight miles from Freemantle, in the Swan River colony, begins a tract of loose sand, which extends about two hundred miles. Here are found some of the finest trees of Australia. Two of them are *Eucalypti*, called by the natives "Urac" and "Morral." The latter is *Eucalyptus macrocarpa*, a tree well worth introducing to this colony, where we have plenty of sandy flats at present producing nothing, and where this tree would be quite at home. When in bloom, it has a very handsome appearance, as its flowers

are bright red. "Urac" appears not to have been favoured as yet with any botanical description; at least, I have met with none.

*Eucalyptus preissiana* is another Swan River tree, and forms a remarkable contrast, when in bloom, to *macrocarpa*, as its flowers are yellow and rather larger. A similar soil and situation would suit it. *Eucalyptus globula* (Lindley), perhaps better known as the Cape Town blue-gum, is, according to Backhouse, who paid considerable attention to these trees in their native forests, a tree of most gigantic proportions. Many of those he measured were above 200 feet in height; but to attain this size, they require to be grown in deep, black, damp loam. I have seen it planted in pure pot clay, in dry gravel, and in black, damp, vley soil. In clay and in gravel, it certainly did maintain a healthy, free-growing appearance; but in vley soil alone did it reach expectation. One tree, a solitary plant, and therefore not drawn up, at the end of six years had attained a height of 53 feet, with a circumference of four feet at three from the ground. A specimen of the "great swamp gum" of Australia, received from the fine collection of the *Eucalypti* at the "Oaks," Caledon, the late residence of T. B. Bayley, Esq., and imported by him, might be readily mistaken for *Eucalyptus globula*, but a close inspection shows it to be at least a variety of *E. globula*, if not a distinct species. *E. obliqua*, a red gum, also at the "Oaks," is, after *globula*, the largest gum tree known. This tree is well adapted for planting on hill-sides, but in soft, moist soil it soon perishes. It has a showy appearance when in bloom, the flowers being in clusters of six to nine. *Eucalyptus resinifera*, also in the same collection, is well worth the attention of planters in this colony. It requires a light, loamy soil, and would succeed well in the hollows between our small hills. Independently of its value as a timber tree, it produces a gum like the *kino* of the dispensaries, and which, for all medical purposes, has been found to be fully as efficacious. *E. sucrossata*, of the same collection, is a red gum of the Swan River hills, where it bears, as well as in some parts of Europe, the name of Swan River mahogany, its wood being hard, dark-coloured, and beautifully-veined. It requires to be grown in masses, or in the midst of other trees; otherwise it will seldom reach a greater height than from fifteen to twenty feet. *E. pilularis*, also at the "Oaks," is found in New South Wales, on the sides of dry gravelly hills, where it grows to thirty



or forty feet. *E. longifolia* (Lindley), in the same collection, is well adapted for the sides of low hills in this colony. Its leaves are remarkable for their long ribbon-like appearance, being frequently eighteen inches in length. *Eucalyptus robusta*, with its varieties, *E. rostrata*, &c., &c. (for there appear to be three or four so like *robusta* in habit and appearance, as frequently to be confounded one with another), is a noble tree, and has perhaps a wider range than any other of the *Eucalypti* in Australia, being certainly one of the species called "stringy bark." Trees of it have been cut down, near Sydney, 140 feet in length. Whether this is the true "stringy bark," that is so valuable for splitting up into rough boards, I do not know; nor have I been able to obtain, from even old residents in that colony, any other answer than that "the one they used was the 'stringy bark.'" This is very much to be regretted, as a really good splitting-tree would be an acquisition to our colonists in the country districts. I have already stated that out of three papers of so-called "stringy bark" seed, received from Australia, all three were distinct species, and none of them were *robusta*! How, does the reader imagine, do they find out the true splitting species in Australia? When a few boards or shingles are wanted, the colonist proceeds, hatchet in hand, to the nearest bush, and hacks out a tolerable slice from the first tree that may take his fancy. Should the fibre, on examination, run straight, down goes the tree. Should the fibre not run straight, the tree is left to recover as best it may from this barbarous treatment. This is certainly a primitive method of detecting a species, and would scarcely suit our ideas of classifying plants. *E. robusta*, I believe, has yet to be introduced; and there is no doubt it would suit most admirably for our dry, gravelly hills. *E. cordata* is to be found in several collections in this colony. It requires a rich, light soil, and free of water: on stiff clay it will not even live. There are many species besides those named in this paper, well worthy of a place in our colonial shrubberies, gardens, and plantations. I could point out several, but all of them very small trees. To those who wish to plant for timber only, the above-named will be an ample collection, suitable for almost any soil or situation in this colony, *provided the seed can be procured true to name*, a circumstance very much to be doubted.

R. S.

(To be continued.)

## THE LONELY FLOWER.

A violet grew in a tangled brake,  
 In the depths of a forest glade,  
 And scarce a ray from the orb of day  
 To this lonely flow'ret stray'd.

Yet, spite the weeds that 'round it grew,  
 And chok'd its plot of ground,  
 Did this flow'ret bloom, and its sweet perfume  
 Fill'd all the air around.

Yet, all unseen and all unknown,  
 Its fragrance still untasted,  
 Alone it grew,—its lovely hue  
 Its sweetness ever wasted.

The sun was high—the darksome glade  
 Scarce felt the summer breeze,  
 When a poet stray'd, to recline in the shade  
 Of the lordly forest trees.

He lay near the spot where the violet grew,  
 And haply his glances fell  
 Where its tiny head o'er its mossy bed  
 Hung like a fairy bell.

"Sweet flower," he cried, "why thus unseen  
 Should thy beauties blossom here?  
 To the light of day I will bear thee away,  
 Thou child of a brighter sphere!"

The flow'ret is gone from the tangled brake;  
 It blooms in the poet's home,  
 And no more to the shade of the forest glade  
 Do the poet's footsteps roam.

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Thus lonely a gentle spirit dwelt,  
 All pure 'mid earthly leaven;  
 God's angel hath ta'en that spirit again,  
 To bloom in its native Heaven.

A. W. C.



## SHIPWRECK AT CAPE AGULHAS IN 1686.

[IN 1685 and 1687, Louis XIV. sent embassies to Siam, to establish friendly relations with the monarch of that country. These embassies were accompanied by certain "Jesuites Mathematically," who had been associated with them for the double purpose of making observations for the benefit of geographical science, and of converting the King to Christianity. In the accounts of these expeditions, by one of the Jesuits, the Père Tachard, who took part in both, there are several interesting particulars about the state of the Cape of Good Hope under the government of Simon van der Stell, the founder of Stellenbosch. These, together with the astronomical observations made here by the Fathers, will be furnished on a future occasion. The narrative which follows is selected from the account of the return of Tachard from the second expedition, in 1688. One of the Siamese Mandarins, then proceeding to France, had suffered shipwreck, while on his way to Lisbon in a Portuguese ship, in 1686, on the South African coast. Unique as a Siamese narrative of an African journey, it is at the same time the earliest printed account of any land journey along the southern coast of the Cape. Tachard introduces it thus :—"The sight of this Cape Agulhas reminded Occum Chamnam, one of the Mandarins whom I had taken with me, of the shipwreck which he had suffered some years previously in a Portuguese vessel, which was lost, and incited me to ask him the details of an adventure which he had often asserted to be one of the most extraordinary that could ever befall a voyager. I found it such in effect, and believing it worthy of being given to the public, I wrote it down exactly as he told it me; and with the more pleasure, as all the details which the Mandarin gave me are found to be in accordance with the testimony afforded by Portuguese worthy of credit, who shared in the disaster. Those who have seen and met him in Paris will have no difficulty in believing him capable of all the remarks and reflexions which are contained in this recital, which I give at length, and word for word, as he recounted it to me." A brief abstract of this narrative appears in the Penny Magazine of April and May, 1836, and probably an abridged account may be found in some one of the old collections of shipwrecks; but it is believed that no complete English translation has ever been published. This is taken from the edition of Amsterdam, 1689.]

THE King of Portugal had sent a very famous embassy to the King our Master, either to renew their ancient alliance, or to negotiate other affairs which have not come to my knowledge. To return the courtesy of this European sovereign, the King deputed three grand Mandarins to proceed, as his ambassadors, with six younger Mandarins, and a large suite, to the Portuguese Court. We embarked for Goa towards the end of March, in the year 1684, on board of a ship of the King our Master, commanded by a Portuguese captain. The passage was tedious, difficult, and full of mishaps, which appeared to prognosticate the ill-success of our voyage and the misfortunes which were to befall us. We took more than five months to accomplish the distance, although Goa is not far from Siam. Whether it was that our officers and pilots were incompetent, or that the weather had determined to be adverse, the fleet of Portugal had unluckily sailed from the Indies before we arrived at this city,—the capital of the Portuguese empire in the East. It was a great disappointment to us to see our departure from the Indies, and consequently our return to Siam, thus deferred for a whole year; but it was necessary to take patience.

We remained nearly eleven months at Goa, awaiting the arrival of the fleet, which was expected from Europe, and which was to bring the Portuguese King's orders fixing the departure of the ships this year, for Lisbon. This great interval of time did not appear to me very long, because we spent it very pleasantly. The novelty and beauty of the edifices which we saw particularly surprised me: the large number of palaces, of monasteries, and of rich and costly churches, a long while occupied our curiosity. As I had never been out of my own country, I acknowledge that I was astonished to see that there was a more beautiful city than Siam in the world. The Viceroy caused us to be magnificently lodged, and was willing, on the part of his sovereign, to bear all the expense of our sojourn; although he was somewhat piqued that the King our Master had not written to him.

After this long stay, we at last embarked for Europe in a ship of the King of Portugal, carrying five hundred and fifty men, and thirty guns. There was a large number of passengers for Lisbon; for, besides the ambassadors and their suite, and three Fathers, of different religious orders, viz., a Franciscan, an Augustinian, and a Jesuit, there were also several Creoles, Indians, Portuguese, and Mulattoes, on board.

We set sail from the anchorage at Goa, on the 27th January, 1686, and on the 27th April, about midnight, we suffered shipwreck, at Cape Agulhas, in this wise: On this very day, about sunset, several sailors had been ordered aloft, to reconnoitre the land, which was visible to our right, and which we had now seen for three days. From the report of the sailors, and other indications, the captain and the pilot concluded that the Cape

of Good Hope was in sight. So without themselves examining whether the sailors were correct, or taking any other precautions, they continued in the same course until two or three hours after sunset, when they thought we were near the land that had been seen. They then changed the course, and bore a little more northward. As the weather was clear, with a bright moon, and a fresh breeze,—and as all felt certain that we had doubled the Cape, the captain placed no look-out man at the foretop. The sailors formed their usual watch for working the ship, or rather for enjoying a gossip, with such perfect confidence that not only did none of them perceive the peril in which we were, but none believed that there could be any danger which we had it not in our power to avoid. I was the first who discovered the land. Some unaccountable presentiment of threatening evil had made me so restless during the night, that I could not fall asleep. Not knowing what to do, I amused myself with observing the motion of the ship flying on the waters. On looking a little further, I suddenly descried, on our right, a very thick shadow approaching us. The sight startled me, and I said at once to the pilot, who was at the helm, “Is what I see there not land?” As he came forward to see it himself, a cry arose from the forecastle, “Land, land ahead! we are lost!” The pilot attempted to put the ship about, but we were so near the shore that, in wearing, the ship struck thrice on a rock, and then lay motionless. These three shocks had been very severe, and the men cried out that the ship was breaking to pieces. They ran to the pumps, but not a drop of water had yet entered. This a little reassured the crew, who had believed themselves lost from the moment the ship had struck with such force. Seeing that she made no water, they attempted to extricate her from this unfortunate position by cutting away the masts, and throwing overboard the cargo; but there was no time for this, for the billows which the wind tossed on the shore, carried the ship there also,—mountains of water breaking on the jutting ledges, lifted the ship to the clouds, and suddenly dropped her on the rocks with such violence that it was impossible she could long hold together. One by one, the fastenings gave way, and after a while the large wooden mass split, and was broken asunder with a terrible crash.

As the stern had struck first, it was first flooded. In vain had the masts been cut down,—the guns, casks, and everything on which we could lay hands in the confusion, been thrown into the sea, to lighten the ship. All these precautions and toil were useless. She struck so often, and so violently, that a hole was soon made under the powder-magazine. The water, which then poured in, gained the lower deck, and filled the magazine; it soon reached the great cabin, and rapidly was up to the waist on the second deck. At this, a dismal cry was raised; every one rushed to the upper deck in such confusion and hurry that

many, in their anxiety to save their lives, ran great risk of losing them. The powder-magazine and the lower deck being thus full of water, all the biscuit, brandy, and wine which were in the hold were soon lost, and entirely beyond our reach. As the water still rose, the ship at last sunk, until the keel being firmly fixed aground, the hull remained for some time motionless. It would be difficult to picture to one's self the fright and consternation which spread over all, and it would be impossible for me to paint it. Who can tell or conceive the thoughts which an imminent sudden death provokes? Lamentations, sighs, and groans were heard on every side. The greatest enemies sought reconciliation; some, on their knees, or prostrate on the deck, implored the aid of God; others cast into the sea hogsheads, empty casks, fragments of spars, and other large pieces of timber, in the hope of saving themselves upon them. The noise and clamour were so horrible that the crash of the ship breaking into a thousand pieces, and the roar of the waves that were tossed with irresistible fury against the rocks, were scarcely heard.

After these great lamentations had ceased, those who still remained in the ship thought of providing for their safety. Rafts were made of planks and portions of masts, because the first who had thrown themselves overboard, not having been sufficiently cautious, perished wretchedly,—swallowed up or crushed by the violence of the waves, which dashed them against the rocks that stood out from the shore.

It was a most mournful and tragical spectacle, to see so many poor wretches in extreme peril, without any means of safety. I was at first stricken with fear like the rest; but being assured that there was a chance of escape, and seeing that I did not lose much by the wreck, I consoled myself and formed my plans without delay. I had two pretty good suits of clothes, which I put on, and then placing myself on a few planks, fastened together, I attempted to gain the shore by floating. The second ambassador, the most robust of the three, and a practised swimmer, was already in the water. He was in front of me, and had taken charge of the King's letter, which he carried attached to a sword which his Majesty had presented to him. We both reached the shore at nearly the same time. Many of the Portuguese were already there; but they had not less anxiety on shore than those who had remained in the ship. The former indeed were free from the chance of being drowned, and the latter were still in danger; but it seemed that they had escaped this extreme peril only to fall into another yet more terrible and more certain. They had neither water, nor wine, nor biscuit; and they knew not where to seek any; in addition, the cold on land was piercing, and we Siamese felt it the more, as, being unaccustomed to it, and for myself, seeing of what light material my clothes were, I felt sure I could not long survive. This made me



resolve to return to the ship on the morrow, to seek clothes, and bring some refreshment thence. The larger number of the Portuguese of superior rank were lodged in the first deck, and I thought I should find articles of great value in their cabins, and especially good provisions,—which, in our extremity, we needed most; for the severity of the cold, the fatigues of the night, and the little chance of finding water and food, rendered our condition little less wretched than that of those whom we had seen swallowed up by the waves. With these intentions, and by the aid of a kind of hurdle, I floated to the ship.

I had not much trouble to get on board, because, as I have already said, the ship was still visible above water. I expected to find gold and jewels, or some other costly articles which would not be heavy or difficult to carry. But on arriving, I found all the cabins full of water, and I could discover nothing but a few pieces of gold cloth, with a small case containing six bottles of wine, and a little biscuit which I found in the pilot's quarters. I put all these things together on the hurdle, and pushing it on before me with much trouble and danger, I reached the shore once more, much more fatigued than the first time.

Some of the Sijamese had escaped quite naked. I was touched with pity, seeing them trembling with cold, and shared with them the cloth which I had brought from the ship, so as to afford them some covering. But, as I knew well that, if I entrusted to them the small case of wine which I had saved, it would not last long, I gave it to a Portuguese who had shown me much friendship, telling him that I made him master of it, with the condition, however, that he should give me some when I required it. On this occasion I experienced how weak is friendship against want, and how little we regard the necessities of others when we are ourselves in need. This friend gave me half-a-glass of wine daily for the first two or three days, while we were in constant expectation of finding a spring or a stream. But when we were overcome with thirst, and could scarcely find a drop of water to assuage it, I pressed him in vain to afford me a share of what I had given him with such kindness. He at once repulsed me so roughly, telling me that he would give none even to his father, that I durst ask him no more. The bread was of no use to us, for it was completely soaked with salt water, and I could not swallow a morsel, it was so bitter and briny. When we saw that there were no more to be expected, after having gone down to the beach, we counted the number that had been saved, and found nearly two hundred persons, only seven or eight having been drowned in the attempt to save themselves too quickly. Some Portuguese had had the precaution to take guns and powder, for defence against the natives, as well as in the hope of killing game for food, in the woods. These guns were of great use to us in lighting fires, not only during the whole of our journey towards the Dutch

settlement, but especially for the first two nights after the shipwreck, drenched as we then were, for the cold was so severe that, if we had not had fire to dry our clothes, I believe we should have perished of cold at that place.

The second day after our shipwreck, which was a Sunday, the Portuguese having first had prayers, we proceeded on our way together. The pilots and the captain told us that we were not more than twenty leagues from the Cape of Good Hope, where the Dutch had a tolerably large settlement, which we could reach in a day or two. This assurance from them caused many to leave behind provisions which they had brought from the ship, that, being less encumbered, they might the more easily perform the short journey.

So we entered into the forest, or rather into the bushes, for there were no large trees, and we scarcely saw any for the entire route. We walked all day, stopping only twice to rest for a little while. As we had taken nothing to eat or drink, the first pains of hunger and thirst soon began to be felt. The thirst, especially, was insupportable, for we walked at a rapid pace, exposed to a scorching sun, in the hope of reaching the Dutch on that very day. At four o'clock in the afternoon, we found a large pool of water, which was a great comfort to all. Every one drank a long time, with an enjoyment and pleasure which none of us had ever felt before. The Portuguese thought it advisable not to proceed further, but to remain for the night near this pool. Fire was made, and those who were fortunate enough to find some crabs in the water, roasted and ate them. The rest, far more in number, after having had another draught, laid down to sleep, far more wearied by the long walk than oppressed by the hunger which had tormented them for the two days they had passed fasting.

On the morrow, at dawn, we left, after all had again drunk, to prevent future thirst. The Portuguese were in front; for we were soon obliged to halt, because our first ambassador, who was very weak and ill, could not walk so fast; but we divided ourselves into three parties, so as not entirely to lose the Portuguese out of sight. The first always kept in sight of the last Portuguese, and the two others, walking at an equal distance, watched the signals made by the first, according to agreement, to give notice when the Portuguese halted or changed their route. We found some hills, which wearied us much in passing over them. All the day, we saw only one pool, the water of which was so brackish that no one could drink it. At the same time, it was observed that the first party signalled that the Portuguese had halted. We had no doubt that they had found good water, and this hope quickened our pace. However, in spite of our efforts, we could not bring the ambassador there until after sunset. Our people told us that the Portuguese would never wait, saying that it would be of no use for all to die of



hunger, thirst, and misery,—that it was much better that they should hurry on to find us some food.

The first ambassador, having heard this sad news, assembled all the Siamese who had remained near him, for there were three who always followed the Portuguese. When he saw us around him, he told us that he felt so weak and weary that it was impossible for him to follow the Portuguese, and that he thought it best that those who were well should hasten to overtake them: he only ordered that, since the houses of the Dutch were not far distant, we should send him a horse or a carriage, with some provisions, to take him to the Cape, if he were yet alive. This separation was very melancholy, but it was necessary. One young man, aged about fifteen, the son of a mandarin, refused to quit the ambassador, by whom he was very much beloved, and whom, also, he loved devotedly. His gratitude and affection made him resolve to die or to be saved only with him. One old servant also remained with his master.

The second ambassador, another mandarin, and I, having taken leave of him, with the assurance that succour would be sent as soon as possible, we went on in the hope of overtaking the Portuguese, although they were very far before us. The signal which the more advanced Siamese made from the top of a mountain with their flag, increased our courage and doubled our speed. But, whatever haste we made, we did not reach them until nearly ten o'clock at night. We had hoped to find some water here, and to rest for the night; but we were sadly disappointed in this expectation. Having joined the Siamese, they told us that the Portuguese were encamped a considerable distance off, and showed us the fire which they had made. Tired as we were, it was necessary to proceed, and after two long hours' travelling, amid rocks and bushes, we arrived there with incredible trouble. They were posted on the summit of a high mountain, where they had lighted a great fire, around which they slept. Our first enquiry was for the water. One of my companions brought me some, for the rivulet was at some little distance, and it was impossible for me to drag myself thither. I stretched myself at full length on the ground, near the fire, quite overcome with fatigue, and slept in this posture until the morning, when the cold woke me. On this day, I felt so weakened, and so cruelly attacked by hunger, that I longed for death; and I resolved to remain where I was lying, and to await death there, rather than to seek it further with new torments.

This thought did not last long, and when I saw that the Portuguese and the Siamese, who were as weary as I, proceeded on their journey as usual, in the hope of safety, I could not prevent myself from following them. I even once preceded them to the top of a hill, where I found the grass extremely high, and in abundance. The exertion had fatigued me so much that I felt constrained to lie down on this beautiful verdure, a little

aside, where I fell asleep. When I awoke, I found my thighs and legs so rigid that I thought I should not be able to move them again. This extremity made me take the same resolution as in the morning. I was so determined that I waited with impatience for death, as the moment which would end the miserable torture that oppressed me in all parts of my body. I fell asleep with this thought, and but for a mandarin, who was my particular friend, and my servant, who made a long search for me, believing that I had lost my way, and who at length found and roused me, I would assuredly have died at that spot. The mandarin spoke to me so kindly that he gave me courage; I rose, and we went together to seek the Portuguese, who were posted near a running stream. Our hunger was now so extreme, that the half-dry grass was fired in the hope of finding a lizard or serpent to eat. One of the party, having discovered some leaves on the banks of the stream, tasted them, and though they were bitter, after having eaten a little, he found his hunger appeased. He came to bring this good news to the company; all ran there with eagerness, and ate with avidity. So we passed the night.

On the next morning, the fifth day of our journey, we started at daylight, certain of finding the Dutch on this day. This flattering persuasion furnished us with new strength. We walked without resting till noon, when we saw some persons on a height at some distance. We had no doubt but that we had at length found those whom we sought. We advanced with a joy beyond expression. But this agreeable feeling lasted but a short time, and we were soon miserably undeceived. The men whom we had seen, were three or four Hottentots, who having espied us first, came with their lances, or rather their assegais, in front of us, in order to examine who we were. Their fear of us was no less than ours of them, when they saw our numerous troop and our guns. On our part, we were seized with terror, in the prospect of being pitilessly massacred by these barbarians during the night. As they appeared before us with assegais, and were only four or five, we believed they had come as spies, and that their companions were at no great distance. We let them approach, in the persuasion that it was much better at once to put an end to so miserable an existence, than to prolong it for the purpose of losing it at length, after having suffered a thousand torments more cruel than death itself. But when they had examined us from some distance, and discovered that we were in far greater numbers than they had at first imagined, they halted, and awaited us in their turn. We were in a state of mortal uncertainty in regard to them; but when we had approached a little nearer to them, they went in advance of us and made signs that we should follow, pointing to some houses, or rather three or four wretched huts on a hill. When we had arrived at the foot of this hill, they would not permit us to go

nearer to their huts. There was a little path at the side, by which they led us to another village, always eyeing us with distrust, and observing our conduct. When we had come to this village, which consisted of about forty huts covered with the branches of trees, and where there were about four or five hundred natives, feeling more confidence they came nearer, and regarded us at their ease. They were particularly interested in the Siamese, either because their clothing pleased them, or because, having met nothing similar before, they took pleasure in seeing them for the first time. At length their curiosity became troublesome, and we all wished to enter their huts to seek some food, for whatever signs we made that we were suffering from extreme hunger and that they should give us something to eat, they only looked at each other, and burst out laughing with all their might, without appearing to understand us. When we implored them to the best of our ability, by signs, to sell some of their cattle or of their sheep, which we saw pasturing in great numbers, they only uttered two words, which they continued repeating,—“*Tabac, pataque.*” \* I offered them two large diamonds, which the first ambassador had given me when we quitted him, but they took no notice of them. None of us had either tobacco or pataques, which was the only money they knew, and which passed current among them. The first pilot was the only one who found a few: he gave them four for an ox, which they ordinarily sell to the Dutch for its length in tobacco. But what was this among so many half-famished wretches, who had eaten nothing but a few leaves for the last six days? The pilot divided the ox among some of his nation, and of his best friends. No Siamese had a single morsel. Thus we had the cruel mortification of feeling ourselves dying of hunger in the midst of abundance, without daring to lift our hands; for the Portuguese did not less prevent us from approaching the flocks of the Hottentots, to seize them, than from coming near the ox which they had cooked,—telling us that if they saw that we took possession of any ox or sheep by force, they would abandon us to the fury of the savages.

A mandarin, seeing that the Hottentots refused gold money, went to dress his head with some ornaments of gold, and appeared before them in this state. The novelty pleased them, and they gave a quarter of a sheep for trinkets which were of the value of more than a hundred pistoles. But to what are we not driven by necessity! Nothing can resist hunger in extremity. This meat could not be soon enough cooked: we ate it half raw; but its only effect was to give us an appetite. I had observed that the Portuguese, after having bought their ox, had skinned it, and thrown away the hide. This was a treasure. I told the secret, in confidence, to one of my friends, the man-

\* “*Pataca*,” a Portuguese colonial coin, worth about three shillings. The coolies in Cape Town still use the expression “*pataca*” for money generally.

darin of whom I have spoken. We went together in search of it, and having fortunately found it, we placed it on the fire to broil. It did not afford us more than two meals, for the other Siamese having discovered us, it was necessary to give them a share. A Hottentot having examined me very attentively, began to admire the gold buttons which were attached to my dress. I made him understand that if he would procure me something to eat, I would willingly let him have them. He agreed, and went away in search of something. I expected to receive a sheep at least, but he brought me a vessel filled with milk, with which I was compelled to be content.

We passed the night in this place, near a large fire which we had lighted opposite to the huts of the Hottentots. The savages continued howling and dancing about their huts till daylight,—which kept us on our guard, in the fear of being surprised; but there was no doubt, if they had been able to overpower us, they would certainly have done so. We departed in the morning, and proceeded towards the sea-side, where we arrived about noon. We enjoyed a great feast on muscles, which we found on the rocks. After we were satisfied, we made provision for the evening, for it was requisite to return inland to seek water. With our utmost speed, we reached none until night, and this was only a very brackish stream; but at that time we made no enquiry into the quality of what we drank. We encamped near this little rivulet, and each in turn kept watch, from fear lest the Caffres\* should surprise and massacre us. This habit of keeping watch in turns, and of crying out from time to time to show that the guard was not asleep, was continued throughout the whole journey, at night.

On the following day, which was the ninth of our expedition, we found ourselves at the foot of a high mountain, which we ascended with very great trouble. Famine seized us more violently than cold, and we discovered nothing to appease our cravings. From the summit of the mountain, we looked down on a hillock covered with green grass and some flowers. We hastened thither, and commenced eating, even the most bitter herbs, with great appetite. However, in appeasing our hunger, our thirst increased, and caused us inconceivable torture. But, trying as this was, we were obliged to wait until night, before we could drink, for we could reach neither spring nor stream, until we were a considerable distance further, at the foot of this steep mountain. We could not proceed on. A consultation was held, and it was resolved, by common consent, no longer to attempt to penetrate inland in the hope of shortening the road, as we had done before. Firstly, because the captain and the pilots, unable any longer to conceal their error, avowed that they had been deceived; adding, that they were uncertain of the place where the Dutch were,

\* This was the general term used at that time to designate the natives.



of the road which we should follow, and of the time which it would still require to complete the journey: secondly, because, in keeping near the shore, we should find muscles, crabs, and other insects, more easily than inland, so as occasionally to relieve the torture of hunger; and, finally, because the rivers and streams all flowed to the sea, and thus, by following the line of coast, we were likely to suffer less from thirst.

To carry out this resolution, we proceeded, at dawn, towards the sea. We reached the shore about two hours before noon. There was a long flat beach before us, and at the end a high mountain which jutted out a considerable distance into the sea. We were all delighted, for the pilots were certain that this was the Cape of Good Hope. The good news gave us fresh strength, and, without resting at all, we hurried on to arrive there before night; and, although the distance was at least five or six leagues, we walked with such good will and speed, notwithstanding our extreme fatigue, that we arrived at the Cape which had been seen in the morning, about an hour before sunset,—but, alas! it was not the Cape we had expected. After having given way to our disappointment at finding ourselves still so far from our destination, and having almost given up all hope of ever reaching the Dutch, we were a little consoled by a sailor who had gone in search of water, and who returned with the information that a little islet, almost covered with muscles, was not far off, and that he had also found a good spring of sweet water. We determined to pass the night there;—but, when there, we were so rejoiced at the good cheer, that we remained the following day, and the night after. This rest refreshed us much, and the nourishment which we were able to take, renewed our strength a little. On the first evening of our arrival, as we were assembled, according to our wont, at a little distance from the Portuguese, we were astonished at not seeing one of our mandarins. He was sought on all sides,—he was shouted for, but in vain: his strength had failed him, and he had lain down to die. The extreme aversion which he had for the herbs and flowers which all the others ate with some appetite, did not allow him to taste them; and on this account we were not surprised that, after having continued so long without taking anything, he had died of hunger and weakness, without being able to make himself heard, or being perceived by any one. We had lost another, four days before, in the same manner. It is true that misery hardens the heart. In any other state than that in which I was, if I had learnt that one of my friends had died in so pitiable a manner, I would have been inconsolable; but then, I scarcely felt a sensation at the death of this mandarin, whom I knew intimately. All we did was for an instant to express among ourselves some regret at his loss; and then all separated to try to find something to eat.

*(To be continued).*

## ERIN'S BARD.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE THOMAS MOORE, ESQ.

When Erin's hopes were sad and drear,  
 Her freedom gone, her harp unstrung,  
 And no kind minstrel's voice to cheer  
 The sorrows that around her hung;  
 With feelings of a mother's love,  
 Anxious to soothe her offspring's grief,  
 She turn'd her piteous glance above,  
 Seeking some balm to yield relief.

"Saint of this Green Isle, hear my prayer!"  
 She cried, "nor sufferings thus prolong;  
 "Where can we look for weal, oh! where—  
 In war, in wassail, or in song?  
 The Saxon's chain has bound, for years,  
 The voice and smile of Hope, grown weak;  
 The Shamrock's leaves are drench'd with tears,—  
 Say, Father, where then solace seek?"

The Seer arose, and with those fond  
 Soft accents by compassion wrought,  
 Replied, "Sweet Erin, look beyond,  
 For blessings in the realms of Thought.  
 Tho' Music's treasures have been thine,  
 And bright enchantment crown'd each strain,  
 There needs some gifted son to 'twine  
 Fresh laurels round thy harp again."

With this, St. Patrick waved his wand,  
 When, lo! a form of heavenly light  
 Cast her smile's splendour o'er the land,  
 Like some bright meteor's rays, by night;  
 Beauty and Grace inspir'd her charms,  
 Expression warm'd her accents sweet;  
 She held a child within her arms,  
 And laid it down at Erin's feet.

"Oh, Erin, dost thou know me not?"  
 In cheering tones, she now exclaim'd;  
 "More bright henceforward be thy lot,  
 For Poesy my spirit's nam'd.  
 Cherish the offspring I have brought,  
 The Muse's heir on earth to be;  
 In him has Genius gifted Thought,  
 Whose prize is immortality!"



Swiftly through Erin's listening soul,  
Visions of future blessings came;  
She saw foreshadow'd, on Time's scroll,  
The minstrel's brow enwreathed by Fame.  
She felt that deep mysterious power  
Which Genius sways to soothe midst Wrong,  
And foster'd him who own'd this dower,  
The treasures of the soul of Song.

Nor vainly had her judgment plac'd  
Affection cherish'd in her breast,  
For soon both Wit and Beauty grac'd  
The soul of Feeling there possess'd;  
Whilst, with a wreath of brightest flowers,  
Young Love adorn'd the Poet's shrine,  
Whose melody seem'd diamond-showers  
Form'd of the gems of song divine.

Tho' Erin's harp on Tara's wall,  
Had long hung mute to minstrel's touch,  
His was the spirit to recal  
Its ancient echoes, lov'd so much;  
To wake each chord's harmonious tone,  
And by its sounds rich verse inspire,—  
Strains such as Genius breathes alone,  
Those heart-thrills of a poet's lyre!

Thus, soaring upon Fancy's wings,  
So brilliant is his magic art,  
That as he sweeps the echoing strings,  
Fresh numbers flow to win the heart;  
Until around fair Erin's clime,  
From Derry's towers to Kerry's shore,  
Her bard is known for song sublime,  
And fame inscribes the name of MOORE.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bard of sweet melody! though Time  
Has borne thy glorious spirit far,  
Still must thy Fame, on Erin's clime,  
Shine down as some resplendent star;  
And as no song can e'er eclipse  
The spell thy brilliant genius bore,  
May Erin pledge, with hallowed lips,  
The memory of her poet,—MOORE.

## ASTRONOMICAL AND METEOROLOGICAL SKETCHES.

BY THOS. MACLEAR, ESQ., F.R.S.

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### ASTRONOMY.

It is proposed to furnish, from time to time, such astronomical and meteorological information as may be supposed to interest the public, and, in the selection, to be guided in a great measure by the astronomical resources of the colony.

Of the forty one known asteroids describing orbits in the space between Mars and Jupiter, one only approaches visibility with the naked eye, and then the circumstances must be favourable, and it could not be distinguished from small stars near to it. A sharp eye may detect a star of the seventh magnitude when the sky is clear and the moon absent; but in general practice, no object of less brilliancy than a star of the sixth magnitude should be regarded as visible to the naked eye. Therefore, unless an observer be provided with a telescope, mounted as an equatoreal instrument, and properly adjusted, also with a time-piece, he has but little chance of making the acquaintance of the asteroids. Even in a well-appointed Observatory, much discrimination is needed to identify an asteroid amidst small stars in the field of the telescope.\*

These objects, then, may be omitted; likewise the planet Neptune, whose brilliancy, when at his nearest distance from the earth, is equal only to that of a star of the eighth magnitude.

Uranus may be detected, but not distinguished from a small star, with the naked eye, and shows a disc in the field of a respectable telescope armed with the power of one hundred and above. By a "respectable telescope" is meant one of not less than three and a half feet focal length, and an object-glass of not less than three inches.

From what precedes, it would be idle to direct attention to things which cannot be seen with facility, however inter-

\* Names of the Asteroids, or small Planets, moving in orbits between Mars and Jupiter, arranged in order of sequence of discovery :—Ceres, Pallas, Juno, Vesta, Astrea, Hebe, Iris, Flora, Metis, Hygeia, Parthenope, Victoria, Egeria, Irene, Eunomia, Pysche, Thetis, Melpomene, Fortuna, Massilia, Lutetia, Calliope, Thalia, Themis, Phoebe, Proserpine, Euterpe, Bellona, Amphitrite, Urania, Euphrosyne, Pomona, Polyphymnia, Circe, Leucotha, Atalanta, Fides, Leda, Laetitia, Harmonia, Daphne, Isis.

esting they may be to the astronomer who devotes his thoughts to the theory of the heavens.

Another class of phenomena requiring a telescope are of a different order, because they can be observed with facility, and they are useful, moreover, for determining the longitudes of places, viz., eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, and occultations of fixed stars by the moon.

Jupiter and his satellites may be regarded as a type of the solar system. The amateur commands within the field of his telescope, bodies moving in orbits round their primary, in exact accordance with the law which regulates the motion of the planets round the sun. Like the earth's shadow crossing the moon's disc, the shadow of a satellite crosses the disc of Jupiter. Like the moon crossing the sun's disc, as in a solar eclipse, a satellite crosses the disc of Jupiter. Similarly, in one sense, but not in another,—because the sun is self-luminous, a satellite enters the shadow of Jupiter, disappears, and after a given interval reappears at the opposite side of the shadow. The latter is called an “eclipse” of the satellite; the former is technically termed, a “transit” of the satellite or shadow.

A telescope of from three to five feet focal length is sufficiently powerful for observing the *eclipses* of the satellites; but for observing the transits, the object-glass should not be less than six inches in diameter. The same is needed for seeing, distinctly, a satellite disappear behind the body of Jupiter,—termed an “occultation” of the satellite.

Abstracting the ring of Saturn, his system is similar to that of Jupiter; but the distance from the earth is too great to admit of precise observation of the phenomena above-mentioned.

A telescope of moderate power is sufficient for the observation of an occultation by the moon, particularly before the *full*, or the re-appearance after the *full*; for in these cases respectively, the phenomenon will occur at the dark limb.

The best way for becoming familiar with this species of observation, is to point the telescope to the young moon, and to imagine a line joining the horns, and two other lines at right angles to it, one from each horn, prolonged towards the east. Most of the small stars visible between the parallel lines will be occulted by the dark limb. They will appear to approach the limb, and each will suddenly vanish on touching it.

There is no astronomical observation so precise as this is: no instrument, the work of human hands, can compete

with that the heavens provides by the agency of the moon for determining longitudes. Yet the inhabitants of Jupiter (if there be any) are still more favoured in this respect. The angular velocity of Jupiter's first moon, or satellite, is fifteen and a half times greater than the velocity of ours. Therefore, longitudes on the surface of Jupiter can be determined with fifteen and a half times greater precision by his first satellite alone; nearly eight times by his second; and nearly four times by his third. And since his day is about two-and-half times shorter than ours, local time can be obtained with proportional certainty, which doubles the precision before-mentioned.

### ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES.

- JAN. 2.—About 6 hours, p.m., the moon will pass the meridian of Jupiter, and after sunset they will still be pretty close. From a certain point in the northern hemisphere, the line of sight will join their centres, and the planet will be occulted. The different circumstances arise from perspective, technically named *parallax*, because the moon is near the earth, whereas Jupiter is not.
- „ 3.—Eclipse of Jupiter's first satellite. The satellite will emerge from Jupiter's shadow on the east side of the planet, at a point distant from his limb about a half diameter, at 9<sup>h</sup>. 30<sup>m</sup>. 21<sup>s</sup>., Cape mean time.
- „ 15.—This evening the planet Mercury will be at his greatest elongation from the sun, and will set nearly an hour and half after the sun. The planet will be visible, after sunset, from the 1st to the 26th of the month.—The star  $\eta$  Virginis will be occulted by the moon. Disappearance, 13<sup>h</sup>. 55<sup>m</sup>. 36<sup>s</sup>. at bright limb; reappearance, 14<sup>h</sup>. 51<sup>m</sup>. 12<sup>s</sup>. at dark limb, Cape mean time. Star 3½ magnitude.
- „ 19.—Eclipse of Jupiter's third satellite. The satellite will emerge from Jupiter's shadow at a point nearly two diameters of the planet from his east limb, at 7<sup>h</sup>. 35<sup>m</sup>. 31<sup>s</sup>. Cape mean time. The *first* satellite will emerge from his shadow at a point distant about a half diameter from his east limb, at 7<sup>h</sup>. 50<sup>m</sup>. 56<sup>s</sup>. Cape mean time.
- „ 26.—Jupiter's third satellite will be eclipsed by his shadow at a point distant by a half diameter from his east limb: disappearance at 9<sup>h</sup>. 6<sup>m</sup>. 6<sup>s</sup>. Cape mean time.
- „ 28.— $\phi$  Aquarii will be occulted by the moon. Disappearance, 8<sup>h</sup>. 8<sup>m</sup>. 0<sup>s</sup>. at dark limb; reappearance, 9<sup>h</sup>. 5<sup>m</sup>. 36<sup>s</sup>. at bright limb, Cape mean time. Star fifth magnitude. Moon in horizon at reappearance. The disappearance will be favourable for observation, because the moon's dark limb will be visible.

- JAN. 28.—Uranus will be stationary in right ascension,  $3^h 14^m 50^s$ ; north declination,  $17^\circ 47'$ . No large star near the point.  
 „ 29.—The moon will be in the line of Venus shortly before moonrise this morning (civil reckoning); the occultation will not be visible.

*Evening Stars* (in common phraseology) for the month: Mercury, Mars, Venus, Jupiter.

## METEOROLOGY.

Of the maladies which disturb the comforts of the human race, a large portion may be traced to the atmosphere we breathe. Oxygen and nitrogen are regarded as its pure elements. Moisture and light enable it to coax on vegetation. But it has, at times, to carry more than moisture; it has to carry putrid exhalations, both animal and vegetable. The sick-bed of the sufferer from malignant fever contributes something. It receives charges of specific character from small-pox, measles, cholera, scarlet fever, &c.; and others, more or less noxious, from dirty ditches, stagnant pools, crowded rooms, &c. In crowded rooms, it must subscribe largely from its vital constituent, and receive in exchange deleterious carbonic acid. Chemistry throws no light on these floating poisons: the most delicate analysis cannot detect them. The first information of their presence is obtained from a victim.

The meteorologist deals with the weight, temperature, moisture, and disturbance of the mass; and endeavours to draw conclusions from his observations. The poisons, whether specific or general, affect neither his barometer, thermometer, or hygrometer, so far as he knows; but by collating phenomena with disease, he occasionally picks up a wrinkle more or less subject to doubt.

But there are certain conditions where cause and effect are palpable. Thus between Tette and Quillimane, Dr. Livingston was forced to confine his astronomical observations to daylight; for any exposure at night was sure of being followed by an attack of fever. Here the hygrometer and thermometer would come into play; the condition of the stratum in contact with the swamp during the night, was changed by the action of the sun, as respects the generation of disease; and since the percentage of humidity near the ground is greater in the night than in the daytime, that fact obtains a place in the analysis. So also do temperature and motion, as in the instance of the great plague of London (1665), which is said to have followed a long interval of calm hot weather.



A striking example of the effect of a still, confined atmosphere, charged with moisture, on the functions of the skin, may be had by a visit to the Congo caverns. A gentleman who visited them in the month of December, was provided with two delicate thermometers. Though he was lightly clothed, the sensation of heat became distressingly great, and the perspiration flowed in torrents; yet the temperature was only  $72^{\circ}$  in the several chambers! If he had judged from the sensation of heat, his estimate would perhaps have been from  $100^{\circ}$  to  $110^{\circ}$ . Here the capacity of the air for absorbing moisture was at zero; consequently, there was little evaporation from the skin; and if the perspiration which steamed so freely had been collected, the amount would probably have been the same that escapes from the skin in the open air, and in the temperature  $72^{\circ}$ , under the name of "insensible perspiration."

An eminent man who resided for many years at Calcutta, informed the writer, that during the moist warm weather there, he felt exactly as if he were enveloped in a *poultice*. Here circumstances, to a certain extent similar to those before mentioned, were in operation, with the addition of animal and vegetable matter in a state of decomposition, impregnating the stagnant atmosphere with noxious vapours.

Similar vapour baths are said to hover over the muddy banks of the Nile at times; but the reason why cholera should be generated in the one, and the plague in the other, remains a problem.

Though the presence of deleterious matter cannot be detected by meteorological instruments, they give with undeniable accuracy the changes and conditions which inflict a large amount of disease; and, by comparison of simultaneous observations, made at different places, the directions of currents and the probable reasons for the tortuous course of epidemics.

The importance of meteorological observations to the investigation of storms, is leading to the spread of Observatories almost everywhere; for no calculus at the command of human intellect can unravel the dynamical phenomena of the atmosphere without an immense store of facts, collected from different points: and then, but imperfectly. An elastic fluid enveloping the earth and rotating with it, subject to the direct action of the sun above; below to radiation more or less powerful from every variety of surface the earth presents; the resulting oscillations become



almost infinite, and prediction founded upon the theory of equilibrium impossible.

In the Admiralty Manual, edited by Sir John Herschel, published in 1849, there is an admirable article, furnished by Mr. Birt at the suggestion of Sir John, on barometric curves and *atmospheric waves*. Since then, one wave has been pretty well traced by means of barometric observations at distant points; and it is said that M. le Verrier has been successful in working out the great November wave, which caused the Crimean hurricane of 1854.

### HOROLOGY.

Mr. Spolander, of Cape Town, has constructed a "gravity escapement" clock, on the plan proposed by Mr. Dennison, to which he has attached the apparatus for driving a *secondary* by electro-magnetic agency. The pendulum is of steel-rod, with mercurial compensation; and the instrument altogether is highly creditable to Mr. Spolander's ingenuity and industry. Since it was removed to the Observatory for trial, and adjusted for rate, the performance has been good; but several months must elapse before a verdict can be pronounced with confidence.

Of the several escapements contrived for good time-pieces, such as are wanted for Astronomical Observatories, Graham's "dead-beat" has had the greatest run, and deservedly so, when constructed by the masterly hand of Robert Molyneux, of which there is a sample at the Cape Observatory. But it has all along been felt that if an escapement could be contrived so as to allow the pendulum to vibrate perfectly free between the moments of receiving the impulse (variation of atmospheric pressure abstracted), and the effect of pallet friction reduced to the least possible quantity, greater uniformity of rate would be obtained.

The attempts of Cumming and Hardy in this direction were most successful, and their escapements were named "gravity escapements." Cumming gave the impulse by a weight; Hardy by a slender spring, and the weight of the spring, and the beat being loud and sharp, made it a favourite for counting during observation or comparison.

The first of this kind Hardy constructed, was purchased for the Greenwich Observatory at a high price. Another was purchased for the Cape Observatory, but neither kept an uniform rate, and their escapements have been replaced by the "dead-beat." The Cambridge Observatory was more fortunate. Dennison's plan is recent, and no account has yet reached this place of its success or otherwise.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

UNDER this head, we purpose, monthly, to present brief review notices of the most interesting books imported by the Public Library or otherwise; as well as of all works of value or importance published in the colony.

*Dred*, by Mrs. Stowe, has been in the hands of every one. It is, in our opinion, the most powerful fiction we have met for years, not even excepting *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. When that remarkable work first appeared, it exhibited such a profusion of perfectly new scenes, images, feelings,—picturesque, humorous, pathetic, terrible—that the world of Europe and America alike were by it taken by storm. *Dred* has not the advantage of that charm of novelty, nor is it relieved so much by a constant admixture of drollery and rollicking fun, as we have in *Uncle Tom*. It is more distinguished by a power of thought,—a depth of penetration into the crooked policy of States, of Churches, and of human nature,—a withering denunciation of cruelty and wrong,—an intense earnestness of purpose, and withal a guarded sobriety of judgment, which inspires perfect confidence in the reader. The result of all this is a certain feeling of sombre seriousness which pervades the book, and is only at intervals relieved by gleams of the richest humour. Mrs. Stowe's two-fold purpose in this work is to show the effects of slavery on society in all its grades, and the corrupting influence it exerts on Christianity, whenever its professors and ministers sanction the crying evil. In working out her drama, she introduces on the stage a variety of scenes and characters, enough to be the making of half a hundred of the current fictitious inanities of the day. We have the nominal hero Dred, a mysterious negro, tall athletic, and powerful, who has fled to the Great Dismal Swamp, a being of "the twilight found between the boundaries of the sane and the insane." In the solitude where he has secured his freedom, his only companion is the bible of his murdered father. To him it is not the message of peace and good will, but the herald of woe and wrath. Pondering over its awful denunciations of oppression and injustice, he imagines himself an Elijah in Horeb, or a John the Baptist in the wilderness. Whenever he is introduced, it is as one of those old Hebrew prophets, uttering his voice of doom in the burning words of sacred writ. He is ultimately shot by a slave-hunting party. His manifest prototype is Ephraim

MacBriar of Scott's *Old Mortality*. We have representatives of the different grades of society in the Southern States in the magnanimous, self-sacrificing, generous Clayton,—in the honestly outspoken sceptic and man of the world, Frank Russel,—in the bullying, dastardly ruffian, Tom Gordon—and the sneaking, avaricious Abijah Skinflint, who “for money would do anything; for money he would have sold his wife, his children, even his own soul, if he happened to have one. But that article, if it ever existed, was now so small and dry, that one might have fancied it to rattle in his lean frame, like a shrivelled pea in a last year's peas-cod.” One hypocritical, canting character, Mr. Jekyl, Mrs. Stowe has peculiar delight in dissecting. He is the elder who, apropos of Clayton's proposal to let the Negroes read the scriptures for themselves, says:—

“I tell you, sir, this will never do, this turning out a set of ignorant people to pasture in the Bible. That blessed book is a savour of life unto life when it's used right; but it's a savour of death unto death when ignorant people take hold of it. The proper way is this,—administer such portions only as these creatures are capable of understanding. This admirable system of religious instruction keeps the matter in our own hands,” &c.

“So you are afraid to trust the Lord's word without holding the bridle,” said Tom Gordon with a sneer. “That's pretty well for you.”

Of the ecclesiastical dignities we have specimens of all sorts, from the devoted Father Dickson to Dr. Packthread, and a host of others, aptly described as theological dictionaries in white cravats. In *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, Eva was far too good, too angelic for us. In *Dred* we have in her place one after our own heart, the lovely flirt, Nina Gordon, aerial, vivacious, coquettish as we first meet her, and gradually developing into the matured woman as the hard responsibilities of plantation life crowd upon her. Her's seems to us to be the best and most dramatically sustained character in the novel; and the exigencies of the story, and the evident purpose of Mrs. Stowe to plunge the slaves of Canema into some awful griefs, can scarcely induce us to pardon her for killing Miss Nina at the very time when our interest in her future career was most excited, and when, according to all the old rules, she and Clayton were to live happy for the rest of their days. Of slave characters there is a rich variety. Harry Gordon, who is the George of the tale—Jim, who reminds us of Sam and the beech nut—Tomtit, the impish sprite,

inimitably good, and almost equal to Topsy herself; but best of all, Old Tiff, whose devotion to the grand Virginny family, in its declining days, is only surpassed by his grotesque merriment, goodness, quaint meaning, simplicity, and unaffected piety. One of Mrs. Stowe's hardest home-thrusts at the dissensions of sects is put into Old Tiff's mouth. Miss Fanny wishes much to know how her mamma, who has just died, is to climb up to heaven, Tiff's Land of Canaan:—

"Is there any stairs anywhere? or any ladder to get up by?" said Fanny; "or do they walk to where the sky touches the ground, and get up? Perhaps they climb up on the rainbow?"

"I don' know, chile, how dey works it," said Uncle Tiff. "Dey gets dar somehow. I's studding upon dat ar. I's gwine to camp-meeting to find out. I's been to plenty of dem ar, and I never could quite see clar. 'Pears like dey talks about everthing else more'n dey does about dat. Dere's de Methodists, dey cuts up de Presbyterans; and de Presbyterans pitches into de Methodists; and den both on 'em's down on de 'Piscopals. \* \* \* And de Baptists think dey an't none on 'em right; and, while dey's all a-blowing out at each other dat ar way, I's a wondering whar's de way to Canaan. It takes a mighty heap o' larning to know about dese yer things, and I an't got no larning."

But our limited space prevents us alluding to a tithe of the characters or scenes, humorous, pathetic, and tragic, spread over the volume. We can only refer to one point more. Towards the close we have a conversation between Clayton and Frank Russel, on the slave code. Clayton, from conscientious scruples, has already abandoned his profession as a lawyer, and resolves to devote his life to effect reform:—

"I know it," said Frank Russel. "There never was anything under heaven so atrocious as our slave code. It's a bottomless pit of oppression. Nobody knows it so well as we lawyers. But then, Clayton, it's quite another thing what's to be done about it."

"Why I think it's very plain what's to be done," said Clayton; "go right forward and enlighten the community. Get the law reformed. That's what I have taken for my work, and, Frank, you must help me."

"Hum," said Frank. "Now the fact is, Clayton, if I wore a stiff white neckcloth, and had a D.D. to my name, I should tell you that the interests of Zion stood in the way, and that it was my duty to preserve my influence for the sake of being able to take care of the Lord's affairs. But as I am not so fortunate, I must just say, without further preface, that it won't



do for me to compromise Frank Russel's interests. Clayton, I can't afford it, that's just it. It won't do."

This extract needs no comment. We can only say, further, that we cordially recommend any who have not read *Dred*, to lose no time in procuring it.

Of other books of fiction recently received at the Library, the cleverest is *Perversion; the Causes and Consequences of Infidelity*. As a novel, it is badly constructed—its plot is clumsily devised, and there is no pretension to anything like a dramatic representation or action in the characters. The work consists, in fact, of a series of slashing sketches of English religious and social life, and the story is merely a framework on which to hang them. High Church, Low Church, No Church, Mormonism, Scepticism, Manchester Cottonism, are all satirized, in many instances caricatured, in the trenchant, vigorous, dashing style, which marked the famous article on Church Parties in the *Edinburgh Review* some three years ago. Mr. Conybeare is understood to be the author. We regret that no copy has yet reached the colony of Mr. Reade's *Never too late to mend*. We observe it spoken of by the home reviews as highly as we had anticipated from the author's former works.

Of the accessions received by the *Scotland*, the only one we can find room now to refer to, is Morley's *Life of Cornelius Agrippa*,—the sage, magician, politician, advocate, medical practitioner, and contemporary of Luther. Mr. Morley has done good service to literature and science in preparing the series of memoirs which he has now completed. His purpose had been to revive to the present generation the memories of three of the most remarkable, but least known men of the past—the French Bernard Palissy, the Italian Jerome Cardan, and now the German magician Cornelius Agrippa.\* Agrippa's career is sketched authentically in all its phases;—the substance of his works on occult philosophy is succinctly given, and we have the picture of the man struggling after light and knowledge, aspiring to the solution of insoluble inquiries, animated and mystified with the neoplatonic spirit, which then held sway over the learned of Germany. We follow him in all the astonishing versatility of his powers, until misunderstood, and the object of priestly hatred and malice, he is exiled into France, where, hunted, exhausted, and utterly forsaken, he dies at the age of forty-nine.

Among the other books received, and to which we shall again recur—are four volumes of *Southey's Letters*; a seven-volumed memoir of dreary platitudes, on which the poet



James Montgomery, worthy of a better fate, has been pilloried by his injudicious biographers; Van der Hoeven's Zoology; an additional collection of Biblical Researches, by Robinson; and not the least interesting, Maclure's last and successful Arctic voyage, edited by Commander Sherard Osborne.

The readers of the *North British* will remember the magnificent review, by Isaac Taylor, of Dr. Chalmers' memoirs, about three years ago. In the number just received by the *Scotland*, we have a continuation of the same discussion, evidently by the same writer, in a splendid critique, seventy-four pages in extent, on the works of the distinguished Scotch divine. In this luminous discourse, which forms the opening paper, we have a review of the political economy, the ecclesiastical and civil polity, the moral philosophy, the theology, christian evidences, doctrines, and ethics, expounded in the wide range of Chalmers' writings. With these topics as his texts, the admirers of the author of *Natural Enthusiasm* can form an idea of the rich variety of suggestive reading presented to them in this article. Besides Chalmers himself, no man has been more profoundly alive to the great questions which deeply agitate reflecting and inquiring minds, than Isaac Taylor; and here we have his thoughts eloquently, freshly, and fervently delivered, on religious and other matters of the deepest interest. It is one of the most remarkable and valuable articles we have seen for many a day. We only regret that our present limited space forbids our giving even the slightest outline of it. Next in the *North British* follows an article on Froude's history, written very much in Mr. Kingsley's style, and endorsing Froude's historical canon that "the statutes at large, as the deliberate expression of the nation's will and conscience, form, for the historian, the most important of all sources of information—the first to be consulted, the last to be contradicted." We can only name the remaining papers on the Workmen of Europe, the Sight and how to See, English Statesmen, Religious Novels, Cockburn's Memorials, and Spain. We hope to be able to recur to some of these. The *North British*, judging by the present number of it, is powerfully asserting its claim by the freshness, the vigor, and the intellectual calibre of its writings, to the highest rank in periodical literature.

The most interesting articles of the *Quarterly* are those on Whately's edition of Bacon's Essays, on the Physiognomy of the Human Form, on the Nuns of Port Royal, and the Declining Efficiency of Parliament. The first is light,

elegant, and gossiping, containing much of the same pithy, sententious observations on human nature as the Archbishop's own share of the volume of essays presents. The article on Physiognomy is exceedingly readable in style, and curious in its matter. The discussion throughout is temperately conducted, and philosophical. The paper on the Port Royal Nuns will be read by those who feel interested in the history of that astonishing seat of vitality in religion and philosophy, in an age when vitality in anything was not very common. The last paper on the Declining Efficiency of Parliament, is, in the main, a political pamphlet, cross-grained but not bitter, levelled at the present government.

In the *Edinburgh*, the most prominent article is a massacre of the innocents, under the heading of the New Poets. The spasmodic school, even in its most promising phases, is most severely handled. "In all such writings," says the reviewer, "we find literally nothing but an aimless and incoherent succession of 'striking things,' many bad, some good, but all elaborately, and, by malice pre-pense, striking." The best scientific paper is a memoir on Arago's Life and Works. A good, but rather heavy, review on Travel in Sinai, Palestine, and Mecca, sufficiently bepraises the Rev. Mr. Stanley's recent work, and reflects harshly on the expedients by which Lieut. Burton, disguised as one of the faithful, effected his astonishing pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina. *Perversion* is criticised and scourged with a most unsparing hand.

*Blackwood* for November is scarcely so spirited as *Maga* usually is. The best article is the opening one on "Mr. Ruskin and his theories—sublime and ridiculous." It is somewhat heavy in style, but thoughtful, discriminating, and, to a large extent, free from the virulent bitterness of Eastlake's recent attack on Ruskin in the *Quarterly*. The writer judiciously speaks of Mr. Ruskin's last volume as one well calculated to instruct the wise, alarm the timid, and mislead the weak. Of the other articles, besides the continuations of the *Athelings* and the *Scot Abroad*, one of the most interesting and suggestive, is Tlipolemus' epistle to Irenæus, touching temporalities, to wit,—the scanty temporalities of English curates, as pictured in the advertisements of the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*.

Our special favourite, *Fraser*, is as good this month as he always is. The opening paper is a genial sketch of Glasgow down the water,—in its style sparkling and picturesque as the lovely scenes it paints. Of the succeeding

articles we may enumerate as choice ones, Meg of Elibank, a tale which has the twofold merit of being concluded off-hand in ten chapters, and presenting truthful pictures of Scottish border life of the good olden times; and Sketches on the north coast, the heroes of which—the black-eyed, black-headed, sinewy Scotch smugglers—the writer enthusiastically classes as more brave, honest, unaffected, and genuine, than any found in Carlyle's collection. The number concludes with a deeply thoughtful, suggestive, and temperate discussion of the inquiry, What are the United States coming to?

*Household Words* is, of course, lively entertaining and instructive. Mr. Sala, one of the best of its contributors, we are happy to see, has returned from his recent exploratory tour to Russia, and in *A Journey due North*, we are treated to the rich experience he met with by the way, in the fertile, vivacious, rollicking vein characteristic of the writer.

Of works more especially relating to South Africa, we have, among our late arrivals, the Rev. Mr. Fleming's Description "dedicated to Sir George Grey and the English bishops, as the powers that be ordained of God in State and Church in this colony," a good hand-book, containing much condensed information, but sadly disfigured by a few outrageous engravings; and Mr. Anderson's *Lake Ngami*, a book full of readable matter—much of it new and of fascinating interest, touching the wild beasts and wild men of the interior. It is beautifully illustrated by tinted lithographs, engraved from Wolff in the most finished style. Of these two works we shall endeavour to find room for more extended notices hereafter.

Dr. Pappe has published a second edition of his very excellent work the *Floræ Capensis Medicæ Prodrômus*, valuable not merely for the large amount of useful and available knowledge of Cape medical plants it contains, but as a specimen of what may yet, to a still greater extent, be done by men like Dr. Pappe, gifted with a love of learning and science, and unceasing application in the pursuit of them.

Among the excellent annuals just published at the Cape besides the Sheet Almanacs, have been Mr. Saul Solomon's Commercial Diary and Bill-due Book, and Mr. Van de Sandt de Villiers' Cape of Good Hope Almanac. Both these works are indispensable to men of business, and valuable to all.

We have before us, in a pamphlet form, the report of the public meeting lately held in honour of Dr. Livingston, and his distinguished explorations into South Central Africa. As it has already appeared in one of the Cape

Town newspapers, it is unnecessary to enter fully into the matter of it. We shall content ourselves with merely remarking that the meeting altogether, and the admirable speeches delivered at it, did equal honour to Dr. Livingston, and to the public spirit of the colony, which showed itself so capable of promptly appreciating the merits of that very remarkable man. Apropos of this, it will be gratifying to learn, that Doctor Livingston's missing letter from Loando, addressed to the Astronomer Royal, and containing several valuable observations made on the Portuguese frontier, has just reached its destination. It has come viâ St. Helena and Rio.

Among the new publications shortly to be issued at home, we observe the entire correspondence of Horace Walpole, under the efficient editorship of Mr. Peter Cunningham. A cheap people's edition of Mr. Kingsley's incomparably best book *Hypatia*, we learn, will also shortly appear. An extract from a private letter states that—"The papers on the Geology and Fossils of South Africa by Mr. Bain, Mr. Sharpe, Mr. Salter, and others, with two papers by Professor Owen, on the Great Fossil African reptiles, are now finished; they form the fourth part of the seventh vol. of the transactions of the Geological Society, which will be issued in November."

Our readers will be happy to learn that Mr. Justice Watermeyer's admirable lectures on our early colonial history, delivered last year at the Mechanics' Institute, are now in the press, and will shortly appear.

It will be remembered that in 1852 there was some talk of sending out an astronomical expedition under Professor Piazzzi Smyth, to conduct a series of observations at an elevated height, either in the Andes or the Sneeuwberg of the Cape. The Russian war put a stop to the scheme at the time. In June last, however, Professor Smyth was commissioned by the Admiralty to proceed to Teneriffe, and on the peak of that island to make what observations he could to test the comparative advantage of low or elevated strata of atmosphere for clearness and distinctness of definition. Mr. Stephenson, M.P., placed his yacht and crew at the professor's disposal. Well equipped with the requisite scientific apparatus, he arrived at Teneriffe, took up his station on Guajara, a mountain, 8870 feet, and subsequently on Alta Vista, 10,900 feet high. At both points, the facilities for good observation were great, beyond any expectation. Besides the purely astronomical ones, a series of observations of the heat of moonlight were taken with the thermo-

multiplier. So rare was the atmosphere that the radiation was clearly perceptible, and recorded as equal to about one-third of that radiated from a candle at a distance of 15 feet. Several hundred measures of the polarization of the skylight were obtained, and the zodiacal light and twilight were observed with remarkable success. Professor Smyth, who returned to England in October, has published an interesting description of his tour, in the *Times* of the 20th of that month. He had been absent altogether 117 days. Thirty-six days were spent at sea, 18 in the low lands of Teneriffe, 37 at the height of 8870, and 26 at the height of 10,900 feet.

The Society of Arts is one of the most active and efficient of our home institutions. Its Council have just published a large list of premiums they are prepared to award for, *inter alia*, an account of the raw materials obtainable from different parts of the world, not yet generally introduced into commerce; for the best means of utilising refuse ores, refuse coal, and impure approximations to coal; for the best method of economically deodorising sewage and other waters; and of precipitating, or otherwise extracting, the matter held by them in solution or suspension; for the importation of tropical fruits, preserved in the form of marmalade, jam, jelly, or in combination with farinaceous substances, &c. Essays and specimens of the competitors must be sent in by the end of March, 1857. Colonial and foreign matters have a longer period allowed.

In matters of art, we observe that Mr. E. M. Ward has received two commissions from her Majesty for pictures destined to commemorate incidents of deep historic interest. The first is the investiture of Louis Napoleon with the Order of the Garter by the Queen in Windsor Palace. The subject for the second will be Victoria's visit to the tomb of Napoleon the Great in Paris. Turner's magnificent paintings are to be rescued from the cellars of Trafalgar-square. They are now undergoing the requisite preparations for exhibition with the Vernon Gallery at Marlborough House. There are about one hundred of them in all. The art exhibition at Manchester next year promises to be singularly successful. The Queen has sent there some of the choicest paintings in her collections, and her example has been and will yet more be followed by the lordly proprietors of all the great galleries of England. It is expected that within the walls of Manchester will be exhibited the richest gathering of art treasures ever collected in one building.



An interesting discovery of works of art in earthenware, iron, bronze, silver, and gold, has been made in Alexandropol, and reported in the Odessa newspapers. The repository in which the discovery has been made is proved by the directors of the Museum at Kertch to have been the long sought catacombs of the Scythian kings—the Gerrhos mentioned by Herodotus.

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## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

IN presenting our first commercial report to the readers of the "CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE," we have much pleasure in adverting to the improvement that has taken place in the business of the colony generally, during the past year, as compared with that which preceded it. We have more especially to notice the healthy state in which the trade of this City now is, and the greater prudence which appears to animate our merchants in transactions with their customers. We confess that it would have added much to confidence for the future if the unfortunate failures of the years 1854—1855 had been followed up by a strict attention to the system of short credits, which could have been organised with every prospect of success, subsequent to the crisis experienced by our commercial world.

Before remarking upon the transactions of the past year, we cannot refrain from pointing out one or two bright spots in the horizon of the future, which must exert the greatest influence on our trade. There appears to be every probability of the Imperial Government commencing a harbour on a gigantic scale in Table Bay, a measure of as much importance to the mother country, as of direct benefit to the colonists. It would be superfluous for us to point out the advantages likely to accrue from the construction of this great work, as they have been canvassed and discussed within the last few days in almost every house in this City and Colony; but we may be allowed to look forward to the time when Cape Town will be regarded as a sort of entrepôt for the manufactures and produce of the world, and as a rendezvous for the shipping of all nations, when the arrival and departure of mail-steamers, from and to every port in the known world, will

be events of almost daily occurrence, and when, consequent upon these and other advantages, the business of our colony will be equal to that of almost any other country under heaven.

The attention which is directed to railways and immigration by the Government, and which the Colonial Legislature will unquestionably support, is no less worthy of the consideration of our fellow-colonists. It matters little whether the former are constructed in the east or the west,—good is sure to result from their introduction; and we should be glad to see them commenced simultaneously at both ends of the colony. The wool of our frontier districts, and the grain and wine produced in those more immediately contiguous to this city, are of sufficient importance and quantity to warrant the belief that lines of railway, having their termini at Cape Town and Port Elizabeth respectively, and running through the producing localities, could not fail in securing an excellent return for the capital invested in constructing the work. Immigration would, we opine, be an important element in public works of any kind; and we hope that the means afforded to us by the great improvements alluded to for the introduction and gradual absorption of free labourers, will not be forgotten by the Colonial Legislature.

The resumption of steam communication with the mother country and the British possessions to the eastward is most gratifying; and we believe we are merely stating the feelings of all our fellow-colonists when we say that they wish every success may attend the exertions of the spirited projector of the undertaking, Mr. W. S. Lindsay.

The colony, and this portion of it especially, looked upon the advent of 1856 hopefully, that it might redeem the losses of the past, and fearfully, lest its difficulties might not yet have been overcome. One or two failures of some importance were announced within the first few months, and the shares of mining companies, already at a discount, fell to zero; but with these exceptions, there has been great cause for satisfaction. The stocks of most articles were much reduced at the commencement of the year, unless we may enumerate coals, gin, low brandies, and saddlery. The former were laid in prior to the withdrawal of steam communication with the colony, and were on hand until its resumption. The stocks of gin are now considerably reduced. Low brandies, imported for fortifying our colonial wines, cannot compete with the spirit made in the colony, on account of the high rates of duty

to which they are subject, but which the increasing price of Cape wine may have the effect of moving off. The scourge of horse-sickness, by which the colony has suffered so much, has much interfered with the sale of saddlery.

During the year, coffee, sugar, and rice have been scarce, and much inquired for—and prices have ruled high. The former is now somewhat plentiful, but the stocks of the two latter very low. Of direct caper teas in 10-catty boxes, stocks are almost exhausted, and the high rates ruling in China, lead us to expect an advance in this article shortly. Manufactures of every description are now plentiful, and are not likely to be reduced until after the termination of the new year's holidays. February may be said to be the turning month for operations by the shopkeepers.

We quote at present:—Brazil Coffee, 63s. to 67s. 6d. per 100 lbs.; Mauritius Sugar, 30s. to 36s. per 100 lbs.; White Rice, 27s. per bag; Brown Rice, 22s. per bag; Caper Tea, 22s. to 24s. per 10-catty box; Coals—Cardiff, 50s. to 55s. per ton; Newcastle, 45s. to 47s. 6d.; Scotch, 42s. 6d. per ton; Gin, 33s. per case, of 15 flasks; Brandy—Sazerac's, 14s. per gallon; Common, 7s. 6d. to 9s. per gallon; Manufactures, &c., 33s. to 40s. on invoice.

Our exports may be said to have ruled high during the whole of the bygone year. The staple article, wool, has done more to raise us in the estimation of the world than any other of our products. We appear to have exported nearly fifteen million pounds during the year 1856, against twelve millions in the previous year,—an increase, we surmise, unparalleled in the annals of commerce, being twenty-five per cent. in twelve months. The value of this branch of our exportable articles may be taken at £750,000, at an average of 1s. per lb. The frontier districts have the merit of sending the great bulk of this article, whilst Swellendam and Caledon are famous for the getting up of their wools. Much has been done by the merchants of the colony to improve the flocks of the sheep-farmer by the introduction of superior breeding stock.

Of wheat, comparatively little has been shipped during the past year, the consumption on the frontier, and in our own neighbourhood, having been considerable. The increased production of this by the aid of machinery, and the introduction of skilled agricultural labourers, would, we doubt not, be immense, for thousands of fertile acres only await the hand of man to yield the most luxuriant crops.

The failure of the vintage for so long a period in France,

the Peninsula, and Madeira is likely to exercise some influence in the sale of our colonial wines; and we sincerely trust that the farmers and merchants will seize the opportunity thus afforded them, and send home to the mother country wines of superior quality. It has been often observed to us by wine farmers that it matters not what quality of wine they bring in to market,—the merchant gives them the same price; and if this be so, the company lately established in the midst of the Paarl wine-growers, and composed of most of their number, will do great service to the producers; the more especially as they profess to ship no wine of inferior quality or under two years old. We look with some anxiety to the meeting which will shortly take place between some delegates of the Agricultural Society and those interested in the cultivation of the grape, at Franschoek, Drakenstein, the Paarl, Stellenbosch, &c.

Annexed is a memorandum of the prices of our articles of export:—

Wheat, 22s. 6d. to 30s. per muid; Oats, 10s. 6d. to 12s.; Barley, 12s. to 15s.; Wool, 9d. to 1s. 6d. per lb.; Tallow, 6d. per lb.; Wine, £6 to £7 per leaguer; Guano, £5 10s. per ton; Flour, 27s. 6d. to 30s. per 100 lbs.

There have been only the average fluctuations in freights to England during the past year, which are of course much influenced by the arrivals of homeward bound vessels calling in, many of which find space for a limited quantity of our produce. They may now be quoted at  $\frac{3}{4}$ d. per lb. for wool; 25s. per pipe for wine; copper ore, 25s. per ton; wet hides, 45s. per ton. The low rates ruling to the Eastward have caused several ships to take their chance here in preference to seeking elsewhere.

Money was scarce during the first six months of the year, but is now easy, principally owing to the importation of specie by Her Majesty's Commissariat and some mercantile houses. The rate of Exchange in London for first class private paper has been as low as  $2\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. dis. for bills at 90 days' sight, and may now be quoted at 2 per cent. dis. Few private firms are selling at present.

In our future numbers, we shall confine ourselves more particularly to remarks upon the articles most imported and exported; and must prefer our claim to be excused for inflicting so long a paper on our readers on the present occasion by calling their attention to its being a report on the commercial proceedings of an entire year.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

SOME uneasiness is felt regarding the movements of the Kafirs, as many of them, in obedience to the behests of their pseudo-prophet, still refuse to cultivate their lands. The military authorities, however, have taken every precautionary measure to prevent the occurrence of any outbreak. In British Kaffraria the great public works which have been undertaken are steadily progressing, and those commenced at East London already promise to make the Buffalo River available for vessels of considerable burthen. From Natal, the intelligence received is favourable. The sugar crop is expected to be considerably more than will be required for colonial consumption. The new Lieut.-Governor has arrived, and published, without delay, the terms of the new constitution granted to the colony. In the Free State, matters have again been placed on an amicable footing with Moshesh, but much bitter feeling has arisen between the Dutch and English parties, in consequence of the late execution of Cox, on the charge of murder.

**SHEEP FARMING SOCIETY.**—A company has been formed in England, with a capital of £200,000, for the purpose of carrying on sheep farming in this colony on a large scale. Arrangements have been made for the purchase of five large farms in the Eastern Province, and a number of Scotch shepherds and agriculturists are to be introduced. A colonial direction has already been appointed, consisting of several influential inhabitants.

**EMIGRATION.**—A system of Juvenile Immigration has commenced from Holland. The first batch of immigrants, consisting of 73 boys and 20 girls arrived in the *Zalt Bommel*. The Dutch Immigration Committee here has already received a large number of applications for more immigrants of the same class. The expected emigration from St. Helena will be about a hundred. Tenders have been called for a vessel to convey them here.

**DR. LIVINGSTON.**—A meeting was held in the Hall of the Commercial Exchange, on the 12th November, for the purpose of deciding on a testimonial to be presented to Dr. Livingston, in appreciation of the distinguished services he has rendered to science, philanthropy, and christianity. The meeting was presided over by His Excellency Sir George Grey, and was very largely attended. Amongst the speakers were, the Colonial Secretary, the Lord Bishop of Cape Town, the Astronomer Royal, the Rev. Mr. Thompson, of the London Missionary Society, Mr. Justice Watermeyer, &c., who all bore testimony to the abilities and christian devotedness of this celebrated man. A committee was appointed for the purpose of receiving subscriptions to the testimonial, which have already amounted to £500. The example set by Cape Town has been followed by nearly every town of importance in the colony.

**ANGORA GOATS.**—After many unsuccessful attempts to introduce the Angora Goat at the Cape, an enterprising house, largely connected with the wool trade, Messrs. Mosenthal Brothers, has at length succeeded in obtaining twenty from Asia Minor. They have reached here in safety, and it is hoped that a country so peculiarly fitted for rearing these animals will soon be able to add Angora wool to its list of products.

**GRAND MASS.**—A special Grand Mass was celebrated in the Catholic Cathedral, on the 6th ultimo, for the late Signor Rebello, the Portuguese Commissioner of the Mixed Commission Court.



**Meteorological Register for November, 1856.**  
*Reduced from five observations daily, Sundays excepted.*

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Satura- tion = 100	Self-register- ing Thermom		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy sky in tenths
		Dry.	Wet		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch.	
1					67.6	54.3				
2	30.097	62.54	55.66	65	69.8	55.7	3.9	SE-SbW.		3.8
3	30.024	61.96	51.98	64	67.5	54.2	6.2	SbE-S		1.1
4	30.060	61.84	54.30	61	67.0	54.2	6.7	SSE-S		1.9
5	30.013	63.68	56.02	62	69.2	56.2	5.8	S		0.3
6	30.055	65.94	58.10	63	70.2	53.1	4.9	SbE-SSW		0.4
7	29.909	71.08	60.38	54	81.2	60.0	2.4	S-NW		5.6
8					74.0	52.7				
9	29.964	62.16	57.28	76	73.4	53.7	0.7	NW		6.0
10	30.022	66.58	58.84	64	76.0	52.0	0.5	SSE		1.8
11	30.004	66.98	60.20	68	74.3	60.8	3.4	SE to SbW		6.9
12	30.048	64.80	57.20	63	72.8	57.3	3.9	SbE-S		5.0
13	30.049	64.08	55.12	56	68.7	55.5	6.6	SbE-SW		2.5
14	29.940	66.26	59.44	68	73.0	55.4	6.6	SW-SE		0.6
15					72.3	60.1				
16	29.968	67.30	60.60	68	79.5	59.6	6.1	SW-S		0.6
17	29.997	68.50	61.78	69	74.5	60.9	5.3	SSW-S		0.7
18	22.961	69.38	61.44	65	75.3	58.3	3.1	SSW-S		0.2
19	29.987	69.62	61.62	64	81.0	58.5	5.3	SSE-SbW		0.4
20	30.004	68.34	60.56	65	74.8	58.0	5.6	SbE-SbW		1.5
21	29.918	69.38	62.64	69	78.0	60.0	4.9	S		1.4
22					73.9	60.5				
23	29.994	66.78	59.98	68	71.3	57.8	4.2	S-SSW		4.8
24	29.935	67.04	59.48	65	74.8	55.0	3.3	S-SSW		1.0
25	29.840	68.48	60.82	67	81.5	56.4	1.9	S-SbW		3.8
26	29.832	61.28	55.70	71	70.6	51.6	2.0	WbN-NW	1.017	6.2
27	30.122	57.88	52.40	70	61.5	50.0	2.3	W-SW-SbE	.290	4.7
28	30.124	64.44	56.60	62	68.3	54.9	2.7	SbE		0.2
29					82.5	55.5				
30	29.999	72.54	61.62	55	75.0	60.0	1.5	SbE		0.5

[NOTE.—The *C. M. Magazine* being published on the 1st of each month, it is impossible to insert the Meteorological Observations for the month immediately preceding. In our present number we are therefore compelled to give the November register instead of the December one. One month being thus allowed to drag, these tables will be continued regularly, and will form a valuable record of the Meteorology of the Cape. They are furnished from the Royal Observatory.—Ed. C. M. M.]

The following *Meteorological prediction for January* is founded on the fourteen years' observations made at the Royal Observatory, and recently published:—

Barometer, reduced to 32°, = 29.931 inches.

Mean Temperature, degrees = 68.77.

Mean daily range, degrees = 11.13.

Greatest range on one day, degrees = 25.6.

Least range on one day, degrees = 8.0.

Mean humidity, per cent. = 68.7.

Daily range of humidity, per cent. = 20.7.

Rain, inches = 0.88.

Clouded sky, per cent. = 26.

Lightning, days = 1.

Wind's force, in pounds weight on square foot = 1.9.

Wind, mean direction of, S. by E.

# CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## HORSE-SICKNESS IN SOUTH AFRICA. \*

BY THOMAS MACLEAR, ESQ., F.R.S.

THE re-appearance of the horse-sickness at Colesberg is a reminder of the obligation the Cape colony is under to Mr. Bayley for his able dissertation on this frightful and expensive malady; and we should be wanting in gratitude to that gentleman, were we to allow another number of our Magazine to pass without noticing a work whose sole object is the public good,—no less than in duty to those interested, who, from whatever cause, may not yet have had an opportunity of perusing its pages, or be aware of its existence.

The immense destruction of horses and mules by the epidemic of 1854–55 led the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society to apply to government, for the purpose of having an inquiry instituted into the origin, progress, and effects of the malady. Accordingly, printed circulars containing twenty-one questions, admirably contrived for extracting the needful information, were issued from the Colonial Office to the civil commissioners of the several districts, for distribution amongst those most likely to answer them circumspectly. The returns, however, were of a mottled order of circumspection, though upon the whole they conveyed much valuable information, particularly one from a leading *endemic* hot-bed—the Trans-Vaal country, which, to say the least of it, was masterly and comprehensive, with the exception common to all of them, viz., a total want of meteorological observation.

With the permission of His Excellency the Governor, Mr. Bayley (himself a serious loser by the scourge, and a keen observer of its progress) undertook the discussion of the returns, and produced the valuable pamphlet before the public.

\* *Notes on the Horse-sickness at the Cape of Good Hope in 1854--55, compiled by permission of His Excellency the Governor, from official documents, by T. B. Bayley, Esq.*

Mr. Bayley shows that upon the whole the Cape, taken as an agricultural colony, has hitherto been comparatively free from infectious and epidemic diseases. "Our sheep have never suffered from that frightful scourge, known in Australia by the name of 'catarrh,' which over a wide range of country carries off entire flocks; and our horned cattle, until 1854, were exempt from any desolating pestilence. In that year, however, some Dutch bulls were imported (probably shipped also) in a diseased state, and to them this colony is indebted for the outbreak of the malignant contagious disorder amongst cattle called *pleuro-pneumonia*, which has since spread with such rapidity all over the country."

As this disease among the horned cattle was not generated in the colony, the hope may be indulged that its malignancy will be diminished, or the disease altogether subdued, by proper management, while the rapid increase of farm stock of all descriptions proves the genial character of the climate.

But the disease called "horse-sickness" is not of foreign origin, though similar in every respect to that we have witnessed elsewhere. On the contrary, it is endemic in the eastern districts and beyond the boundary; appearing there annually at the season, when the action of the sun becomes powerful, and disappearing as the winter advances. Moreover, at intervals of about twenty years, it assumes an epidemic type, "and consequently a wider range of action, and a destructive power of the most unhappy dimensions. Thus it appeared in the latter part of 1854 and the beginning of 1855, commencing in the eastern districts, and from thence tracked by too fatal evidence up to the remote mountains of Clanwilliam," in the west. "In the western province, the horse-breeder has been content to balance this infliction every twenty years with his immunity from other diseases in his stud, and when the first shock has passed, he repairs damages as fast as possible, without a thought whether such damages might not have been avoided by a little foresight, and without much expense."

Mr. Bayley's farm was situated between the river Zonder End and the Zonder End mountain, close to the south base of the latter,\* where he had a valuable stud, amounting in number, old and young, to about one hundred. When, in January, 1855, the epidemic had reached George from the eastward, he put his house in order, and took the precaution

\* The elevation of the mountain top is about 5000 feet above the sea, and perhaps 4000 above the level of Mr. Bayley's farm;—distant from the L'Agulhas light-house 50 miles.

to plough in as much barley for green forage as he had the means of irrigating, and to lay in a large supply of bran from the nearest mart. He had abundance of oat-hay for as many animals as he could put under shelter. It was pretty well known that horses allowed to remain in the field all night were almost exclusively the sufferers: therefore, "the old hands began to stable their horses, but this being practicable only to a certain extent, and being in most cases wholly impracticable, from the universal scarcity of forage, and the want of buildings, many of the farmers had recourse to *kraaling* their horses, mares, and foals at night." Thus prepared, they waited for the advancing sickness, but it diverged towards the south, sweeping by, along the seaboard, Houwhoek, to Somerset (west) and Stellenbosch, leaving them unscathed: but the delusion was of short duration. "About the end of February, my nearest neighbour sent to tell me he had lost a mare and mule; and on March 6, I found a two-year-old filly of my own lying dead in the veldt, having shown no symptoms of illness when seen the evening before. As there were some doubts about this being a case of 'horse-sickness,' the mares were still left out, but another death occurred on the 11th. This was quite sufficient; and as many mares and foals as my buildings could accommodate were at once taken up from grass, and some were sent to Cape Town. The latter were all saved, but some of the mares and foals kept at home sickened, a few days after being housed (at night only), and most of them died. They had evidently brought the sickness with them, and the change of temperature forced it to early maturity."\*

"Up to the 28th of March, only five cases (all fatal) happened; but then the blast fell upon us in all its fury, and I could not ride out, morning or evening, to 'take stock,' without finding some new victim. Dismal and dreadful work it was, indeed, to witness favourite animals, old friends as it were, bred and reared by oneself, perishing miserably in this way, without the possibility of alleviating their sufferings or averting their destruction. Many of those left at grass, as well as of those that died after being taken up, had been bled (some of them twice) before the disease came near the place; but this precautionary measure seemed to have been useless, as they caught the sickness as soon as the rest, and died just as fast. All medical preparations seemed thrown away after the disease had reached a certain stage, and until extreme local inflammation had set in, the existence of illness was

\* As Mr. Bayley's description of the horse-sickness, derived from personal observation of his own stud, is not only complete, but peculiarly graphic, we venture to quote freely from it.

often quite unsuspected. Animals well in the morning, or at least apparently well, were found in a dying state before sunset, and if driven at all, they would fall down suddenly and expire upon the spot. One old riding horse of mine, a pensioner at grass, left one day the troop of mares he was running with, about two miles from the homestead, and deliberately walked up to the stable door, evidently stricken unto death, but as if to ask for assistance. Nothing could be done for the poor fellow, but to put a halter on him and lead him away to the place of tombs; but before he had been conducted one hundred paces from the yard, he dropped down dead on the road! In some instances the disease advanced by slow degrees, and when any animal was found to be dull, and disinclined to feed, it was time to adopt some medical treatment. I am persuaded that, in this early stage of the disease, a majority of the patients might be saved by veterinary skill. Amateur vets are afraid of bleeding enough *at first*, and all professional authorities agree that subsequent depletion is a very dangerous practice. The three animals I cured in my stud were a riding horse, a brood mare, and a foal. The foal was only blistered in the throat and chest. The mare being heavy in foal, there appeared to be great risk in resorting to extreme measures with her; but any risk was better than certain death, and both she and the riding horse were bled to exhaustion, and afterwards dosed with the diaphoretic medicine prescribed by Dr. White, of Swellendam, and kept on the same cooling diet as all the rest, viz., bran mashes, green forage, mixed abundantly with oat-hay, carrots, &c. They were ill for some days, and fell off in condition very much, the mare particularly so; but she had a fine healthy foal four months afterwards. Both the mare and horse had been running at grass till the epidemic reached the place, when they were taken in. They did not show any signs of illness for many days, and it was only by their refusing to feed that we could perceive there was anything wrong with them. There was no cough, or running at the nose, or swelling of the glands,—only a dull eye, and a heavy, stupefied look about the animal. These appearances had preceded many other cases, which subsequently developed themselves fully and fatally.

“The foal, if not relieved quickly by the blister, would certainly have died from suffocation, as another did, exactly under the same circumstances, and at the same time, in the adjoining box.

“Of the lot left out day and night, to take their chance, only one remained alive by the beginning of May—(my casualties



amounted altogether to forty-three); and it is worthy of remark that the unfortunate purchaser of thirty mares from me, in 1854, lost them all excepting three; two were young mares, the produce of the sole survivor on my farm! May not this be attributed to some constitutional peculiarity in the family? The horses and mares which were stabled at night, during the prevalence of the epidemic, had bran mash as much as they could be induced to eat, and a plentiful addition to their oat-hay of green barley, mealies, carrots, lucerne, &c. (green food, by the way, is considered by some people to *cause* the horse-sickness); and mineral alteratives, consisting of antimony, nitre, sulphur, &c., were mixed daily in their forage for some time after they were taken up. They were turned out to graze daily as soon as 'the dew was off the grass,' or in other words, when the sun had acquired sufficient power to warm the air thoroughly, and dispel the exhalations of the previous night; but, in point of fact, there was often much dew on the grass when the animals began to feed. They were brought in without reference to the dew, before the sudden change of temperature, always experienced near river courses, and along the vleys, at sunset, in the fall of the year. At the latter end of May, when the hoar-frosts had appeared once or twice, the horses were set at liberty again, and not one ailed afterwards, though, in the immediate neighbourhood, many deaths occurred up to the middle of June."

The results of the *post mortem* examinations will be found dispersed among the returns given in the appendix to Mr Bayley's work. They are, upon the whole, similar to what were discovered on dissecting the victims of an epidemic which was most destructive throughout a midland county of England some twenty-five years ago, and which was termed "the horse-influenza." The lining membrane of the wind pipe and its ramifications were more or less inflamed. In some cases the blush extended from the throat only as far as the bifurcation, and the tint was that of erysipelatous, inflammatory action. The effusion was serous, not purulent. A wealthy farmer, whose stud of wagon and plough horses was kept in high condition and well groomed, lost two-thirds of them.

On all subjects, whether scientific or non-scientific, which do not admit of mathematical or demonstrative proof, different opinions may be, and are, held with more or less plausibility and tenacity. And of those which have a prominent place, the subject of animal life, and the means for preserving it, find advocates for divers methods and nostrums, in the range

between the president of the college of physicians and Holloway with his pills,—between the professor to the veterinary college and the cow-leech of a country village. Surgery founded upon anatomy is on a better footing. We are therefore not surprised to find, in the appendix to Mr. Bayley's pamphlet, something more than a shade of difference between the opinions of educated men, regarding certain points which bear on the treatment of the *horse-sickness*.

The question of contagion in relation to epidemics is too controversial for us; we have to deal only with facts, and those facts are given by Mr. Bayley from personal observation. He shows clearly that at the River Zonder End the disease was not contagious.\* If it was otherwise elsewhere, the case has not been proved. The Baconian system of inquiry, in the pursuit of truth, applies strictly to investigations of this order.

A comparison of the masterly document provided by Dr. Way, from the Trans-Vaal country, with the account given by Mr. Bayley, from personal observation, in the Caledon district, shows that the character of the malady, and as far as can be traced, the percentage of deaths, are the same, whether the disease be *endemic* or *epidemic*.

There is another and most important fact, which fixes the *specific* character of the malady, viz., *horses that have recovered are not subject to a second attack*. (Appendix, page 15). Dr. Way states,—“I have alluded to a curious fact in the history of the complaint, namely, that horses which have had the disease and recovered, are, as a general rule, not subject to it a second time. In the colony, where horses are plentiful, and the disease occasional, this fact is, I believe, little known, and still less appreciated; but among the boers over the Vaal it becomes an essential consideration in the purchase of a horse. Is he ‘gesout,’ (Anglice, *salted*): has he had the disease? is the first question; the value of the animal being increased double or treble his natural value by the circumstance. In certain times of the year, and in certain localities, it is impossible to travel with an ‘unsalted’ horse, lest he should be suddenly attacked with the sickness, and his owner forced to find his way on foot from the centre of a forest. There is even a difference of degree in which a horse may have become seasoned against its attacks, and the expression ‘goed gesout’ (well salted) is sometimes applied to horses which, subsequently to their recovery from the disease, have proved their power of resisting its attacks under most

\* See pages 12, 13, 14.

dangerous circumstances. Without attempting to offer any explanation of this singular feature in the history of the complaint, I will merely state that the fact is indubitable; and, in illustration of the conviction of the boers on this point, I may add that, on one occasion, a patrol was ordered against the enemy in a dangerous locality, and instructions were issued that no one should go who had not a 'gesout paard' (salted horse.)"

Of the subtile affinities and combinations which are brought into play for the development of the deleterious element over endemic localities, we are in total ignorance; but we know that their activity is greatest at the season when animal and vegetable decomposition are promoted by heat and moisture, and that they are latent in the winter. These conditions hold in the production of intermitting fever in the fens of Lincolnshire, the jungle fever between the tropics, the cholera in Bengal, and the plague on the banks of the Nile. We know also, *ceteris paribus*, that their activity at the same season of the year is contingent upon the accidental temperature and humidity of the atmosphere. (Dr. Way, page 10). Hence the value of a register which connects meteorological phenomena with the amount of disease.

When the disease becomes epidemic, viz., when the impregnated stratum wanders over lands which, for long intervals, have been free from it, meteorological observation would show if the atmospheric circumstances as to temperature and moisture were similar, and if the general direction of the currents led from the endemic locality.

A deposit of dew indicates a clear sky and still atmosphere. The stratum in contact with the grass is overcharged with moisture, which ascends in the morning, and during the hottest part of the day (in the summer season) the humidity near the ground is diminished from ten to twenty, or more, per cent. In the evening, it again descends, and radiation from the ground commences; the temperature sinks, and precipitation of dew follows. Thus, figuratively speaking, there is a diurnal tide of humidity, rising in the morning and descending in the evening,—in the higher regions of the atmosphere during the hot part of the day, in contact with the ground in the night.

Since dew was remarkably prevalent at the time of the horse-sickness, the weather generally must have been calm, the sky clear at night, the days hot and the nights cold. And since the animals that were allowed to lay out or range about at night were almost the exclusive sufferers, there is strong reason for suspecting that the deleterious element was more

intimately attached to the moisture in the air than to the air itself. This accords with the circumstances under which malaria, in all localities, has been observed to exercise its baneful influence with the greatest effect. And here it may be proper to remark, once for all, that the cobweb and gossamer, mentioned in the returns to the government circular, were rendered visible by the dew, and nothing more : the nets of the tiny hunters were exposed, by the adhesion to them of the minute particles of moisture. Neither Mr. Bayley nor one hundred and twelve other writers, in reply to the government circular, met with the *brown* and *bitter* dew mentioned by two. He humorously remarks that "the only strong-flavoured dew he ever heard of is the 'mountain dew' of Scotland; though, according to Celtic legends, a variety of this supernatural distillation is occasionally met with in the wilds of Ireland, where the natives call it 'poteen.'"

Mr. Bayley devotes several pages to the discussion of the strong analogy between the epidemic character of the cholera in Bengal proper, and the horse-sickness in the Trans-Vaal country and some of the eastern districts of South Africa; also, between the occasional outbursts of the cholera as an *epidemic* over a large portion of Hindostan, and of the horse-sickness over nearly the whole of this colony; and he shows "that the first appearance, progress, virulence, and decline of either pestilence are affected by local influences common to both quarters of the globe." He quotes Dr. Jameson on the cholera as follows:—"The question in what consisted the remote cause of the epidemic must be abandoned as placed beyond the reach of human curiosity, or as, at least, inscrutable in the present state of our knowledge. This much only has been shown in the account of the weather, that for several years prior to the commencement of the epidemic, the seasons had, in a very extraordinary manner, departed from their usual course,—that easterly wind had prevailed to an uncommon degree, and that at the period of its rise, the atmosphere all over Bengal was *excessively humid from the previously great and long continued fall of rain*. But whether this unseasonable and wet state of the weather itself produced and constituted the vitiated condition of the air, or was a mere casual accompaniment and adjutory to some more hidden means of corruption, it is not in our power to determine."

With the above, Dr. Way's description of the *annual* atmospheric circumstances in the Trans-Vaal country and colony coincides (Appendix, page 8):—"Unlike the colony



proper, where, especially in the eastern province, considerable uncertainty exists in the course of the seasons, the climate beyond the Vaal assumes a more tropical character. The winter is almost invariably dry, but about the month of October the rains set in, and continue through the summer, clearing up at intervals, during which the sun shines out with great power. The atmosphere is loaded with vapour, which is deposited again at night, in great abundance, as dew. The morning which succeeds is fresh and clear; the clouds rise quickly, the air becomes close and oppressive, a heavy thunderstorm relieves the loaded atmosphere, to be followed by another brilliant night and heavy dew. This condition of the atmosphere commences in the months of October and November. Widely different is the state of the weather in this colony during the same period. In the early months of summer, it is true, rain is looked for, and generally falls; but being more moderate in quantity, and less persistent, it fertilizes without saturating the earth and atmosphere, which speedily resume their accustomed dryness. Until after December, little if any dew is deposited in those parts of the colony with which I am acquainted; but with the thunderstorms of January, and more especially of February, the climate undergoes a sensible alteration, evidenced by heavy dews, which are daily experienced, particularly in the low plains. Simultaneous with the change of the season is the appearance of the horse-sickness, the heavy dews being invariably regarded as the forerunners of the disease. The marked similarity of the circumstances under which the disease arises at different periods of the year, in the colony and Trans-Vaal country, lends strong probability to the belief that these atmospheric changes are closely connected with its origin; and when it is further considered that the disease, as we have shown, is far more severe in those localities, such as moist places and valleys, where the influence of these atmospheric changes is most felt, the conviction forces itself upon the mind that to this source, and this alone, the origin of the disease must be attributed."

Further on, Dr. Way shows that when the rains and heat are delayed, the appearance of the disease is delayed also. We now return to the account of the spread of the cholera from the generating localities.

Dr. Jameson continues,—“From knowing that during the existence of the former pestilences, the diffusion of the virus could be frequently traced to the motion of particular currents of air, it was natural to look for an explanation of this extraordinary regularity of progression in the prevailing



course of the winds during the period. Accordingly, upon reference to the various reports of the rise of the disorder in different parts of the country, it was discovered that, in a vast majority of instances, the wind was blowing from the east or south-east quarter, at the time of its breaking out. This may be stated to be almost without exception the case in Bengal, throughout which the epidemic arose in the rainy season, when the wind blows almost invariably from the south-east. It must be admitted that to this rule there were several striking exceptions. Thus at Benares, Juanpore, and other places visited by the disease in April and May, the hot westerly winds blew during the whole period of its continuance; and at Futtyghur, it showed itself on the morning succeeding a severe north-wester, until then remaining unseen, although an easterly wind had for a considerable time before existed. These exceptions, however, were not very numerous; and when placed in contrast with innumerable instances bearing towards the opposite point, are not of such magnitude as to overturn the general deduction which we now venture to draw—that the appearance of the epidemic in any particular place was usually accompanied or preceded by an easterly wind, and that there was apparently some connection between the dissemination of the pestilential virus and the prevalence of currents from that quarter. Of the nature and connection we cannot speak certainly, nor can we tell whether these currents, acting as a vehicle of the poisonous matter, carried it along with them from one infected spot to another previously healthy; or acted merely from their superior moisture, in the light of a strong exciting cause, eliciting the disorder in places where the virus had previously existed, although it were not yet brought into action. In favour of the former supposition, the progress of the epidemic in the upper provinces may be cited, where the disease broke out in different places at such intervals of time, and in a manner so like regular succession, as almost to warrant a belief that it was communicated from town to town after the ordinary law of successive propagation.”

And Alison, in his *History of Europe*, remarks as follows: “The march of this terrible, unknown epidemic across Russia, Poland, and Germany had been watched with intense anxiety. This dreadful disease, springing apparently from the hot marshes of the Nile or Ganges, advanced with ceaseless march through the air, unchecked either by the skill of man or the force of nature. Neither a long tract of wind, blowing from the west, nor the utmost sanitary or police precautions in all the realms over which it passed, could arrest its dreaded approach.”

Similarly with respect to the horse-sickness, Mr. Bayley speaks as follows:—"If the map is examined,\* it will be found that the horse-sickness commenced in Victoria division in November, 1854, and advanced from east to west almost by regular stages; but that, like cholera, its movements were occasionally eccentric and unaccountable. It swept first along the sea-board, branching off to the interior of each district along its line of march; but it deviated from this regularity of progression most curiously in the Swellendam division, where it appeared first, at a considerable distance from the coast, in February, and did not visit Port Beaufort until April. It is also worthy of particular notice that, with the exception of the small promontory of L'Agulhas, in the Caledon division, the disease was particularly virulent along the Strandveld or line of coast, whilst to the northward of Cape Town, the farms along the west coast were entirely free from it, as far as St. Helena Bay, or Upper Elephant's River, though the pestilence reached the same parallel inland."

And it appears that, as with cholera, the most robust are first attacked. "On my farm, certainly, the animals in the highest condition were first attacked, and I heard that such was the case generally throughout the country."

But between cholera and the horse-sickness there is this marked distinction, viz., the latter can be traced, almost without exception, to the deleterious influence of the night air. In this respect, the cause of the malady is identical with that of the deadly jungle fever of India, which is certain to strike down any traveller who may pass the night in Terai, or belt of low, uncultivated land along one portion of the Nepaul mountains, at a particular season of the year. To this point he quotes Samuel Taylor Coleridge as follows: "There are three factors of the operation of an epidemic, or atmospheric disease. The first and principal one is the predisposed state of the body; secondly, the specific virus in the atmosphere; and thirdly, the accidental circumstances of weather, locality, food, occupation, &c. Against the second of these, we are powerless,—its nature, causes, and sympathies are too subtle for our senses to find data to go upon. \* \* \* If, instead of being exposed to the solitary malaria of a pond, a man travelling through the Pontine marshes permits his animal energies to flag, and surrenders himself to the drowsiness which generally attacks him, then blast upon blast strikes upon the cutaneous system, and passes through it to the *musculo-arterial*, and so completely overpowers the latter

\* The map annexed to his pamphlet.

that it cannot react, and the man dies at once, instead of only catching an ague."

Next follows (pages 22-25) examples from, the history of the horse-sickness, corroborating the above views. Of these, "The theory advanced by Coleridge, that night air alone, even in the most pestilential localities, is not necessarily destructive to life, is sustained by the remarkable fact that out of 128 horses employed, night and day, in the mail service between Cape Town and George, and Cape Town and Beaufort (West), but which were regularly stabled when not at work, and had been so for some months previously, only eight died during the whole period of the 'horse-sickness,' and some of these probably from other causes than the prevailing distemper. The excitement and exercise prevented any night chill, and counteracted, as it would appear, the destructive agency of such currents of malaria as they must have been continually traversing; though the very effluvia from the carcasses strewed along the road, and around every farm-house, seemed sufficient to have created a general plague throughout the country." Whereas the post-horses in the eastern province, between the Sunday river and Port Elizabeth, kept at grass when not at work, had to be replaced three times in three months!

Before condensing the facts which have been established by Mr. Bayley, some notice should be taken of the statements to the effect that the carcasses were poisonous. Mr. Bayley says,—“On my own farm we kept a sharp look-out to test this matter, and the vultures certainly did finish two dead horses at different times; and that they did not consume ALL may be accounted for by the simple fact that the supply exceeded the demand. How was it possible for the vultures then in South Africa to demolish all the carrion lying about the country? If in sufficient numbers to have done so, how could their commissariat be supplied in other years? It is quite possible that the birds, which revelled aldermanically in such delicacies of the season, suffered from indigestion, or other unpleasant sensations afterwards; but who saw any dead vultures? Some persons affirm that dogs died invariably from eating such food; others deny it positively: but the actual fact seems to lie between these two propositions, and whilst the flesh of a horse destroyed by the distemper may be eaten by dogs or other animals with impunity, the intestines, lungs, &c., are poisonous to a degree. I lost three dogs out of four, which fed on the dead horses. Those that died were fox-hounds, and the one that survived was a powerful nondescript, whose more robust constitution enabled him to

shake off the fatal symptoms ; but he was desperately ill for some days."

The leading facts established by Mr. Bayley's pamphlet are as follows :—

1. The horse-sickness is *endemic* in the Trans-Vaal country and certain of the eastern districts of this colony ; and at intervals of eighteen or twenty years it becomes *epidemic*, and travels over the greater part of the colony, much in the same way that the cholera-morbus spreads among the human family from Bengal over other parts of the globe, generally travelling westward.

2. That both are *generated* after heavy, continued falls of rain ; and with respect to the horse-sickness, in the summer season, when the days are hot, the nights cold and humid, as indicated by the precipitation of dew.

3. That, relatively, high and dry elevations are comparatively free from the horse-sickness, likewise dry promontories, as Cape L'Agulhas. (Mr. Breda lost none of those kept at L'Agulhas, whereas a neighbouring farmer lost 300 out of 315).

4. That the casualties from the late horse-sickness (1854, '55) amount, according to official returns, to sixty-four thousand eight hundred and fifty ; but as mules are not included, and as the lists from certain districts are confessedly incomplete, it may be calculated that at least seventy thousand animals, of one sort or another, perished from this epidemic. (Donkeys, it is said, entirely escaped).

5. The deleterious element bears a trace of specific poison, because, according to Dr. Way's testimony (Appendix, page 15), horses which have had the disease and recovered, are, as a general rule, not subject to it a second time : because the organic mischief discovered, on dissection, was not sufficient to account for death in most of the cases, nor for the severity of the symptoms before death ; and because the seat of the disease was always the bronchial tubes or lungs, as measles, scarlatina, &c., always attacked the skin in the human subject.

Before concluding our imperfect notice of this valuable pamphlet, which should be in the hands of every agriculturist, and of all who regard their friend, the horse, we recommend a sharp "look-out" to be kept for the elements that are needed to assist in working up the theory, and, as a consequence, the treatment of the disease which is his inveterate enemy. As a preliminary, Mr. Bayley's account of it, and the account given by Dr. Way, which will be found in the Appendix, should be got by heart. The task will not be

found irksome; for although the subject is a serious one, its outskirts are touched with a degree of wit and humour, enough to gild the pill, and cause a Lavater to look twice before stamping the character of the student.

It is natural to look to the elementary phenomena of the several districts for the explanation why the disease does not become epidemic each summer?

In the absence of direct measurement, our estimates of heat depend upon our sensations, but the latter vary with the humidity or dryness of the air, wind or no wind, exercise or rest, &c., yet the absolute temperature may be the same, under these several conditions; and to reach it, we must refer to the thermometer if we desire to be correct. Again, we are at a loss to know whether the weight of the atmosphere on a square inch is fourteen or fifteen pounds, or any other number, unless we refer to the barometer; and, similarly we must refer to the hygrometer for the quantity of moisture the air contains at any given moment.

The instruments here mentioned would provide the elements that are needed, if the direction of the wind, the amount of rain, notices of clouds, dew upon the grass, thunder, &c., be joined. The thermometers should hang in the shade, outside of the house, in a southern aspect. The barometer in a room where the sun could not shine upon it. Wheel barometers and aneroids are not suitable for the purpose. Self-registering thermometers would tell the highest and least temperatures during the twenty-four hours.

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## A TALE OF SHOCKING SLANDER.

MEN have always shown a great affection for proverbs—those little *bonnes bouches* of wisdom so tickling to the intellectual palate—and every language is full of them. And yet I much doubt whether any man's conduct was ever improved by a proverb; we love proverbs as something wherewith to pelt our friends when they go astray; they are less serious than a lecture, and they hurt no more than the *bon-bons* which people shower on one another in Rome during the carnival. No man hears a good proverb quoted without a little sensation of pleasure, even if it tell against himself, while if the point of it is aimed at his friend he is especially delighted. But who thinks of regulating his morals or pursuits by proverbs? Did any scapegrace ever stay away from sea because he was told that a "rolling stone gathers



no moss?" Did any spendthrift ever deny himself a luxury because his grandinamma had often reminded him that a "penny saved is a penny got?" In short, did any man ever abstain from a sin, a folly, or an impropriety merely from recollecting that there was a proverb directed against it, though he might be foremost in acknowledging theoretically the proverb's truth?

I suppose this is the old story of the vast difference between precept and practice, as particularly exemplified in proverbs and their effects.

Now there are a great many proverbs and wise saws touching the iniquity of slander—besides the very strong hint in the decalogue on the same subject. Yet slander is rampant as ever; nay it seems to increase every year, and as mother earth grows older she grows more garrulous and scandalous, after the manner of her sons and daughters. You and I, good reader, never indulge in this vice, of course—so that whatever I may now write will not touch *us*. "Let the galled jade wince," &c. But does it not strike you forcibly, my gentle friend, that a great many other people in this country of our birth—or our adoption, as the case may be—do talk a great deal more than is necessary about their neighbour's affairs, and frequently forget to confine themselves within the limits of strict veracity? Do you not think that you and I could name a few reputations that have had ugly holes made in them through these means—holes which Truth herself fails to cobble up afterwards? Do we not know one or two who are especial adepts in the art of detraction? Who seize on a solitary fact, on perhaps an imaginary event, tack on a few more—each a shade uglier than the last—spin them into a web of slander, and throw it stealthily over some luckless wretch, who can no more escape from its meshes than a fly can jump out of the syrup into which he has plumped headlong? The lawyers tell us that there is a larger proportion of suits instituted for slander in this colony, than for any other cause. It may be so or not, I know nothing about the matter; but I am quite convinced of one thing—that the worst slander is that of the "tittle-tattle," which seldom or never reaches the ears of its object. If my neighbour publicly calls me a thief or accuses me of any flagrant crime, I can thrash him or sue him, according to my inclination, to take out compensation in money or broken bones; but if he stealthily drop hints which are picked up as eagerly as hungry curs gather garbage, and which are industriously conveyed through the most circuitous of routes to the ears of my lady-love, or my wife, or my best friend—

hints which rolled up together make me a very disreputable fellow, though taken singly they prove nothing—then I am powerless. I cannot pull any one's nose, because I hear nothing of the accusation or the accusers. I cannot sue anybody, for no body says a word to me on the subject, or if he does, it is under the strongest and most amiable assurances that "*he*" does not believe a word of the libel, he merely gives me the hint; he wishes he knew who originated it, but really he has not the slightest idea, and so forth. Meantime, I have the comfortable satisfaction of seeing most of my friends looking shy in my presence, of feeling that I am suspected of something diabolical, and perhaps of receiving a dismissal from my lady-love (with a packet containing all my love letters, my lock of hair, my portrait, and the pretty little seal, with the highly appropriate "*sans varier*" on it), together with an intimation from papa that I had better discontinue my visits at his house, and the faintest shadow of a threat that neglect to comply with this request may be followed by forcible ejection from his premises.

Now I would ask you, my gentle and candid friend and reader, is this a very uncommon case? And further—what is a poor wretch to do who is thus victimized? And lastly—will you read this true little history?

The family of the Peacocks is a highly respectable one in Cape Town. It is of no earthly consequence that old Peacock began his colonial life as a storeman, or that with all his subsequent care and his love of seeing everything in its right place, he always puts his H's in the wrong ones. He is a man of substance—a man of consequence—the Commercial Exchange respects him—the Banks venerate him—the shopkeepers laud him. He possesses perhaps a hundred thousand pounds, besides a wife of large dimensions, and a family in proportion.

"The Peacock girls," as those rude Army and Navy fellows always call them, are disposed to be fast, and are popular accordingly. If you want to make up a pic-nic or a polka party, if you desire a *galop* in a ball-room, or a gallop across the country, if you wish to play at billiards, or flirtation, practice pistol-shooting in public, or pencil sketching in retired situations, if you need aid in a practical joke, or assistance in the concoction of a "sell," by all means go to "the Peacock girls." You will find them invaluable—the fast young man's best companion.

Livvy Peacock (her baptismal name was Olivia, but no one ever called her anything but Livvy who had known her a week) was perhaps the fastest of the quartette, and as

a matter of course she fell in love with a very slow man. So long as a girl cracks jokes and bandies repartees with you—so long as you exchange epigrams and smart hits—all is safe: no one ever laughed himself into love, though a few have been laughed out of it: in all the scandal touching Venus there is not a word about Momus. When sighs and glances take the place of jokes and repartees—when locks of hair and daguerreotypes are exchanged instead of sallies of wit, the case is very different. Livvy began by making a butt of Arthur Sappington, and ended by becoming “spooney,” as her sisters termed it. The process was a very natural one. She tried all her practical jokes on him, and he never baulked any one of them. He allowed the lucifer to set light to his left whisker without complaint; he put on the Wellington filled with water, and never complained of the cold he took in consequence; he was not the least bit annoyed at having walked down Adderley-street with the large card pinned to his back, inscribed, “To be sold;” he always asked the very question she wanted, so that she might make a hit at his expense; and above all, he never retaliated.

By degrees, there seemed to Livvy to be less fun in teasing Arthur than before; then, it struck her as ungenerous to attempt eternally to vex such a good-tempered fellow: next, she began to be angry with her sisters for trying to make a butt of him; and lastly she commenced thinking how superior he was to the rest of the men who frequented their house. Having arrived at this stage, she became subject to occasional fits of seriousness, was actually caught in a sigh which she nimbly tried to convert into a yawn, and positively on one occasion had to sniff violently at a salt-bottle to pretend that its pungency brought the tears into her eyes, instead of a few tender thoughts of her own being the fountain whence they sprung.

Arthur Sappington saw the change, and did not know how to account for it; nor was he quite sure whether he liked it. It gratified him to be the object of Livvy’s attention, even when they were of that unpleasant class called “plaguing.” Now he was quite left alone; his days were spent without a single “sell;” his words were listened to without a solitary quibble being made on them; he could put on a new waistcoat or neck-tie without being assured that it was frightful, or inveigled into wearing something atrociously ridiculous. Arthur was not quick, but at length some little intellectual chink of his let in a ray of light, and he began slowly and cautiously and tremblingly to suspect that he was loved! It

is wonderful that he did not fall into a nervous fever (if there is such a complaint) when this suspicion first burst upon his mind. But it is certain that he survived it, and although my most careful enquiries have never elicited how he proposed (I may much doubt if he knew how he did it himself), it is certain that Miss Livvy Peacock became engaged to Mr. Arthur Sappington.

No one made any objection to this match—not even old Peacock; for although Arthur was not rich, he was steady and prosperous, and was of sufficiently good family to be able to know who his grandfather was, while Mr. Peacock, senior, entertained some doubts whether he himself ever had a father, without ascending to more remote progenitors. And as we always value most what we do not possess (though we don't always confess so), Mr. Peacock had an immense respect for blood.

Having brought my oddly-matched couple to this interesting point of their history, I wish I could take leave of them, and assure my readers that the course of true love did run smooth in this particular instance; but alas! the reverse is the truth.

One morning, just as Arthur Sappington had demolished one egg and knocked off the top of another at breakfast, his servant brought him two letters and a parcel. He knew the handwriting on each note—one was that of Livvy—the other was her father's. Need we say which he perused first? Thus it ran:

"Sir,—Your own conscience will explain to you why I command that you never presume to address me again. Your presents are returned. I scarcely know whether I can give you credit for even that spark of honour which should induce you to return me my letters *instantly*.—Yours, &c.

"OLIVIA PEACOCK."

Papa's letter was thus:—

"Sir,—My servants have orders to refuse you admission into my house from this moment.—Yours,

"JOHN PEACOCK."

Mr. Arthur Sappington looked very much as if he had never learned to read fluently, for he spelt over every letter of each word about a dozen times and stared with the most unmeaning glare at them.

"Mad, mad," was all he could say. As for reflecting, it was a very long time before he could do anything of the sort; but even when he was able to think, it did him no good, for he could not hit upon any word, thought, or action of his life which, by the utmost perversion of interpretation,



could in the faintest degree account for these extraordinary epistles. If Livvy had not long ago given up practical joking he might have suspected that it was only a "sell;" but even in her wildest freaks she had never perpetrated so cruel a joke as this would be. Next, he had some idea of rushing straight to the Peacocks' house, to demand an explanation; but his own reflection told him that he would certainly never obtain admission after the words used by that very decided old gentleman, Mr. Peacock. And lastly, he decided on going to Peacock's country house without a moment's delay.

"How dare you enter my house, sir!" roared the old gentleman, as Arthur stepped into his room.

"Gracious Heaven, Mr. Peacock, what have I done?" cried Arthur.

"Leave this room—leave these premises this instant, sir, or I'll send for the police."

And Arthur almost fancied that he would go off into a fit of apoplexy. It seemed utterly useless to parley further—so he walked away. Returning home, he dispatched a note to Olivia and another to her father, entreating an explanation of their extraordinary conduct. The former was returned to him unopened—the latter was sent back in a blank envelope after having been apparently read.

What next? An appeal to some mutual friend naturally suggested itself, and was acted on. The friend came back declaring that old Peacock would answer nothing, and that Olivia told him that the greatest insult that he could offer her was to mention his (Sappington's) name in her presence.

His friend left him. After a time he determined to roam about the streets, into the Commercial Exchange and Library, and see how people looked at him, and whether any one would say a word to him bearing on this momentous subject. He sallied forth, many nodded or spoke as usual; many looked shy of him; many looked the other way altogether. He tried to draw many out—to get them to converse on the subject next his heart—but utterly failed. He was the most wretched of mortals.

Meanwhile the most delightful rumours were afloat through the town. There was not a single sin that Arthur Sappington was not hinted to have been guilty of, and the discovery of which had broken off his intended marriage. The commonest imputations were swindling, forgery, gambling, drinking, and diabolical immorality. Every one knew some one else who "knew all about it," and had a piquant little history to tell, all cut and dried, and proving Arthur to be the greatest scamp on earth.



Afterwards, when human invention could concoct no further stories about him, another class of whisperers arose, who insinuated that there was no fault on *his* side at all; poor fellow! he had had a lucky escape; he was fortunate to find out about a certain young lady in time; no doubt the discovery had nearly broken his heart, for every body could see how miserably he looked. As for *her*, she must be shameless indeed to have set those horrible stories afloat about him, just to screen herself; all the world knew what an abominable, reckless flirt she had always been, and *now* the effects were shown: it was a shame to think that the world still chose to admit her into society, and so forth.

When two reputations had thus been industriously pulled to pieces, it chanced that Arthur Sappington received a visit from a very loose fish—one Charley Harbottle, who never liked Arthur much until he believed him to be something of a ruffian.

"I wish to heaven you would tell me what you mean," exclaimed Arthur, when his friend, who had taken quite enough wine, was joking him mysteriously. "If you really know what it is the Peacocks accuse me of, tell me—for I swear to you that I have no notion."

Charley looked stupidly shy and then muttered—

"How about the *other* wife, old fellow?"

"What!"

"How about the Mrs. Arthur Sappington at home, eh? Sly dog—but bigamy rather dangerous game, eh?"

Arthur sat like a man stunned for a moment, and then exclaimed—

"I see it all now! but who has told anything about this Mrs. Arthur Sappington?"

"Why that muff, Twaddles; he says he met Mrs. Arthur Sappington at a friend's house in London, just before he came out—very pretty woman, wife of a Mr. Arthur Sappington, away in one of the colonies—young fellow—one of the Sappingtons of Norfolk—the identity all proven, you see, old chap; besides, that young clerk of yours confesses that he has posted letters addressed by you to Mrs. Arthur Sappington, to the very house where Twaddles met her. I'll do Twaddles justice, however; he only told old Peacock and me, and he made me swear I wouldn't tell any one else; but you *have* screwed it out, by making *me* half-screwed."

"Harbottle!" cried Arthur after a moment's thought; "run and fetch Twaddles here immediately."

"Come, old fellow, no rows," answered Harbottle; "what's the use?"

"I promise you there shall be *no* row; do as I tell you—while I get some papers ready for his arrival. Take a Hansom, and go at full gallop, I entreat you."

There was something in Arthur's look and tone that made Harbottle comply. Before many minutes had elapsed Twaddles entered the room; before many more he was driving as hard as he could to Peacock's house, with the most satisfactory proofs (the lady's own letters among them) that the Mrs. Arthur Sappington in question was the wife of "our" Mr. Arthur Sappington's first cousin, then temporarily residing in Australia; and that she was further by blood a maternal first cousin of our unlucky hero.

Need we tell the remainder? Surely, the reader can imagine the white veil and the orange-blossoms, St. George's Cathedral and Kanneymeyer's four greys, the wedding breakfast, the blushes, the speeches, and the "happiest day of somebody's life."

Still less need we draw the moral to be read in this TALE OF SHOCKING SLANDER. C.

## HINTS ON PLANTING.

(CONCLUDED.)

IF "*Eucalyptus globula*" is employed to fill up our damp, waste vleys, and the others along the bases and sides of our low hills, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt but that they will succeed; but to attain this end, they must be planted about 21 inches apart, in masses, which will require about 7110 plants per acre. Instead of all gums, one half of the young trees might be acacias, or some other fast-growing tree, and these must be thinned out as soon as their branches interfere with the permanent occupants of the ground. This will be about the end of four years, under ordinary circumstances; but no rule can be laid down for thinning plantations. Where "nurses" are employed to shelter and draw up the young trees, the *Acacia melanoxylon*, or "black wood" of Australia can be recommended for this purpose. It has a close, compact habit of growth, with very short semi-upright branches; and an acre of ground planted as above suggested, ought, at the end of four or five years, to yield a crop of fine straight poles, averaging 20 feet in length. Spars of the "blackwood," grown at the Cape, have been found very hard and durable, and the wood, at maturity, is said to

be of considerable value for cabinet work and household furniture.\*

It is scarcely necessary for me to dwell upon the advantages to be derived from extensive planting in this colony. Those who cannot understand or perceive them are not likely to be influenced by any thing I can write; but I would take the liberty of offering a few remarks on rearing young trees from seed. A very great, I may say fatal, error is often committed in sowing the seed, and nursing the young trees in strong, rich soil before they are planted out. Such a practice may do for the sale market, where the larger the plants, the readier they take; but disappointment and vexation await that man who attempts to transplant them into poor soil. As well might one of our farmers place a colt on rich food for six months and then starve him for the next two or three years, in the expectation that he would ultimately become a fine animal. I am aware that there is a certain class of theorists who talk very plausibly about laying the foundation of a good constitution in seedling plants; but in such a case as the above, it can only be to have the pleasure of destroying it, and that in the most effectual manner.

The practice I have followed for many years, and, I may add, with considerable success, is to procure in December † a few boxes about one foot square, and about four inches deep. If the bottom is not sufficiently open to admit of the escape of water, a few holes must be bored therein to promote drainage; then put in say two inches of light, moist, but *fine* soil. On the surface place, as early as possible, about 100 good seeds; lastly, cover with half an inch of the same soil: give a slight watering three times a day, if necessary, or as often as will keep the soil tolerably moist. When the plants are about one inch high, prepare more boxes in the same way as the seed boxes, with regard to soil and drainage. In each of these boxes double in 20 plants, water freely, shade for a few days, and protect them from drying winds, gradually exposing to the light and sunshine in the mornings and evenings, till they can bear full exposure, which ought to be

\* The "*Acacia Melanoxylon*" is thus described in the "Reports of the Juries of the Great Exhibition, 1851." "*Acacia Melanoxylon*," blackwood of Tasmania. A very hard, close-grained, dark and richly-veined wood; it is well adapted for cabinet work of all sorts, and may be had in any quantity, and of large size. The beauty of this fine wood is admirably shown in some of the articles of furniture exhibited, in which its dark hue is well contrasted with the equally beautiful light wood of the Huron pine."—ED. C. M. M.

† The principal season of ripening the seeds of the blue gum is the months of June and July, but some of the older established trees produce a few seeds in other months. If then good seeds are procurable in June, why keep them till December before sowing?—ED. C. M. M.

one week after transplanting. The same plants should be transferred to their permanent sites as early in June as possible, but always just before or immediately after a fall of rain. No trees ought to be transplanted after the middle of July, unless they can be well watered and carefully nursed. The soil for the seed boxes should approximate as nearly as possible to that which the trees are destined to occupy afterwards. If I intended to plant trees in pure sand, I should try first to rear them in pure sand, and if I succeeded in the one case, there could be little doubt I would succeed in the other.

In examining collections of gum trees in this colony, we frequently discover some stunted, sickly trees, often with the former season's young twigs dead, or partially so. In nineteen cases out of twenty the evil will be found, on examination, to have arisen from the starvation of the tree after being transplanted from its luxurious nursery. The supplies are scanty after their former abundance, and in this state of things the sun's heat and the drying winds cause the sap vessels speedily to contract,—the bark, instead of having that soft, spongy feel which young, healthy plants of this genera ought to have, becomes hard and dry, and of the colour of rusty iron. Such plants are an eye-sore, and most fertile source of annoyance to their unfortunate owner. In cases of this kind, great benefit is often derived from splitting open the whole of this hard bark with a sharp knife, down to the wood, from the base of the tree up to the soft bark, in a perpendicular line, serving the branches (if any) in the same way. The better plan, perhaps, is to select a place as near the base of the tree as possible, and cut a notch out of the bark just above where a twig grew before. Young buds will soon make their appearance, select the strongest for the future tree, and check the others by nipping out their points with the thumb and finger. After the favoured shoot has grown about a foot in length, the old stem must be cut away just a little above it. Some years ago, I served some three year old trees in this way, and several of them attained a height of 12 feet at the end of the first season. The only danger that I know of attending this operation is that the young shoots grow so fast, and are so brittle, that they are easily broken by the wind.

Regarding the real value of gum tree timber, little is yet known in this colony; for, generally speaking, time has not been given for them to arrive at a mature state, and it is scarcely necessary to observe that immature wood of all fast-growing trees is comparatively worthless. Indeed, I am not

aware if the strength of the wood has been accurately tested, in either Australia or Europe. From the peculiar twisted run of the fibre, in most of the species, there can be little doubt of the wood possessing considerable strength. It is heavy, and apparently well adapted for fencing and building; and its weight probably may prove a recommendation to some of our wagon-makers, who seem to vie with each other who will construct the heaviest vehicle. This property has been turned to account by ship-builders,\* who have used the gum tree timber for the keels of vessels; but the result of this experiment is unknown to me. Some enterprising individuals in Van Diemen's Land once manufactured extract of tannin from the bark of several species of the *Eucalyptus*; and this extract, when tested in England, was found to be twice as powerful as that of the oak. I have heard the wagon-makers of Genadendal speak highly of the gum tree wood for wagon tents.

*Calistemon*, the "bottle brush" of Cape gardens. These are showy shrubs, with stiff, alternate leaves; average height from 6 to 8 feet. They grow and flower freely in any common, light soil. The scarlet flowered species, *C. speciosum*, *C. rugulosum*, and *C. rigidum*, are amongst the most showy. They are natives of New Holland.

*Metrosideras*, iron wood. The trees of this genera are of the greatest value in ship-building, and artificer's work in other branches of trade.

*M. vera* (Lindley) is a native of the islands of Ambroyna and Japan. The Chinese make their wooden anchors from it. In Japan, it is so much esteemed as to be under royal protection. It grows freely in warm, light, sandy soils.

*M. robusta*, the "Batu" of New Zealand, is a fine tree, attaining usually to the height of 100 feet. The wood is hard, close-grained, and very durable, and has been found most admirably adapted for ship's timbers. The leaves are very fragrant, and the whole tree has a most noble appearance, It would succeed well if planted in our vleys, as it requires a soft, sandy soil. *M. Angustifolia* is recorded in Lam. Dic., page 467, as a tree 20 feet in height and a native of this colony. I am unacquainted with it. *M. hispida*, *M. floribunda*, and *M. speciosa* are all shrubs of New South Wales, and remarkable for their beauty. They are perfectly hardy, and grow freely in common, sandy soil. Average height, six feet.

\* It is probably the length and straight growth of the blue gum which recommend it for keels of vessels.—ED. C. M. M.



"*Fabricia*" is a very small genus, being composed of only three species. They are pretty shrubs, with small flowers abundantly produced. Height about eight feet. The blowing sands near Geelong, South Australia, were checked by the planting of *Fabricia levigata*, brought from the shores of Port Jackson. Whether this experiment led to a few plants being tried on the Cape sand-drifts, I am unable to say, but there they are, some half dozen plants, and in the highest state of luxuriance; much more so than many I have seen in private gardens, although tenderly nursed, only not grown in sand. Any of your readers visiting these plants at the so-called "*plantations*" will perceive the truth of the axiom I have taken the liberty to quote before, viz., that with the right plant in the right place only is *success certain*. In a letter before me, from a botanist, it is called "Australian tea tree," but on what grounds it is so called, I know not. The writer, I suspect, mistakes it for a plant of the order "*Leptospermum*." This is another class of pretty shrubs, and not unlike "*Fabricia*." All are natives of New Holland. *L. scoparium* is very abundant on the shores of New Zealand. This is the plant from the leaves of which Capt. Cook's crew made tea, only it proved an emetic to most of them. Hence, in derision, I suppose, they called it New Zealand tea tree, which name it still bears.

The common *guava* is to be met with in Cape gardens, and is too well known to require description. There are many species, mostly natives of Brazil. Few of them, however, are worth introducing, except in general collections.

"*Myrtus*." *M. communis*, the common myrtle, is deservedly a great favourite in our colonial gardens. Some of the European varieties, with party-coloured leaves, such as the spotted-leaved, silver-striped, golden-striped, would add greatly to the appearance of our shrubberies.

"*Myrcia*," separated from "*Myrtus*" by Decandolle, is very like the common myrtle when in flower. This order includes a great number of species of large handsome shrubs, and a few small but valuable trees. *M. acris*, however, is a tree of goodly size, with a handsome pyramidal form. The leaves have a sweet, aromatic scent, like cinnamon. Hence, in Antigua, Barbadoes, and Jamaica, where it fills the woods with its fragrance, it is called wild cinnamon. The timber is red, hard, heavy, and takes a fine polish. *M. pimentoides*, *M. splendens*, are also handsome trees, but their tropical character may unfit them for general cultivation in this colony, though they might answer at Natal.

"*Eugenia*," from Prince Eugene of Savoy. These are free-growing, evergreen shrubs and trees, natives of the West Indies, South America, and Australia. *Eugenia Zeyheri*, a native of South Africa, found near Uitenhage, is rather a small tree, but the wood is said to be hard, heavy, and fine-grained. *Eugenia ternifolia*, and its variety, *Rosea*, are noble trees of 40 to 50 feet in height, indigenous to Chittagong. The fruit is eatable, and the leaves are very large. *E. Braziliensis* is a small shrub. The fruit is sold in the markets of its native country. It is likewise a pretty shrub when in bloom—the petals being white, tinged with red. *E. sparsifolia* and *E. laxa* are two fine timber trees, both natives of Bahia. *E. pimenta*, allspice, or "Jamaica pepper," is not likely to stand our winters; but from its great commercial value it ought to have a trial. The manufacture is of the simplest kind, the berries being merely dried in the sun for a few days.\*

*Jambosa*. This is an order of elegant evergreen trees and shrubs. The fruit of all the species is edible, and of some, most excellent. *Jambosa vulgaris*, the "rose-apple" of the East Indies, reaches the height of 30 feet in its native woods, and is pretty common in Cape gardens. There are several other varieties, indigenous to Java, the Mauritius, Madagascar, &c., which need not be enumerated, as they can be of little use here except in the way of experimentalising. *Jambosa Australis*, a native of New Holland, and known in this colony. It is a handsome bush, almost a tree, and when loaded with purple fruit is really a splendid object. The fruit of this species is slightly but agreeably acid. Any light garden soil suits it well.

The order *Myrtacea* comprises many other genera and an immense number of species, but I have endeavoured to select for present consideration only those that might have a chance of succeeding in this colony. The wood of most of the species is of the highest order,—hard, heavy, and, in many, richly coloured. The fruit, bark, and leaves of many also are highly aromatic, and such as are not already known to the colonial gardener or planter might form a fitting subject of inquiry to the managers or commissioners of the Cape Town Botanical Garden, in case they have correspondents in the various localities indicated.

I shall be acquitted, I trust, of any presumptuous desire to thrust my opinions on those who may understand these matters far better than myself; but having had

\* At the breaking up of Ludwigsberg Garden, eight or ten years ago, there were a number of healthy allspice, in pots. These were then two or three years old. What has become of them?—ED. C. M. M.

some practical experience in arboriculture, and having read much on the subject, and regarding the readers of the Magazine in the light of amateur planters, I have ventured to place these rough notes before them as hints which might possibly be turned to some account, and not as precepts emanating from high authority.

R. S.

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## AMY OF ELAND GROVE.

### A HEART HISTORY.

YES, I am a confirmed old bachelor, a miserable, selfish, heartless misanthrope, an egotist, whose only source of joy and sorrow is centred in himself, and who lacks the blessing of sharing in the happiness of others.

Thus the generality of my friends describe me. After this manner more particularly am I judged by my lady acquaintances, of whom, by the way, my present stock is wofully limited. However, I shall not fret myself for the opinion they hold of me. We all know why they are so hard upon old bachelors. Remaining in so frigid a state, pent up within the high walls of isolation; day after day regardless of the arrows aimed at their indifferent hearts (reader, I was—some say I still am—a handsome man); refusing innumerable cards and requests for soirees, balls, quiet evening parties, and other gaieties, where spring-guns and bachelor traps lurk beneath the smiles of parents and their daughters: these are reasons weighty enough for a heavy denouncement. Is it not an insult to the whole fair race that when the anti-benedict has so many to choose from, ready to love him—aye, to cherish and obey him—so many, he never gives them a thought, scarcely even a look? Out upon him for a wretched, crusty, soulless old bachelor! and the everlasting catalogue of my wicked qualities is jerked out with feminine vehemence. Thus, with cruel harshness, am I anathematized by those who are profoundly ignorant of the causes which have led to the idiosyncrasy in my temperament, considered by them to be the grand climacteric of all offences, the unpardonable sin.

It is indeed annoying to be condemned without a trial—and equally vexatious to be misinterpreted and misunderstood by our acquaintances, nay, by our dearest and most intimate friends. True, I am an old bachelor, and shall remain one to the end of my days; but I am not on that account a cynic—a heartless man—a feelingless wretch, and all the

other little elegant things people call me. Grant me your indulgence reader, fair reader, if haply I have one, and listen to my short and simple tale, and then—say of me what you list,—you will not be so unkind, so unjust as to dub me *heartless*.

I must retrace my way into the far gone past, through some five-and-thirty years. It is a dreary road, dry and treeless, until I come to that bright, green spot—the oasis whence was shaped my whole future destiny. I was five years of age, when, with the tiny hand of a tiny little girl clasped in mine, I played and laughed and ran over the fields and through groves of dark, shady, evergreen mimosas. These grew in profusion along the banks of the dear old musical stream, which, rising from a distant chain of mountains in the north, took its laughing course gently through a valley, in the middle of which, almost buried in the foliage of magnificent forest trees, my father's cottage stood, passed the house within a few yards, and broadening and growing more sedate as it glided further in a southerly direction, at length lost itself in a pretty little horse-shoe shaped bay, formed by a range of low, waving hills. This inlet was called Bushman's Bay, and received its name from the existence in the neighbouring cliffs of numerous caves, which, from the rude pictures drawn upon the walls, of wild animals and figures of Bushmen in the act of shooting with the bow and arrow, and other characteristic traces, bore unmistakeable evidence of their having once been the abode of the wild, wandering "children of the desert."\* A short distance from the beach, surrounded by a grove of wild olive trees and commanding a wide and glorious view over the ocean, stood the lovely villa of my father's friend, H——. Both he and my father were Englishmen, and had left their native land in search of a competence which they had sought for in vain in their own over-crowded country. Their endeavours here were crowned with success, and both possessed very lucrative farms in one of the richest districts of the colony. They had married shortly after settling, and each was blessed with one child. The daughter of my father's friend was the little girl with

\* The visitor to "Bain's Kloof," one of the wonders of South Africa, will be amply repaid the trouble of exploring the remarkable caves of this description which exist about the middle of the pass, at a place called "Wolvekloof," the most savage part of the road. These ruins are situated on the right side of the Witte River, in the krantzes of a steep and dizzy precipice. The drawings on the blackened walls are curious representations of wild animals, most of which are now rare or totally extinct in the vicinity, and of the diminutive Bushman figure in hunting attire and attitude. They are executed in red clay, mixed with some glutinous matter, which appears to defy the defacing effects of time. The caves are now in the peaceable possession of large colonies of rock rabbits.



whom I have told you I played and laughed and ran under the shade of the mimosa avenues. She was known by the name of Amy of Eland Grove, and was as merry and airy a little elf as ever tripped in fairy land. Her step on the greensward fell noiseless, and silence itself, with its ever-listening ear, could seldom hear her approach. She passed most of her time with us, having lost her mother when hardly three years old, and the attractive kindness and gentleness of mine soon won the heart of the affectionate child.

I was her constant companion and guardian, which I was proud to be, wherever she went and wandered. We had nothing to care for or trouble us. Our every wish was gratified, and we thought of nothing but enjoyment, simple and innocent enough, as it consisted in chasing and snaring the glittering butterfly, stringing butter-cups and wild tulips into evanescent bracelets and necklaces, or gathering the prettiest flowers in the fields and twining them into wreaths. When tired we would lie down on the mossy margin of the stream, and amuse ourselves with watching the fleecy clouds sailing over the dark blue sky, visible through the trees overhead, until lulled asleep by the soothing ripple of the river. My mother used to call Amy an angel,—the coarse atmosphere of earth appeared too heavy for her aerial nature, and it seemed probable that, at any moment, she might take wing and vanish away to her native heaven. In this happy, thoughtless manner was passed a dozen years, which to us seemed vanished like a dream. We were grown up now, were as inseparable as ever, had learnt our lessons together from my mother, and read and read again the choicest books of my father's well-stocked library. The works of the great English poets, from Chaucer to Wordsworth, were studied with eager and unbounded pleasure, and Sir Walter Scott's romance histories we knew almost by heart. The "*Bride of Lammermoor*" was our favourite of the poems we read. Amy admired the most spiritual, and among these she liked best the magnificent though forbidden "*Queen Mab*" of Shelley. We could never get further than where Mab conveys *Ianthe's* spirit to her golden palace in the skies. The last and blasphemous parts of the poem she shrank from in horror; but the opening part, commencing

"How wonderful is death,  
Death and his brother, Sleep!"

and the matchless imagery drawn from the gorgeous cloud battlements around the setting sun: these she listened to with rapture. Shakspeare's "*Tempest*" was one of the only of his plays she loved. "*Macbeth*," "*Lear*," "*Othello*,"



and "Hamlet" were too terrible for her tender and gentle spirit. When we wandered down to the shore and sat under the shadow of some overhanging rock, and with the great ocean before us, we would recite the "Tempest." Amy's strong fancy would bring every scene vividly before her, and at times she said she could hear Ariel's music in the skies, and then again she would start unconsciously as if Caliban were crouching up to her. Spenser's "Faery Queen," and Sidney's "Arcadia" were also her delight, and Milton's "Comus" had become "familiar in our mouths as household words." There were, however, two poems which I dearly rued ever having read to her,—Coleridge's "Christabel" and the "Ancient Mariner." The weirdlike wildness of the former\* made her shriek out to me to cease, and the ghastly, death-like strain of the latter was too much for her excitable nature, and I remember finding her in a swoon when I had finished reading it. Another poem had a strange effect upon her—the unearthly Manfred, undoubtedly the master-piece of Byron. I mention all this to show the delicate and sensitive organization of the girl, as well as to gratify my own idle habit of lingering over the recollection of all the incidents connected with those most blessed days, when we lived in a world of our own creating, when we read, and laughed, and sighed together, and made ourselves the heroine and hero of every story. So I indulge in sweet dreams, too often to wake and suffer from the sad contrast between *then* and *now*. But I must proceed.

Imperceptibly we had learnt to love nature with the fervency of romance, and we explored the recesses of its boundless treasures; and, I know not how it came—it came so slowly and unconsciously—we were deeply, fondly, devotedly in love with one another. I have not spoken of Amy's beauty, nor shall I venture a word about it; I am certain to fall far short of the truth. The usual ready-made, hackneyed language is too poor, too stale, to describe charms which I have never seen rivalled, and expect not ever to see again. I often thought, whilst riding by her side on the fields, that there was little earthly about her; and a strange tremor would creep over me, as the idea crossed my mind, she might be an angel, and that I was mad to think she ever could be mine.

We would often gallop to the foot of the mountain, and, under the olive trees, where a natural harbour was formed by

\* It was this poem which, read in a company at Lord Byron's, so affected the sensitive fancy of Shelley, who was present, that he fainted away. It was at the particular passage describing the witch's serpent eye:

"A tongue of light, a fit of flame," &c.

thickly over-arching branches, with an opening towards the distant sea, would alight and sit down and gaze for hours at the vast and splendid scenery which lay stretched beneath us. The silvery little river, dancing its gladsome way through the verdant valley, here and there rendered invisible by clusters of mimosa, until far, far away it blended with the ocean, was an endless source of pleasurable musing. We indulged in no common-place allusions, but, happy in one another's love, to us nature was a joy to be felt, and gratitude filled our hearts towards the Maker of the universe for having created the earth so beautiful, and us so capable of enjoyment; and the soothing murmur of the distant ocean fell on our spirits softly, like the touch of dew upon the grass, and its music was sweeter than that breathed by the most melodious of minstrels. The pleasure was heightened when the mellow notes of the bush-dove, and the merry recitative of numberless birds, of every variety of song and colour, chimed in with ocean's solemn voice. We were intensely happy; and the evenings passed on the smooth beach to see the golden moon rise over the sea, and watch the first gentle touch of its beams upon the water: an age of bliss seemed in every minute thus spent. I have never seen moon-light upon the ocean as I saw it then. Moon-light scenery affects me painfully now, filling my eyes with tears and my soul with dark and gloomy thoughts; for, alas!

"The tender grace of a day that is dead  
Will never come back to me!"

Days, and months, and years flew swiftly, bearing away into the past all save the sweet memory of those joyous times. We were engaged, and were nearing the acmé of happiness, the consummation of our dearest hopes, and the anxious wishes of our parents, who needed but this addition to complete the sum of their blessings. We spoke of nothing now but the bright and cloudless future that lay before us, and not a shadow of misgiving crossed our sanguine minds as to the full realization of our anticipations. It was a week before the day appointed for our marriage, and we had agreed upon a ride into the country—a dashing, long, wild ride. As Amy laughingly said: "Let us gallop to where the heavens touch the earth!" and she pointed to the horizon in the far west. Then again that strange trembling came over me. Again she seemed an angel, and again I thought how mad I was to think she ever could be mine. I ordered the best and swiftest horses for our ride—the freshest and most fiery. Oh, God! why did I give that fatal order!

The rest is quickly told. We started, and in a short time left all traces of human habitation far behind. Our horses galloped merrily along. The breeze blew fresh and cool, and talking and laughing, faster and faster we flew over the plain. "I shall act Mazeppa," Amy said, and touching her horse lightly with the whip, laughingly bade me catch her if I could. Little did I think her jest was so soon to become so fearfully in earnest. We had gone at a furious pace for miles and miles, when the spirited horse Amy rode grew restive, caught the bit between his teeth, and thundered off with a bound. In terror, I spurred on my steed, and dashed wildly and recklessly in pursuit. But in vain were all my efforts to reach her. Her horse was a fiery white Arab, and, as if scouring the vast plains of his native desert, enveloped in clouds of sand—over streams and rocks—splashing and foaming, away like lightning sped the brute. I followed, maddened, heedless of all danger before me, and, while straining my eyes after the dearest possession I had on earth, now likely about to be lost, and lost so dreadfully, my horse stumbled and came down with a heavy crash. I was stunned by the fall, and insensible, and all recollection vanished.

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Days and weeks rolled on before my memory returned; and when they slowly revealed to me Amy's fate, and told me that they had found both her and her horse crushed at the foot of a precipice, over which both had fallen headlong; that they buried her underneath the natural arbour at the foot of the mountain, I heeded them not; but I firmly believed she was an angel—that she went to where the sky touched the earth, and stepped from there to her native heaven.

Shortly after this sad event, both my father and his friend—unable to remain in a locality so oppressive with sorrowful associations—disposed of their farms and removed to another distant district, where a situation was procured for me under the government. Long years have since gone by. But the change of place, and time, and circumstance has done me no good; for a shadow has fallen on the face of nature since Amy's departure. The murmuring of the ocean, the fall of waters, the music of birds have now a sombering influence on my spirit, and stir within me the deep places of sadness and of sorrow. Truly, "the setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun. The brightness of our life is gone." The shades of night rest on all things, and we wait patiently, hoping for the dawning of a brighter day, and an everlasting reunion with the loved and lost in the land of a tearless, sorrowless hereafter.

I have set before you, friendly reader, the story of my life; and now leave the old bachelor to his solitary musings. Chide him not for coldness, reserve, and a hermetic habit. Endeavour not to bring him back into a world which, to him, has lost its attraction. Yet say not he is heartless. There are those who will gratefully testify to the contrary; and even now I hear the merry voices of a dozen dear, little, bright-eyed children, emblems of innocence, eager to burst into my study for the smile and kiss of welcome, and to cluster around and listen to the new story promised them by their nice, kind friend, the old bachelor. 2.

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## THE PLEASURES AND ADVANTAGES OF DEBT.

BY J. W. DUNNUP.

I HAVE diligently perused Sir Thomas Browne's *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or *Enquiries into Vulgar and Common Errors*, and have been much edified. I have been disabused of the belief that "crystal is nothing but ice strongly congealed"—that "the elephant hath no joints"—and that "the peacock is ashamed of his legs." I have abandoned all faith in the republican stork, and learned to regard with derision the mandrake and the salamander. I have derived much wisdom from the dissertations upon "the river Nilus" and "the lake Asphaltites"—for on all these and many other topics, the fruitful source of vulgar and common errors, doth the learned knight treat. But he has wholly omitted to notice a flagrant vulgar error, strongly rooted in the minds of some people, who by precept, and sometimes by example, would fain induce us to believe that man, to be happy, should keep out of debt, and who rehearse for an article of faith the proverb "out of debt out of danger."

Elia, incomparable Elia, has done much to set the world right respecting certain popular fallacies, and to reverse sundry "wise saws" of our grand-mothers. Who now believes "that ill-gotten gain never prospers," (the refutation of this dictum, by the by, was a somewhat supererogatory task, seeing how those licensed banditti, the lawyers, thrive)—that we "should rise with the lark"—or "that we should lie down with the lamb?" Exploded, antiquated barbarisms, fit only for the days of the Round Table! Yet even Elia, sensible Elia, unaccountably forgets to notice and expose the monstrous fallacy that it is either unpleasant or inconvenient to be in debt.

In vain, too, have I turned over the pages of *Salgues'* treatise "*Des Erreurs et des Préjugés*," with the hope of



meeting with a philosophical solution of the causes which have tended to perpetuate this weakest of all errors and prejudices; but though satisfactory upon Equality, Spectres, the Blood of Bulls, Basilisks, Dr. Gall, and similar delusions and humbugs,—my author is unpardonably silent touching the string of narrow-minded and ungenerous sentiments which selfish and hard-hearted men entertain on the subject of debt and its proper consequences.

Thus disappointed by the negligence of authors who wrote professedly to expose errors and delusions of every description, however popular, I have resolved to commit to the pages of this periodical some of my thoughts, in my desultory manner, on the matter, for the benefit of man and woman-kind.

It may be remarked that the greatest and most accurate delineator of human nature, Shakespeare, has placed some of the noblest, wisest, and wittiest sentiments in the mouths of villains, knaves, and clowns. Thus Iago is sublime upon the value of a good character; Falstaff moralizes most sagely on that idle phantasy honour; and Touchstone's satiric philosophy and keen humour smack all the better for his party-coloured jerkin and bauble. The great artist well knew what he was doing; for virtuous and noble principles, enunciated by a rascal, carry a startling weight from the very nature of the contrast between the speaker and the sentiment, and impress you the more forcibly, just as the white teeth of the negro look all the brighter for the sooty hue of the disc in which they are embedded. It was, doubtless, therefore that Shakespeare selected Ancient Pistol as the fittest medium through which to convey to an applauding world that grand and noble adage,—“**BASE IS THE SLAVE THAT PAYS,**”—a sentiment which has found an echo in a million bosoms, and has been fervently responded to by many and many a hearty good fellow. Indeed I will venture to affirm that there is no sentiment in all Shakespeare better known or oftener quoted than this exclamation of the worthy Ancient: the best proof of its justness and truth, for an unjust or disagreeable sentiment is never popular. Nelson, “**Britannia's god of war,**” has achieved considerable celebrity solely upon the strength of the signal whereby he informed his squadrons that “**England expected every man to do his duty.**” Now this was, after all, a mere truism, for there was not a swabber in the fleet who was not already fully cognizant of the fact. For what other purpose had England engaged them but to do their duty? This famous sentiment conveys no new idea—does not contain the germ of a novel and brilliant doctrine—does not grapple with long established



prejudices. It is, as I have before said, a simple truism, dangerously approximating to clap-trap. But the principle laid down so energetically, and so concisely, by the noble Pistol, at once challenges attention by its manly avowal of a theory, which, if ever previously entertained, had never before been so boldly enunciated.

Payment is in its very nature an act of homage—a tribute imperiously demanded and humbly accorded—an acknowledgment of right over you—an obligation to which your goods, your chattels, your very person, are subject—a debasement of man to metal. Like other compulsory measures, it is adapted only to serfs, and not to “man erect and free.” No man, believe me, kind reader, ever paid “with pleasure.” You shake your head at this doctrine. Let me convince you. Buy a few shares in any one of the Namaqua Mining Companies, and let the Secretary drop upon you for the fourth or fifth instalment. I warrant you the doleful dumps in which the ballad-singer bewailed the untimely fate of gallant Widdrington, of Chevy Chase notoriety, will be as nought to the emotions of grief, wrath, and repugnance with which you will open your purse.

Your true philosopher, be it observed, never wants money, and never gets into debt. Your true hero, your good fellow, has, from time immemorial, spent his money, when he had it, and gone into debt when he had it not.

All hail, ye bankrupt heroes of yore—ye insolvent worthies of antiquity! Half your fame is owing to your difficulties, What needed Miltiades to complete the interest which attaches to his story, but his fate—to die, as he did, within the precincts of an Athenian Queen’s Bench, and in the fangs of a classic bum-bailiff, armed with a writ of *capias* and *fi-fa*, written in the bustrophedon style?

What makes so pointed a moral to “adorn the tale” of the gay, the brilliant Alcibiades, as the fact that he was “hard up,” spent his last drachm, and was glad to be buried in a petticoat for want of the wherewith to buy a pall? Who but that illustrious Jeremy Diddler, Caius Julius Cæsar, could have got tick to the amount of two million sterling, and wanted “only that sum to be worth nothing?” And who but a man, who, like the same Cæsar, had known what it was to want a little money, would generously have left to the people a large fortune by way of legacy, out of their own coffers?

But why should I look for illustrations of the illustrious insolvent in antiquity. Have not our fathers seen Sheridan, who made the great Begum speech, and paid nobody; and

Brummel, who invented starched neckcloths, and died in a garret in Boulogne; and Charles James Fox, who gambled, and was always in debt; and William Pitt, who drank, and died with £40,000 to the wrong side of his account, which the nation paid out of pure gratitude for his having added only five hundred million pounds to the national debt? And is there not the national debt itself, said by loyal men to be the palladium of Britannia, who would in fact have been fairly ruined had she not saved herself by getting irretrievably into debt?

Have not grave senators, gartered lords, made speech after speech in praise of the advantages accruing entirely through the nation owing an impayable sum, and hath not the press groaned under tomes, from the slim pamphlet to the goodly quarto, demonstrating the incalculable blessings England derives from its great I. O. U?

It has indeed been found that the advantages indisputably attendant on a national debt are at times counterbalanced by inconveniences to such an extent as to render it doubtful whether the advantages should not be relinquished. This cannot, with fairness, so much be attributed to any natural defect in such a meritorious institution (I mean a national debt) as to circumstances—to use a favourite reason—over which we have no control. Under such circumstances, a nation occasionally sees the propriety of relinquishing the benefits which it might otherwise derive from its debt. Our Yankce cousins, always in the van of improvement and civilization, have made the process familiar to us under the name of Repudiation. That which Pistol taught, and America did, must be right,—a great nation has hallowed his sentiment, a great people have realized his principles, to the everlasting confusion of all bondholders, duns, and creditors.

To expunge or sacrifice its debt is a luxury, however, which can only be indulged in by nations as strong as they are acute. Mexico and Dunnup are required by the law of nations and the conventionalities of society to adhere to their obligation, or at least to affect to do so. Much might be said on the distinction thus permitted to exist between nations of different means, pecuniary and pugnacious; but I shall confine myself to the case of Dunnup.

Not the least advantage of being in debt is that it sharpens a man's intellect, quickens his imaginative powers, and develops his ingenuity. Only fancy the amount of skill and ability, the mental labour, the dodges, the manoeuvres necessary to enable our friend Dunnup to raise a small loan. I'll be sworn, Lord John Russell never sweated half so much over

the Reform Bill as Dunnup did to pass *his* little bill for ways and means.

Did you ever know, reader, what it was to be downright "hard up," and then succeed in getting a bill "done" by some benevolent Arthur Gride? To what shall I liken the dolorous state of mind precedent, and the delectable emotions subsequent to the operation? How shall I depicture the rapture with which you unravel the sacred and sublime mystery, to solve which Hermes Trismegistus, Roger Bacon, Lully, Albertus Magnus, and the renowned Philippus Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus Bombast von Hohenheim vainly devoted their learned lives—the transmutation of a bit of dirty paper with nothing better on it than £ s. d., "the Roman initials," as the Honourable Richard Dowlas says, "of pounds, shillings, and pence," into the hard, glittering sterling. This is true alchemy, oh Bacon!—for what didst thou discover but the villainous compound,

Which many a good tall fellow hath destroy'd  
So cowardly —?

And thou, Teutonic Glauber, is not thy name inseparably associated with a vile, griping salt, which, in combination with the Nubian nastiness—the abomination of Sennaar—was, in days of rebellious but helpless youth, inflicted on me with many a whack and cuff?

Thou too, immortal Paracelsus—for thus curtly hath a sceptical age, incredulous of the philosopher's stone, curtailed that goodly string of magnificent appellatives—partly hereditated, partly assumed—in which thou didst rejoice—thou too immortal Paracelsus—

But I forget I am wandering from my subject. Some other day I may venture to give my opinion on the trismegistic art. Let me revert to the tenderest of all the passions which agitate the mind—the want of the needful; the hunger which the divine Mantuan has, in a moment of inspiration, designated *sacred*.

Have you, reader,—for I pointedly address myself to you,—have you ever been seduced into a pic-nic party on board a steamer? Probably you have—and if so, you will well remember that as the quaking, quivering, rattling monster seethes and surges, and rolls and plunges, and wobbles up and down, now playfully going right into the spray, which ruins your best coat; now cheerfully puffing a fetid, black cloud into your face, so pale, so woe-begone—how you, hapless, misguided land-lubber, lay supinely stretched, with a reckless disregard of everything in the wide world, in the

lee scuppers, desiring nothing better than to be hanged and put out of your misery, and the milk of human kindness in your big bosom curdling to an acid and malignant whey, at the proposition of some monster to try a bit of fat pork. You will remember when the excursion accursed is accomplished, and you emerge from the floating Hades, once more to tread the Elysian fields, or streets, of mother earth; have purified your all-be-draggled outer-man, and comforted the inner one—late in such dire convulsion—with a dram of imperial cognac or humble gin, how you rise superior to the past, tread the ground with a firm and joyous step, and ultimately sink to a rest the more soothing for the sorrows undergone. Not less sweet is the delicious calm which succeeds the storm which rattles about the ears of the moneyless wight after surmounting the difficulties of his bill.

Woe to you, possessors of thousands and holders of bills ! When do such happy moments of bliss visit *you* ? You may read Dryden, and hear that “sweet is pleasure after pain,” but how can you ever realize the pleasing fact ? This is a blessing which heaven in its wisdom has reserved for the Dunnups of all ages and climes, just as the hard-worked and ill-fed labourer is gifted with an appetite which is denied to the turtle-feeding alderman.

I reflect with indignation on the state of our laws, which have evidently been made by the enemies, the hereditary foes, of that much persecuted race, the Dunnups—the Albigeneses of the age—against whom their fellow-christians (to say nothing of the Jews) have instituted an authorized and unholy crusade. Are we not precluded from sitting in Parliament, where we might redress our grievances “and laws be all repealed ?” Are we not preyed upon by that animal abhorred, the sheriff, and his blood-suckers ?—are we not subjected to incarceration ?—and yet, hath not a Dunnup eyes ?—hath he not hands, to long for and to spend ?

Yet, like other great facts, martyrdom strengthens our cause, and many of our heroes chirp gaily at the legal stake.

I remember well Jack R—. He was a regular Dunnup, a clerk in a public office, and figured on the roll oftener than any man I knew. He used to have a summons served up to him as regularly as his egg ; a writ lay under every plate ; you never went to his quarters without meeting Caligula Quod, the sheriff’s officer, and if you wanted Jack, your only certain chance to find him was in court, endeavouring to “show cause” why he should not be ordered to pay his washerwoman or his tailor, and “excepting” to the summons. On these occasions, Jack was all bustle, all life and excitement, and as



his traps had long ago passed through the clutches of the aforesaid Caligula, he cared little for the result. This went on for years; but at length one creditor, a Scotchman, pressed him in the magistrate's court—issued execution—got a return of *nulla bona*—took him into the supreme court and got a judgment—Jack fighting him, tooth and nail, through the whole process; but the inevitable doom came, and Jack's "estate" was sequestrated. I met him a month afterwards, all liveliness and spirit gone. He shook my hand, and, with a tear in his eye, said "I can't stand this any longer, old fellow, I can't. Haven't received a summons or seen the yellow face of dear old Quod for an age—I am dying for *want of my customary excitement*, and if I can't get into debt again, I *must* take to drink!" And it was a fact—he was miserable for want of "a little healthy excitement."

Oh gay, and good-tempered, and jovial M——! Shall I ever forget the day when—the paternal allowance being anticipated—together we, then young and green, adjourned to the old usurer's dilapidated quarters, to "~~draw~~" a bill drawn by you, "on the governor," for some sixty pounds, backed with my respectable name. After *my* praises, and *your* pleasantries, do you remember how old Rothschild, as at least we deemed him, handsomely offered thirty pounds in cash (less the discount at a slightly illegal rate), the balance to be taken out in a dinner service of cracked china, (only a few nobs and covers wanting), a patent lamp, without the glass, and a brummagem Joe Manton, very shaky and with both locks broken—all which articles were submitted to our astonished inspection at a dead bargain? How we laughed then, and how often have we laughed since at the recollection of our interview with old Twelve per cent., now I believe in Tophet!

The man who owes and never pays has one consolatory reflection,—the prodigious interest which is felt in his welfare by those who, towards others, manifest an utter want of bowels. When his sacred and imperial majesty, the Emperor of all the Chinas, falls ill, the salary of his physician is immediately stopped, nor is pay again issued till Majesty has recovered. The natural result is a real solicitude felt by the celestial medico for the precious health of his patient. Even so, your creditor will be seen making the most tender and anxious inquiries after his sick debtor, and displaying a genuine concern, to the everlasting honour of human nature, and to the credit of the state of affairs which has elicited such rare sympathy.

Dunnup has always many friends to say a good word for him, and pity him. He has rarely an enemy unless it be a

Dun,  
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men!



He is sure to be a "good fellow," for adversity hath softened him, and the rubs he has received in this world have smoothed all asperities;—he is generous, for he is always wishing he had means "if it were only to assist you,"—he is liberal, for it is easy come, easy go, with him,—he is affable, for he cannot afford to be insolent,—and he is honest—as much as a richer man. In this latter respect the world has the advantage in your Dunnup. Every man has his price; the poorer your rogue, the less you will pay for him; and in the inverse ratio, the richer your man the more exorbitant his purchase price. Dives, above the want of a thousand pounds, gets vain upon his refusal to be bribed for that sum,—but he is to be had for a pension, an office, a lucrative contract for his brother, or some other expensive inducement—whereas, clap a hundred pounds into Dunnup's palm, and say "Honest friend, give me your vote"—or whatever the little service you require to be performed, and it is done, to the infinite saving of the nation.

While I am on this subject, I mean economy, I would remark that nothing is so cheap, or so convenient, and costs so little as a promise. The debtor's legitimate motto is *I promise to pay*, and is said or written by him oftener than his devotions. The convenience of being permitted to promise—

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NOTE BY THE EDITORS.—Mr. J. W. Dunnup, the author of this essay has given a practical illustration of the convenience of promises. Despite the most solemn pledges and repeated dunnings, he has left his contribution in the above unfinished condition. We have received a letter from Mr. Dunnup, in which he *promises* the remainder of the article to-morrow, and concludes with requesting the loan of five shillings, which he "expects to return in a few days."

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## SHIPWRECK OFF CAPE AGULHAS IN 1686.

(CONCLUDED.)

AFTER having continued a day and two nights on the islet of which I have just spoken, we started again for the Cape. Before leaving, we perceived certain dry branches of trees of good size which were open at both ends like trumpets. The thirst which we had hitherto so cruelly felt, caused us to attempt a contrivance which was afterwards of great use. Every man took one of these long tubes, and having closed it well at one end, filled it with water as a supply for the entire day. In the uncertainty in which we were as to the position of the Cape of Good Hope, the pilot

told us, that it would be well to climb the high mountain before us, because possibly from the summit some certain indication of the place we sought might be obtained. This was enough to persuade us to make the attempt. We clambered, as we best could, up this height, which was very steep, and it required additional toil and extraordinary effort to effect this day's journey; and yet we took the ascent to the right, where the mountain was neither so rugged nor so high. For the whole of this day we lived on nothing but a few little flowers and some green herbs which we found here and there in small quantities. In descending this mountain in the evening, with much disappointment at having made no discovery, we perceived a troop of elephants about half a league from us, feeding on a large plain. There were perhaps about twenty in all, and one of extraordinary size. We passed the night on the shore at the foot of the mountain. The sun had not quite set when we came to our halting place. We were soon scattered about, each seeking something to eat, but nothing was found either on the sea-beach or inland. Of all the Siamese, I was the only one who obtained anything for supper. I was seeking for herbs, but found none, except some so bitter that I could not swallow them. After having fatigued myself uselessly for a long time, I was returning when I saw a snake, very slender, in truth, but of a good length. It was no thicker than the thumb, but as long as the arm. I ran after it as it fled, and killed it with my poniard. We then put it on the fire without any preparation, and ate it whole, with its skin, head, and bones, leaving literally nothing. It seemed to us to taste well, and we certainly had had no more delicate food for the whole journey. After our little supper, we found one of our three interpreters dead. He had been destined to go to France with two mandarins, who were bearers of a present from the King, our Master, to his most Christian Majesty. Thus we were now no more than ten Siamese, including the two Ambassadors. We started on this day a little later than usual; at break of day a thick fog had risen, which darkened all the horizon; and it was broad daylight before we moved. We had scarcely advanced half a league before the most tormenting and violent wind which I had ever met with in my life began to blow; besides being excessively cold and right in our faces, it was so powerful that it scarcely allowed us to put one foot before the other. Perhaps our weak state made the wind appear to us stronger than it really was. However this was, we were obliged to tack, as they say at sea, now to go a little way to the left, now to the right, to advance a little towards our destination. About two hours after noon, the wind brought us some heavy rain, which lasted until the evening. Some lay down for shelter under some arid bushes, others concealed themselves in the hollows of the rocks, and many not finding a place of shelter, stood with their backs against the steep bank of a rivulet, and pressed against each other for some heat, and to avoid with as little inconvenience as

possible the violence of the storm. It would be very difficult to describe the pain and annoyances which we endured from cold, wind, and rain for the rest of the day and the following night. We counted as nothing the extreme hunger that tortured us, though we found no food whatever, and satisfied our thirst only with the rain as it fell. Our weakness and the other fatigues of the preceding days seemed tolerable in comparison with the misery and woes which we then suffered, constantly trembling with cold, and thoroughly drenched, without the power of closing our eyes or lying down for a little repose.

Never had night appeared so long or so wearisome; and it seemed that we were solaced for the half of our suffering, when we saw the day appear. Benumbed, weak, and in grievous pain, we were happy to hail the dawn. But we were astonished indeed, and in a melancholy state, when, on preparing to join the Portuguese, we found that they had disappeared. In vain did we examine, search, and explore on all sides; it was impossible for us not only to see any of them, but even to discover the path they had taken. In this cruel desertion, all the ills we had hitherto endured returned, as if to overwhelm us at once, and were felt with greater violence. Hunger, thirst, weariness, disappointment, terror, rage, and despair took possession of us. We looked on each other in astonishment, half dead, in profound silence, and without any hope. When we had a little recovered from this state, the second ambassador first took courage, and restored it among the rest. He called us together to deliberate on what we should do in the present conjuncture, and addressed us in these terms:—

“You, as well as myself, faithful Siamese, see the state to which we have been reduced. After our shipwreck, in which we have lost all, some consolation still remained. While we were with the Portuguese, they served as guides, and in some measure as safeguards; both against the fury of the elephants, tigers, lions, and other monsters of these vast wilds, and especially against the inhabitants of this country, who are yet more cruel and more to be feared than the fiercest wild beasts. I would believe that having treated us so well until this moment, they have not quitted us but for good reasons.

“Have we not been ourselves compelled to leave our first ambassador in the midst of a horrible solitude, in the hope of recovering him if we should be so fortunate as to have it in our power. In the loss of our two mandarins and of the other Siamese, who are already dead, we have experienced that, in extreme need, men have but little sympathy with the misfortunes of their neighbours, and when we ourselves suffer and see others suffer, pity is entirely lost. I do not therefore blame their resolution, which may be praiseworthy. We should accuse only our destiny, which has separated us from them this night, and prevents us from discovering their course. But even if they have abandoned

us without cause, it is not now the time to cry out against them. By complaining of their baseness and want of good faith, we do not remedy the great evils that threaten us.

"Let us try to forget them, that we may not have the cruel dissatisfaction of remembering that they have deserted us, or that we have lost them, and do at present as if we had never seen them. We have indeed received some little comfort from their presence, but we can do without them. Perhaps God, who rules heaven and earth, touched by the merits of our Great King, seeing us thus destitute of all human succour, will take especial care of our lives. So, without consulting further, we have only to follow the sea coast, as was before resolved. But there is one thing which we are bound to prefer before all others, and of which, if I were certain, I would be indifferent to my future fate, however wretched it might be. You are all witnesses of the profound respect which I have always had for the letter of the Great King, our Master. My first, or rather my only duty in our shipwreck was to save it. I even attribute my escape to the good fortune which always accompanies one who has had the honour of approaching the supreme majesty of the Great King whom we serve. From that time you have seen with what anxious care I have guarded it. When we halted on the mountains, I have always had the caution to place it at the highest point, over the heads of those of our party; and placing myself a little lower, I remained at a fit distance to watch it: and when we rested in the plains, I have always attached it to the top of the highest tree which I could find near. While travelling, I carried it on my shoulders as long as I could, and I did not entrust it to others, until my strength scarcely permitted me to carry myself. In the uncertainty in which I am whether I shall be able to follow you long, I, on behalf of the Great King our Master, order the third ambassador,—and he will have the charge, if he should fail after me, to act in the same manner to the first mandarin,—I order, I say, the second ambassador, if I die before him, to take equal care of this august letter,—so that as we are unable to carry it to him for whom it is destined,—if any Siamese survive, he may have the happiness of returning it into the hands of His Majesty. But if, unhappily, none of us should arrive at the Cape of Good Hope, he who is charged with it last must inter it before his death, on a mountain if possible, or on the highest spot he can reach: so that having placed this precious deposit beyond insult and accident, he may prostrate himself to die near it, testifying by his death, the respect which he bore it while alive. This is all I have to recommend. Let us now take courage,—never separate, and travel short stages; the fortune of the Great King our Master will always protect us, and the star which presides over his happiness will watch for our preservation."

This address made a considerable impression on all. We felt new strength and resolution to obey these orders. It was decided that it would be best to follow the Portuguese as well as we were



able, taking the route which we supposed them to have gone. So without further hesitation we recommenced our journey. Before us was a lofty mountain of great length, and a little to the right a small hill. Seeing the steep ascent of the mountain, we easily persuaded ourselves that the Portuguese, tired as they were, would not have attempted to climb it. It seemed indeed the more direct route; but as it appeared impossible to take it, we readily concluded that we were to go to the right and pass over the other hill. This day, after the wretched night which we had passed, I suffered extraordinary pain, not only because my limbs were stiff and numb, but because, as well as the rest of my body, they had begun to swell most violently. Some days after, there poured from my whole body, but especially from my legs, a thick whitish water, causing inexpressible pain which lasted for the whole journey. Without this experience I never could have imagined that human life could have had sufficient strength to resist for so long a time so great a multitude of evils. We went very fast; at least we thought we were using great speed; whereas, in truth, we did not advance much. About noon we arrived, very tired, at the banks of a river about sixty feet broad and seven or eight feet deep. When we reached it we began to doubt whether the Portuguese had crossed it, for though it was not very wide, the stream was a very rapid one. We tried to cross, but the torrent was so impetuous that it would have carried us away unless we had turned back as quickly as possible. However, in our uncertainty we resolved once more to make the attempt. To do this with as little danger as possible, an invention, which, however, did not answer, was tried. All our scarfs were tied together with the intention that the strongest man of the party should pass over to the other side, and fasten one end to a tree which we saw on the opposite bank, so that all might with the aid of the long rope of scarfs pass over to the other side without being carried away by the torrent. Our strongest mandarin took the task upon himself, but he was no sooner in the middle of the river before, being unable to resist the torrent, he was obliged to quit the end which he held to gain the opposite bank, which he did in great peril of his life. The water rushed with such impetuosity, that in spite of all his efforts and skill, he was thrown on a protruding portion of the bank, severely injuring his shoulder, and covered with bruises. He walked up the river's course for some distance, and at length called out that it was impossible for the Portuguese to have gone this way. We bade him to return, and to do this he was obliged to ascend far higher than we were before attempting to swim, and even then he had much trouble to gain the place where we were. Thus persuaded that the Portuguese had not crossed the river, we readily concluded that they had gone along its banks. We took the route, after having refreshed ourselves with a little water, for we found nothing to eat all this day. We had not gone half a league before we saw a torn stocking, which assured us we were on the track of the Portuguese. After much trouble we



reached the foot of a mountain, which was hollow at its base, as if nature had intended it to serve as a lodging for passers-by. It was large enough for all of us altogether, and we passed a very cold and miserable night there. For some days my legs and feet had been so swollen that I could wear neither shoes nor stockings; but this inconvenience was greatly increased by the extreme cold which I endured this night, and the dampness of the rock. On waking in the morning, I perceived a considerable space covered with the water which had run from my feet. But weak as I was, I found strength on the morrow, when the others were preparing to start. It appeared that the more I suffered pain, the more care I took to preserve my life; I really hoped more than ever to preserve it, after having suffered so cruelly and having run so much risk of death. The whole of the morrow we continued along the river's bank in the expectation of discovering the Portuguese, whom we believed not far distant. From time to time we found traces of them. A quarter of a league from the rock where we had slept one of our men saw a gun a little aside, with a flask full of powder, which a Portuguese had no doubt left from inability to carry it further. This discovery was of very great use to us. We separated the stock from the barrel, and took with us the lock and the powder flask for the purpose of striking fire. It was indeed very fortunate; for since we had gone along the river, we had found absolutely nothing, and were nearly dead of hunger. We immediately made a fire; and seeing that my shoes were not only useless to me, as I could not put them on, but had become an encumbrance,—for I continued to carry them in my hand in the hope that the swelling of the feet would go down,—I yielded at length to necessity; I separated the different pieces, and having had them well roasted, we ate them with a very good appetite. Not that they tasted remarkably well, for the leather was so dry that there was no moisture whatever left in it; but it was enough that they were not bitter, and that it was possible to swallow them, so great was the hunger that tormented us. We then tried to eat the hat of one of our servants, after having roasted it well; but this we could not manage. In order to masticate it at all we were compelled to burn several pieces to a cinder, and in this state it was so bitter and loathsome that, famished as we were, we could not swallow it.

After this repast we recommenced our journey; and again met with a decisive proof that the Portuguese had proceeded along the banks of the river like ourselves. We found one of our interpreters, who had followed them, dead there—his knees on the ground, supporting his head and arms, and the rest of his body. Our two surviving interpreters, who were half-caste, i. e., of Portuguese fathers and Siamese mothers, had determined on not parting from the Portuguese, and had also deserted us on the day on which the latter had quitted us. This one appeared to have died of cold, from the position in which we saw him on his knees and leaning

against a hillock, in a place full of herbs. We stopped for a little while at this place, which seemed delightful, and where we found such beautiful verdure. Each of us provided himself with herbs and some of the least bitter leaves which could be found, for supper in the evening.

We pursued our journey, which began to fatigue us very much, seeing that the Portuguese were always in advance, and we unable to rejoin them. We were all quite discontented at having come so far with such ill success. We began, especially, to regret the little islet where we had been three or four nights before, and where we had found very good water, and an inexhaustible quantity of muscles,—the most delicious food that we had tasted during our whole journey.

In the evening, the murmurs and discontent increased. When we had come to the resting place for the night, there were but two roads that we could take, both of which were very difficult; and it was impossible to know which of the two the Portuguese had followed. On the one side there was a very rough mountain, and on the other a marsh, intersected by the several channels of the river which we had hitherto passed along, which, in many places, inundated portions of the country.

We could not believe that the Portuguese had crossed over the mountain, which is most difficult to climb. It was still less easy to know whether they had ventured into the marsh, which seemed to us almost entirely inundated; and where we could not see their footsteps, nor any mark to assure us that they had passed. In this embarrassment we deliberated as to our course for a part of the night,—whether we should go on or retrace our steps. The difficulties in the way of choosing the right way soon alarmed us so much that all of us were of opinion that we should advance no further, especially when it was considered how impossible it was to traverse the marsh without being in constant danger of perishing; and if we attempted the mountain, we should be sure to die of hunger and thirst; for there was no appearance whatever of water, and it would take more than one or two days to get over.

After this resolution had been taken, we decided by common consent to return to the little islet, of which I have spoken before, to continue there three or four days, living on the muscles which are there in such abundance, awaiting intelligence from the Portuguese; and that, after this, we should attempt to discover the Hottentots in the woods, offer ourselves to them as cattle-herds, and serve as their slaves. This condition appeared to us infinitely more agreeable than the wretched state to which we were now so long reduced.

We hoped that these people, barbarians as they were, would be touched by our looks, and that the service which we would render them would oblige them to give us some food, lest we should perish of hunger before their eyes. This last plan sufficiently exhibits

our deplorable state. Indeed, the misery must have been complete which could look forward, as to happiness, to service among the most abject, the most dirty, and the most detestable race under heaven,—whom, in truth, one could scarcely receive as slaves.

Having taken this resolution, we deferred our departure until dawn. We started at break of day, and we walked with such courage, in the hope of again seeing this coveted islet, and to assuage the hunger which was daily becoming more insupportable, that we arrived there in three days. We were overjoyed when we caught sight of the delightful spot. Each hurried to be there first, but the haste of the swiftest was useless, for the tide had rendered it impossible to cross. This islet, properly speaking, is nothing more than a tolerably high rock of a round shape, about a hundred paces in circuit at high water, and at low water numerous smaller rocks are visible surrounding it. A pathway of sand joins it to the shore, which can only be used at ebb-tide: while we were there, the tide was so high that the pathway conducting to the rock was covered with five feet of water. We spent five whole days there, and when the tide permitted, went to look for the muscles which remained on the beach between the rocks. After having collected sufficient for the whole day, we ate a few, and exposed the rest to the sun, or put them on the fire for the evening. The entire country around was extremely wild, and so arid that nothing could be found, except a few dry bushes to light a fire, without which we could not have managed; for scarcely did we fall asleep for a few moments during the night, but we started awake, our bodies rigid and half frozen with cold. Seeing there was but little fuel near the sea-shore, some went somewhat inland to search for it, but nothing was discovered around except sandy deserts and steep rocks, without trees or verdure. Fortunately, a considerable quantity of elephant-dung was found, which served to keep up our small fire two or three days. At last, this aid also failing, the rigour of the cold compelled us to abandon the islet which had furnished us with sustenance in our extreme need; and we proceeded in search of the Hottentots. Our disappointment in leaving this spot was augmented by the sad thought that we were about to place ourselves in the service and under the orders of the most horrible and barbarous of all the nations of the universe.

Thus, after having sojourned there six days, we parted with very great regret from the muscles and the sweet water which we left behind. What finally determined us to quit this place, was, that the Portuguese not having yet sent us any intelligence of their progress, we concluded, either that they had all perished on the road, or that they believed that we had all died; or that the people whom they may have sent had not been able to discover us on this out-of-the-way islet.

Before starting, we provided ourselves with water and muscles; each taking as much as he could carry. The first night we slept

near a pond of saltish water, very close to a mountain where we had before encamped. It was well that we had had the forethought to bring water and muscles, for we found nothing whatever that was eatable. From the break of day, all possible search was made for something to eat; a few herbs or leaves were greedily gathered; for though we had muscles enough for immediate use, we wished to keep them for pressing necessity. Some went down into the pond in the hope of finding some fish, but in vain; it was nothing but a mass of salt water and full of mud.

While we were all thus dispersed, those who were nearest the pond saw three Hottentots who were coming straight towards them. At a signal made by our people, we at once assembled as we had agreed, and awaited the three Caffres,\* who were walking to meet us at a swift pace. On their approach we at once saw by the pipes which they smoked that they had intercourse with Europeans. At first, we, as well as they, were much embarrassed in attempting to understand each other; for when they were near us, they made signs to us with their hands, holding up six fingers, and crying out with all their might "Hollanda, Hollanda." With their fingers in this position, they pointed out to us the road we should keep, and made signs that we should follow them. We scarcely knew what we should do in the first instance. Some thought that these Hottentots were spies and emissaries of those whom we had before met, and that they wished to take our lives; others thought by the signs made by them that the Cape of Good Hope was distant six days' journey. We deliberated for some time, and at length decided on following our guides, whither they would; for nothing worse could happen to us than we had already suffered, and death itself could only put an end to so many misfortunes, which rendered our lives so wearisome and cruel. We did not long continue in our first suspicion, that these Hottentots were spies, and we easily observed that they were not so simple as those whom we at first met, and that they certainly had intercourse with Europeans. They had brought with them a quarter of mutton. Hunger compelled us to ask them for it, and they gave us to understand that they would part with it for money. After we had, by signs, told them that we had none, they made signs again that we should give them our buttons, which were of gold and of silver. I gave them six of gold, and they delivered me the quarter of mutton, which I immediately caused to be roasted, and afterwards partook with our company. These Caffres, from the moment they had met us, pressed us strongly to follow them, and did all they could to make us precede them and take the lead. They placed themselves in front of us, and having gone some distance, came back to join us and press us to go on. It was about midday when we left the saltwater pond, and the Hottentots brought us towards evening to a height; we slept at the foot,

\* It will be remembered that the term is used for "natives" generally.



though the Hottentots, who were not nearly so fatigued or so weak as we were, called to us to join them on the summit and to pass the night there. The path had been very rough, and we had come too far to be able to do this. Of fifteen, to which our number was reduced, seven were in such a state that they were unable to move a single step when we were required to start in the morning.

We took counsel what to do in this sad conjuncture, and resolved to leave the weakest of the party, with a portion of the dried muscles which we still had; assuring them that as soon as we reached a Dutch dwelling we should send them a convenient vehicle. They could not move and were therefore obliged to consent to this arrangement; in truth, we were in a very deplorable state. There were none of us whose bodies, and especially legs and arms, were not fearfully swollen; but the appearance of the poor Siamese whom we left behind was fearful, so hideous and disfigured were they. Those who went on were much afflicted thus to leave their comrades, in the uncertainty whether they would ever see them again; but they could have received no comfort from us if we had remained to die with them. After having said a sorrowful farewell, we who were the least weak, followed our guides, who had waked us early in the morning. As I was one of the first of those who were ready to go, I witnessed a disagreeable sight, which may give some notion of the filthy habits of this wretched and infamous nation. After our three Hottentots had made a fire in the morning to warm themselves, the night having been very cold; seeing that we were ready to start, they took some ashes, and having put them into a hole which they had dug, they mixed water in it, and pounded the cinders for some time. When the mixture was liquid enough, they rubbed their bodies, arms, and legs, and face with it for a considerable time. After this ceremony they presented themselves before us. They were very impatient at our slow pace, but the evil was without remedy; at last they lost all patience, and after they had held a consultation, two separated from us and went in advance at great speed. The third continued with us without intermission, stopping when we wished and as frequently as we had need of rest.

For six whole days we followed our guide with pains and fatigue which seemed even more insupportable than our former sufferings. It was constantly necessary to ascend and descend places, which were fearful even to look at.

The Hottentot, accustomed all his life to climb the steepest heights, could not conceive our inability to follow him. Some of the party once resolved to kill him, when he began to clamber up a mountain so rough and steep that they thought it inaccessible, and believed that he was leading us there with the intention of causing us all to perish.

The second Ambassador blamed them severely for this, telling them that the poor man did all in his power to assist us, and that.



we should not repay by so horrible a crime the great services which he rendered us of his own accord. As difficulties, which at first sight astonish people naturally timid, vanish at a nearer view,—the places which from a distance we thought so dangerous, did not seem so when we had proceeded a little further; and as we mounted, it appeared that the ascent became more easy. However, with all our ills, fatigue, hunger, and thirst, we gained the top at last.

All this while, we lived only on some dried muscles, which we had saved as well as we could; and we were happy indeed when we met with some small green bushes, whose leaves had a slight acidity that was very delicious. Mixed with our dry muscles, they made an excellent ragout. A kind of small green frog, too, was very delicate and well flavoured. We had eaten some before in passing through a spot full of the grass on which they feed, and found them in tolerable quantity,—a piece of good fortune by which we did not fail to profit,—as well as grasshoppers, which, however, are not nearly so agreeable to the taste. But I must admit that the insect which was most palatable was a kind of large fly or beetle, very black indeed, which lives upon ordure. We found a large number in the elephants' dung along the road which the Hottentots took us, across the valleys and mountains. We dressed them by simply roasting them on the cinders, and found them wonderful. These hints may perchance be useful to others who may fall into the same need in which we were.

At last, on the thirty-first day of our journey after our disaster, and the sixth after we had happily met the Hottentots, at six o'clock in the morning, as we were descending a hill, we saw four persons on the summit of a high mountain before us, and over which we were to pass. At first, we took them for Hottentots, for the distance at which we were, rendered it impossible to distinguish them, and it did not enter into our thoughts that they could be any but Hottentots. But as they came nearer to us, and we to them, we were most agreeably undeceived, and soon discovered that there were two Dutchmen, and that the other two were the Hottentots who had left us four days before, to give the Dutch information about us. At this sight, we felt an inexpressible joy. We seemed to have found our liberators, and were at length certain, after having undergone so many ills, that our lives were safe. Our joy increased as they approached. The first question which they put was, whether we were Siamese, and where the ambassadors of the King our master, and the letter of which they were the bearers, were? When the ambassadors had been pointed out, they accosted them with much civility. After which, motioning to us to sit down, they caused the two Caffres who were with them to come nearer with the refreshments which they carried. When we saw fresh bread, cooked meat, and wine, we were beside ourselves with gratitude. Some of us threw ourselves at their feet, and embraced their knees; others called them fathers and saviours.

In a word, each exhausted the tokens of gratitude which he could command.

For myself, I was so penetrated with thankfulness that I at once wished to show them how I felt their kindness. The first Ambassador, when he ordered us to leave him behind, and to proceed towards the Cape, handed us a number of precious stones, which the King, our master, had given him for the purpose of making presents; he gave me five large diamonds, each set in a ring of gold. When I saw the Hollanders so generously share their refreshments among our party, I gave each of them one of the rings, in return for the life which they brought me.

I scarcely know whether I shall be believed in what I now say, and I feel difficulty in telling it, although I was not only witness of the fact, but myself proved its truth. However, this is one of those truths which are contrary to all probability, and received with repugnance and suspicion. But as I have been desired to state all our adventures in this lamentable journey, I cannot refrain from adding this,—imposing on no one the necessity of believing it on my word only. When we had taken some of the food and had drunk a little of the wine which the Hollanders had brought, we felt so weak and so utterly unable to move, that not one of us could rise, without incredible pain. In a word, though the two Dutchmen assured us that one hour's journey would bring us to one of their dwellings, where we might rest at our ease, none of our party had strength enough or sufficient courage to undertake the distance. Afterwards, reflecting on this surprising disposition on our part, and on an effect of food and drink so contrary to our expectation, I could find no other reason for the fact, than that which I am about to hazard, as it came into my mind, leaving the decision to those who have made a study of these things, and possess more light on the subject than I have.

While we believed ourselves in danger of perishing, we did not think of relaxation, but forced ourselves to walk on; this terrible fear made such an impression on our imagination, that it gave us strength in the midst of our extreme weakness, acquired by our extraordinary efforts. What will not a man do to extricate himself from present peril, when he sees an infamous or cruel death before him? Throughout the journey, we thought of nothing but relief from the misery which each succeeding day heaped upon us. The melancholy state of our companions whom we had been obliged to leave in the wilds, or whom we had lost, or the fearful death of those whom we had found extended on the road, shocked us at every step, and gave us renewed strength. Besides, the hope which we entertained, especially after having met the three Hottentots, that we should soon be delivered from all our perils, made us believe, on each day, that the following would be the commencement of our safety, and every morning, on starting, we persuaded ourselves that in the evening we should arrive at the Cape of Good Hope. These different thoughts incessantly

occupied our minds ; we made constant efforts and surmounted all kinds of difficulties, without being stopped by any obstacles or dangers, or by the terrible sufferings which we endured. On the contrary, after we were no longer sustained by our efforts, and delivered from the fear of death, and our hopes were fulfilled, it should not perhaps cause surprise that our spirits giving way to joy and the delight of recovered life, had no longer power to sustain us and to surmount the same obstacles which immediately before had been overcome.

However this may be, the two Hollanders, seeing that they could not make us advance a step, whatever persuasion they used, sent the Hottentots to fetch vehicles. In less than two hours they returned, and we saw two wagons and some riding horses approach. These last were of no use to us on that day ; none had strength to mount ; and we were all placed in the wagons, which took us to a Dutch farm-house, about a league from the foot of the mountain. It was truly a harbour of refuge and a house of life to us. We passed the night there on straw, with a delight and pleasure which cannot be expressed in words. It was indeed happiness to wake in the morning and see ourselves under a roof, and free from the dangers which we had suffered for thirty-one days.

Our first care on arriving at the house in the evening, was to beg the owner to send a wagon, with the necessary refreshments, to seek the seven Siamese whom we had left behind, as I have just stated. After the departure of this wagon, we got into two others, which carried us to another Dutch dwelling, four or five leagues from the first. Near this place the Company depastures a large number of cattle, sheep, and horses.

Some time after our arrival, we were informed that the Governor had sent some soldiers to escort us, and two horses for the two Ambassadors ; but they were still so ill that they did not dare to mount them. So we still kept to the wagons, and in this manner we arrived at the fort which the Hollanders have at the Cape of Good Hope. The Commander having been made acquainted with our arrival, sent his Secretary to receive the Ambassadors outside of the place, and to pay them the necessary respect. The Secretary accompanied us to the fort, which we entered through twenty soldiers, ranged in two rows in front of the guard house ; and then he brought us to the Commander's house. The Commander was awaiting us at the lower step of the staircase leading to his house, and received, with great marks of respect and affection, the Ambassadors and the Mandarins of their suite. He invited us to enter a hall, where, after we were seated, he offered us tea and wine,—while eleven guns were fired as a mark of respect and honour to the King, our Master, in the persons of his Ambassadors. We implored him to send some people with food to our first Ambassador, whom we had left not far from the shore where we had suffered shipwreck—for we hoped that he might still be alive. He told us

that at this time, it being the rainy season, it was impossible to send any one ; but, as soon as the weather permitted, he would not fail to take all imaginable care to search for the Ambassador, and procure him all the comforts necessary for his return. He added, that it was fortunate that we had followed the coast. If we had gone any distance inland, we should infallibly have fallen into the hands of certain Caffres, who show mercy to no one, and who would have pitilessly massacred us for food, they being fond of human flesh. In the course of the interview, he told us that he much regretted the misfortune that had overtaken us, and all the ills which we had suffered ;—but assured us that in him we had found a man whom it would cause true pleasure to make us forget our past miseries by the good treatment which we should receive from him ; that he esteemed himself fortunate in finding an occasion in which he could show the respect and recognition which the Dutch Company had always entertained for the great benefits it had received from the King, our Master. On approaching the Cape, and seeing the ships in the bay, we felt a consolatory hope that we might once again see our parents and friends, and our beloved country,—and these words of the Commander agreeably confirmed this pleasant thought. This assurance effaced from our minds nearly all the memory of our past sorrows—we thanked him with the utmost gratitude and civility. He kept his word well,—he ordered his Secretary to accompany us to the lodgings which had been prepared for us in the town, where everything we needed was most liberally furnished to us. It is true that he caused an exact account to be kept of our expenses and of the hire of our house, which he sent to the ministers of the King, our Master, who paid him all his outlay, as was just, and reimbursed him the pay of the officer and soldiers who had come to meet us, and who afterwards formed a guard of honour at our house during our stay.

The Portuguese had arrived at the Cape eight days before us, after having suffered even more discomfort than we had. A Portuguese Father of the order of St. Augustine, who accompanied the Ambassadors of Portugal by order of the King, gave us an account which drew tears from our eyes. He told us that it had become necessary for them to be as pitiless as tigers, not to have their hearts rent by the cries of the poor wretches who had fallen down on the way, tormented by famine and overcome with fatigue. They implored the assistance of their friends and relatives, they begged for a drop of water. All were compelled to seem insensible to their cries, and the only thing that could be done not to appear cruel and barbarous, was, when one fell, which happened several times in a day, to exhort him to commend his soul to God, and, saying nothing more, to turn away and close the ears, for fear of hearing the terrible cries which re-echoed on all sides. From the time they had quitted us, in order to go the faster, they had lost sixty persons of different ages and conditions, without counting those who had died before. Among them was the Jesuit Father,



who was very old and infirm. But the most sad tale was what happened to the captain of the ship, who was a very rich man of quality, and of the most honourable character. He had for a long time been a ship captain, and had rendered much service on various occasions to the King, his Master, with great valour and fidelity. I do not remember the name of his house, but I have often heard that there was no more illustrious family in the kingdom of Portugal. This gentleman had taken with him to the Indies his only son, about ten or twelve years of age, wishing, from his childhood, to accustom him to the sea, and personally to superintend his education;—and certainly this boy possessed every quality calculated to ensure affection. He was handsome, very intelligent, and well-informed for his age, of a most gentle and tender disposition. His father, on quitting the ship, had himself carried him ashore. During the journey, he caused him to be borne by some slaves; but at last, all these negroes having either died on the road, or having become so weak that they could scarcely drag themselves along, three days after the Portuguese had left us, the poor boy became so feeble and swollen, that about noon, having lain down on a rock, fatigued as the rest, he could not rise; he lay stretched at full length, his limbs so rigid that he could not move or bend them. This sight was a terrible blow to the father. He attempted to lift him, but could not. The boy was placed to walk between others, in the hope that the stiffness would thus diminish; but in vain. They only dragged him, and after a while were compelled to tell the father that if they attempted to carry him any longer, they would be sure to perish with him. Reduced to despair, he wished to carry him alone and placed him on his shoulders; but he had not strength to advance a step, and fell down with the boy, who even then seemed more afflicted at his father's grief than his own misfortune. He implored that his father should leave him to die, and said that the old man's affliction and the tears which he shed were far more painful to him than the sufferings which he himself endured. These words, far from persuading the captain to abandon him, distressed him the more, and made him form the resolution of dying with his child. The lad, astonished at his father's determination, and seeing that he could not prevail on him to change it, addressed the rest of the Portuguese, adjuring them with expressions which rent their hearts, to force his father away,—that his presence cruelly increased his sufferings, and was hastening his death.

The Augustinian Father and the Franciscan both represented to the captain that he could not, in conscience, execute his resolution; that it was his duty to save his life, and if he died in this state, he would be lost eternally. They then carried him off by force, beyond sight of his son, whom they had laid a little aside. This separation was so severe and heartbreaking to the captain, that he never recovered from it; his grief was so constant and violent that he died of chagrin one or two



days after his arrival at the Cape. We sojourned nearly four months at the Cape of Good Hope, awaiting a Dutch ship to take us to Batavia. The misery which we had endured, had broken us down so much, that we were more than two months regaining our strength. Without the care of the surgeon, who was very attentive, I do not think that a single one would have escaped. At first we were obliged to fast, in spite of ourselves, for I must say that it was almost more troublesome not to satisfy our appetite, now that we had enough, than to endure extreme hunger when we were in want. Before taking our departure from the Cape, we learned that the second pilot had left in an English ship; the first pilot wished to do the same, but the master of the ship and the rest of the crew kept him in security, that he should be brought to Portugal, to be there punished for his negligence. The greater number of the Portuguese embarked for Amsterdam in Dutch ships, from whence they went to Portugal; some others, with us, obtained a passage by a ship of the Dutch Company which had arrived at the Cape, late in the season, for Batavia,—where we separated. As to ourselves, after we had remained six months at Batavia, for we arrived there in November, having left the Cape early in September, we sailed for Siam in June, and reached it in the following September. The King, our Master, received us with marks of extraordinary kindness and generosity; he gave us clothes and money, and assured us that he would not lose sight of us in future.

After six months, the Envoy Extraordinary of the King of France arrived at Siam. Oia Vichaigen (the Siamese name of Monsieur Constance) the first minister of the King, my Master, ordered me to visit them, and to thank them for the honour they had conferred on him by their letter and the gentleman whom they had deputed. What procured me this advantage was, that during my voyage, I had learnt sufficient Portuguese to speak it and to be understood; and this, too, was the reason why Father Tachard requested of His Majesty that I might accompany the present expedition. Although I could not forget the evils I have suffered, yet the wonderful things which the Mandarins who have returned from France have spread, excited in me a passionate desire to know the truth myself. But what most influenced me to undertake this long voyage, was the hope of seeing the greatest and most puissant Monarch of the world, whose extraordinary virtue and high fame are known and admired even in the most distant lands.

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[The Siamese arrived safely in France, and were treated with extraordinary attention by Louis XIV. They were likewise well received at Rome by the Pope, for whom they had brought letters from Monsieur Constance, the Prime Minister of Siam, a Cephalonian Greek, named Constantine Phaulkon, at one time in the service of the English East India Company, who had ingratiated himself with the King. It is not clear whether they reached

Siam again in safety. During their absence, in 1688, a revolution took place, in which the King was dethroned and the Minister lost his life. One of the effects of this revolution was, that all hopes of establishing the Pope's religious ascendancy in Siam and of constituting the kingdom a dependency of France were destroyed. The principal European influence for some time after, was that of the Dutch.]

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### THE ANGORA GOAT.

THE difficulties which have attended the introduction of the Angora Goat into South Africa, the remarkable spirit displayed by a mercantile firm of Cape Town in overcoming these difficulties, and the importance of this addition to the agricultural wealth of the colony, were considerations which rendered me anxious to prepare a paper on the subject for the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.

At my request, Mr. Julius Mosenthal has kindly favoured me with the subjoined memorandum for publication in the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for February, which arrangement precludes my accompanying it with any remarks of my own, since the present number, as I am informed, has no space left. Under these circumstances, I must defer what I had to say on this subject till some future opportunity: and in the meantime, Mr. Mosenthal's graphic sketch leaves little to be desired, beyond, perhaps, some trifling optical aid to "us youth" of "dimmed scholarship," or translated extracts from the ancient classical authorities so liberally quoted, and which must have been almost as troublesome to hunt up as the goats themselves.!!

T. B. BAYLEY.

Wynberg, January 24, 1857.

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*Capra pilis longissimis crispis toto corpore cestitia.*—LINNÆUS.

Some fifteen years ago, a Colonel Henderson imported, I believe, ten rams into this colony, *via* India. I was told that they had been imported from Thibet, which, judging from their progeny, I thought very improbable. It is more likely that they were brought from Arabia to India, and thence shipped to this colony. Of these imported goats, more than one half died, and the survivors were distributed amongst farmers in

the vicinity of Cape Town; and the stock obtained from them found its way to Caledon and Swellendam, to the Bokkeveld and Roggeveld, to the district of Beaufort (West), the Swarte Ruggens, the Camdebo, the Rhenosterberg, and Winterveld. In Winterveld, between Hope Town and Richmond, I saw a flock of bastard Angoras at Mr. Sinclair's farm, amounting from 600 to 700, all white, bearing long hair; but no fresh blood having been imported into the colony for many years, their wool was coarse and useless. There are but few farmers in the Eastern Province who do not possess a few goats with some of the Angora blood in them. They are easily distinguished from the pure African goat, by their lengthy white hair, and the long curve-shaped horn. The best bastard Angora wool which I have seen, besides a beautiful sample from Swellendam, was from a small flock belonging to Mr. Hendrik Vos, sen., of Graaff-Reinet, which he told me he kept at Mr. Rubidge's farm, Pretorius Kloof.

Bastard Angora wool of the third or fourth cross has been exported from Swellendam and Caledon, and realised, as Mr. John Barry has informed me, 8d. per lb. in England.

For many years past, various gentlemen of experience expressed themselves convinced that if new stock could be obtained it would be a blessing to the colony. Sir Andries Stockenstrom, Mr. Richard Southey, Mr. Barend J. Burger, Mr. Vigne, Mr. D. G. van Breda, Mr. Rubidge, in fact all, were unanimous in this opinion; which was corroborated by a public subscription, opened at Swellendam and Caledon, where the principal farmers subscribed from £10 to £20 each, for the purpose of raising a fund towards the importation of the Angora goats. The money went home, the agricultural societies discussed the matter, but the attempt to obtain the Angoras remained unsuccessful.

Africa has a native sheep and a native goat. Both are bare, and carry no fleece of any value. By the introduction of the Merino sheep, the African sheep was gradually transformed into a wool-bearing animal, now constituting the whole wealth, and, I venture to add, contributing most considerably to the civilisation of South Africa.

The Angora goat will effect the same change with the native goat. Millions of wool-bearing goats, I am assured, can live and thrive in South Africa. The Ruggens, the Karroo, dry and apparently barren tracts of land, can give food to endless herds of these animals.

The price of good Angora goat wool is from 1s. 11d. to 2s. 2d. per lb. (See Price-Current, Wilmer and Smith's

European Times, 4th October, 1856.) A grown-up goat will carry from 3 to 4 lbs. of wool of 12 months' growth.

I was informed that South Africa, more than any other country, is especially adapted, in pasturage and climate, to rear the wool goat; that the African goat, crossed with the Angora, is not liable to scab (*brandziekte*), a disease of which many thousands of Cape goats perish annually; and I was gradually convinced that the Angora goat ought to be procured, *coûte qui coûte*.

We had at that time some lions and tigers to forward to the Earl of Derby, who, we were informed, possessed Angora goats in his *ménagerie*. We availed ourselves of this opportunity to obtain information from whence and how we could possibly procure the goats.

The information we received was such that we foresaw so many obstacles in our way, that we abandoned the idea for a while. Having heard that the first lot introduced into this colony had been brought from India, I addressed myself, however, a year afterwards, to a friend at Mauritius, and through him to a gentleman residing in Bengal, to obtain the goats, said to come from Thibet, by the way of Nepaul, and down the Ganges. I received for answer that the difficulties of getting the animals across the Himalaya mountains were such that they did not think they could succeed,—and up to this day I have heard nothing more from there on that subject.

My hopes having seemingly been frustrated in that quarter, I got an introduction to a Parsee merchant of great influence, and through him wrote to Bussora, the most southerly port of Asiatic Turkey, in the Gulf of Persia, on the mouth of the Euphrates and Tigris, in the ancient Babylonia. I tried to procure the goats from Persia or Asia Minor by that route, but remained as unsuccessful in my endeavours for this matter as on former occasions.

I, however, hesitated to give up the idea altogether, convinced that the object was of such vital importance for the Cape of Good Hope that it was worth trying again, with a last and a strong pull, and a pull all together.

Six months previously, we had addressed ourselves to a London firm, requesting them to write for information to Beyrout, how and where, in the East, we could obtain the goats. It turned out that, in place of Beyrout, they had written to Bavaria!

We then decided that one of us should go in person to Asia and procure the goats, or, if not, give it up as a bad job. When peace had been declared, my eldest brother, Mr. Adolph Mosenthal, set to work and proceeded to the Orient,



having for his object to ascertain whether, what we had not been able to accomplish by a port to the south (Bussora), we might perhaps obtain by some northern port.

I must here discharge a debt of gratitude we ourselves and the colony owe to Her Majesty's government for having greatly facilitated our task, by furnishing my brother with various letters, among others to His Excellency Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, who continued, in the East, to discharge for us the same kind offices which his government had already commenced. It would be indiscreet on my part to give in these lines the details of the manner in which those, and other men of exalted position, assisted by their great influence a task which they were told would benefit a British colony.

While my brother was on his journey, we heard that the plague and the cholera had broken out in the East, and the letters I then received from my family were written in so anxious and almost reproaching a tone that, I avow, I then heartily wished we had never put our foot at all into this troublesome affair.

Happily, we were informed shortly afterwards that Mr. Mosenthal had returned to a port in the Black Sea, and had succeeded in obtaining a number of rams and ewes, but that he would be obliged to remain with the goats from March to July, to watch over their safety.

He then succeeded in shipping them to the Mediterranean, where they had to undergo quarantine, and were ultimately landed at Southampton, from whence they were conveyed to London, and sent grazing in Victoria Park (See *Illustrated London News*, 16th August, 1856), until they were in a fit condition to be shipped to this colony. Of these we have landed thirty in the Cape of Good Hope.

Angora wool is used in England and the Continent for many articles of the loom. When largely imported from an English colony, it will then only become a more considerable article of trade, similar to the Alpaca, Lama, &c., now used so successfully in our manufactures. The softness, durability, and flexibility of Angora wool, the brightness of its colour when dyed, its long staple and fibre, are well known facts, traceable to remote antiquity.

When the children of Israel left the slavery of Egypt and took with them their cattle, the goats they possessed must have been wool goats, for Moses commands them to bring white silk and *goat wool* to weave the altar covers and the curtains for the tabernacle (Exodus xxxv, 23). Much goat wool must have been at hand, and of excellent quality, for



we read further (Exodus xxxvi, 14), "*and the wise workmen wove eleven curtains of goat wool, 30 ells long, 4 ells broad, all of the same size.*"

For slaughter purposes we find (Ezekiel c. 27, v. 21) that these goats were exported from Tyre to Arabia.

Respecting the early manufacture of Angora wool, you will find a few gleanings in the *Expositio totius mundi*, in the *Geographici Antiqui* of Iac. Gronovius. The composition belongs to the 4th century. In Porter, vol. ii, 720, you will find that the modern Angora is the Ancyra of the ancients, situated in the north-eastern part of Phrygia, afterwards called Galatia; "the hills about Ancyra are covered with herds of thousands of those goats."

I leave my own dim classical knowledge now, which gets fainter and fainter amongst the baftas and voerchitz, and quote to you a few notes bearing on the subject, with which my brother-in-law, Mr. Adler, has furnished me.

"The Phrygians were long celebrated for paying great attention to the keeping of live-stock, especially sheep. (*Xenophon Anab. Op.*, page 527, *et alibi et Herodotus.*) The sheep reared in the vicinity of Celænæ, one of their cities, were celebrated for the fineness of their fleeces, in which respect they rivalled those of Miletus (*Strabo*, p. 867.) The *goats* of the country were not less distinguished for this quality than the sheep, for in ancient Phrygia the Angora goat is found. The hair of this goat was woven into cloth in the time of the Persians, "*Ciliciæ capræ tondentur ut alibi oves.*" (*Aristotles Hist. Anim.* viii. Op. 1, p. 791.) These goats were *shorn like sheep elsewhere*, and garments woven of this wool. (*Geographical Survey of the Persians.* c. 1, 113.) These garments were dyed in brilliant colours, indigenous to the country, such as the red of cochineal, and robes of such extreme beauty and splendour made from them, that they were worn by the kings of Persia. (*Ctesias indica*, cap. 21, *Aelian Hist. Anim.* iv. 46, *Arrian* iii. 28.)"

The export of Angora wool from Angora is now annually 500,000 okes, or 1,120,000 lbs., at an average of 2s. 6d. per lb., about £150,000. (*Encyclop. Brit.*, 1852); which, considering the small province and the apathetic habits of the present Mahomedan inhabitants, may be deemed very considerable.

Specimens of fine unwashed Angora goat wool were exhibited in the British Exhibition by J. Abramoff, of Ekaternosloff, and S. Narishkin, of Saraloff, in the district of Balesheffisk.—(See *British Exhibition Report*, 1851.)

Angora wool is called in French, *poil de chevre*; in Italian.

*pelo di capra*; in German, *mohair wolle*; in Turkish, *seflik*. The first quality is long, bright, white; the second quality is reddish; the third is brown or black; the fourth is grey. When spun, it is called in English, *mohair*; in French, *filée de chevron*; in Italian, *filo d'Angora*. The yarn spun in the Levant is expensive, and is sold in four qualities—*fili fini*, *mezzani fini*, *mezzani*, and *inferiori*. The goats are shorn in spring, in the month of April, which corresponds to our October.—(Dr. W. Hoffmann).

In the British import lists, I cannot find it rated separately; it is most likely classed amongst the Lama and Alpaca sorts: nor can I find any publication of recent date stating the provinces in which it is mostly used. I should decidedly say in Yorkshire (Bradford and Huddersfield), and in Scotland (Paisley); and I have no doubt in my mind, that when largely exported from the Cape of Good Hope, it will become an article of considerable importance.

J. M.

### TO "EMMA."

What a world would this be, what a garden of joy,  
How full of enchantment, how free from alloy,  
If for ever around us each loved one could dwell  
And the lips never uttered that fatal Farewell!

Yet, alas! 'tis our portion, this parting and pain—  
The dregs of the cup that we mortals must drain;  
And the marriage bells chiming, the funeral knell,  
Each tells us the tale of another Farewell!

And now, pretty Emma, though fleeting and few  
The moments I've linger'd in converse with you,  
There's a weight on my heart which the pen cannot tell,  
As I think of the future and bid you Farewell!

Well—Life's but a dream: let me dream of the past—  
Of happier moments, too brilliant to last;  
On your beauty I'll linger in memory's spell,  
And forget that I ever have bid you Farewell!

A. W. C.

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

IN our first number we noticed the present healthy position of commercial affairs in this colony, and it is gratifying to us to be able to state that our remarks are fully borne out by the financial statements of the banks in this City, Graham's Town, Port Elizabeth, and Graaff-Reinet. To those conversant with the past transactions of the colony, the plethora of specie exhibits a curious contrast to those periods of pressure when the banks were almost drained of coin, and the mercantile public suffered inconveniences not only grave at the moment, but affecting after time. Many of the reports of the insurance and other offices in this city also evince prosperity, chequered, as institutions of a somewhat more speculative nature must be, with records of some losses. Whilst, however, the amount stands to the credit of profit and loss to so great an extent, we cannot but congratulate our fellow-colonists on the aspect of affairs in this quarter also.

The arrival of the steamer *England*, on the 25th ultimo, brought us intelligence of the attack by British men-of-war on Canton. Advices from that city lead us to expect that some time will elapse before trade will resume its usual course, even after the cessation of hostilities. Considerable property is said to have been already destroyed by the bombardment, and the well-known obstinacy of the Chinese will probably suffer much more to be sacrificed before they yield to our arms. In the meantime, in addition to the destruction of such of the staple of their country, as may be deposited in the native hong, merchant vessels will be unable to complete their cargoes of teas; and we may therefore assume that few, if any, shipments will be made until trade is re-established. 743 boxes indirect teas are reported from Singapore.

From India we have no commercial news of interest to this colony.

The *Mauritius Prices Current* quote higher prices for sugar, in consequence of an advance at home, and state that the extraordinary wet weather which had prevailed would probably prevent the crop exceeding that of 1855—1856. Imports from that island have been much in excess of the several preceding months, amounting in Cape Town alone, during the present month, to 8183 bags.

Considerable arrivals of American produce have come to hand, especially of flour and wheat; of which 3400 barrels of the former, and about 750 bags of the latter have been entered. The arrival of the military settlers, and the large number of troops stationed

on the frontier of the colony, have, however, prevented any decline in these articles, although coming in at a time when our colonial farmers bring their very superior grain to market. 900 bags of wheat have also arrived from eastern ports. Of rice, 1200 bags are entered by the steamer from Calcutta, and from the scarcity of the article, it will doubtless realise well. We have to note the arrival of 1950 bags coffee, and that the market is supplied.

Coals lately arrived have met with ready purchasers, but there is great difficulty in moving off old stocks. Of the 1550 tons received from Cardiff and Liverpool, upwards of 1200 tons are said to have been purchased by the Government @ 47s. 6d. per ton, deliverable in Simon's Bay; and 300 tons delivered into store in this city, @ 52s. per ton. The old stocks are heavy.

The new year opened with great spirit, owing principally to the presence in town of several buyers from British Kaffraria. Since that period little has been doing, nor is much expected before the Autumn trade fairly commences. We have only one arrival from London to announce, with a general cargo. A large quantity of French brandies has been disposed of, although not at paying prices. We quote the following:—

Brazil coffee, 63s. per 100 lbs. ; supplied.

Mauritius sugar, 28s. @ to 35s. per 100lbs. ; moderately supplied.

Rice (white), 27s. @ 28s. 6d. per bag, (no brown) ; scarce.

Caper tea (direct), 24s. @ 27s. per 10-catty box ; scarce.

Coals, Cardiff, 50s. @ 55s. per ton.

Gin, 32s. @ 34s. per case of 15 flasks.

Brandy, Sazerac's, 13s. per gallon.

„ Ordinary, 7s. 6d. @ 9s. per gallon ; scarce.

Manufactures, &c., 33 to 45 per cent. on invoice.

Teakwood, 6s. 6d. @ 7s. 6d. per cubic foot ; scarce.

Tobacco, 14d. @ 16d. per lb.

Mention has already been made of the large quantity of grain which has been disposed of in the market. Wheat was in great abundance and realized good prices. The older wheats commanded, as usual, considerably higher prices than those of the new crop ; but the farmers have reason to be satisfied with the sales effected for all descriptions. There is a short crop of oats, and the prices given for those offered have been almost fabulous, considering the amounts usually realized at this season. Attention will probably be turned to India and Europe for the introduction of gram and oats. In wool there have been but few transactions, owing to the transport being comparatively scarce at this time ; but the result of the November series of wool sales in London, which has transpired, will induce speculators to give full prices for this article. The last year's wines have nearly all been ridden in, and the wine-farmers are looking forward to their next crop, which promises to be most abundant, should nothing detrimental intervene.

A shipment of guano, per *Alert*, has been received from the west coast, but no sale was effected here. The price at Mauritius is encouraging to shippers.

We quote our principal articles of export as follows:—

Wheat, 27s. per muid.

Flour, 22s. 6d. @ 30s. per 100 lbs.

Oats, 12s. @ 14s. per muid.

Barley, 12s. @ 13s. per muid.

Wool, 9d. @ 1s. 6d. per lb.

Tallow, 6d. per lb.

Wine, £7 @ £8 per leaguer.

Guano, £5 10s. per ton.

Freights have been low, and continue so. There is much difficulty in filling up vessels on the berth for London, owing principally to the want of light freight here. Wool is eagerly looked for at  $\frac{3}{8}$ d. @  $\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb. Wine is shipped at 27s. per pipe; copper ore, 25s. per ton; and wet hides, 45s. per ton. Of the charters entered into this month for several places, we may name one for the conveyance of copper ore from Hondeklip Bay to Swansea, @ £4 per ton.

Money is plentiful. Bills on England rule @ 2 per cent. discount, for first-class private paper, @ 90 days' sight. Drafts of this nature are somewhat scarce.

The confiscation of land in the Orange Free State, proposed by the draft bill about to be presented by the President to the Volksraad, has caused considerable uneasiness to mercantile men in this colony, several of whom are personally interested in the land question. It is also expected to affect those who have debts owing to them across the border, which may be said to include almost every firm in the colony. Reliance is, however, placed on our government and legislature preventing a step being taken so detrimental to our commercial relations with the state burghers.

The *Ireland*, mail steamer, arrived from Plymouth on the 29th ultimo, bringing advices to the 15th December. In the gale which necessitated her putting into that port, an immense number of vessels are said to have been lost or disabled in the English Channel, but although reports have been made respecting some in which the Cape is interested, we cannot trace them to any reliable source. If, as we believe, they have been raised on the mere supposition that such vessels would probably have been in the neighbourhood at that time, we cannot but deprecate the thoughtlessness which originates, as well as makes current, such rumours.

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## ASTRONOMICAL NOTICES.

BY THOS. MACLEAR, ESQ., F.R.S

## CAPE MEAN TIME.

- FEB. 2.—Star 19 Tauri, 5th magnitude, will be occulted by the moon's dark limb at  $11^h 13^m$ ; the moon will set a few minutes after.
- „ 6.—Star of Geminorum, 5th magnitude, will be occulted as follows:—disappearance at dark limb at  $12^h 17^m$ ; re-appearance at bright limb at  $13^h 14^m$ ; moon in a favourable position.
- „ 11.—Jupiter's first satellite will emerge from his shadow apparently near his east limb, at  $8^h 6^m 47^s$ .
- „ 12.—Near noon Venus and Jupiter will be in meridional conjunction.
- „ 17.—Venus will be in close conjunction with the star  $\epsilon$  Piscium
- „ 21.—Mercury will be in meridional conjunction with the moon—two days before new moon.
- „ 25.—Mercury, at his greatest elongation,  $26^\circ 57'$  west from the sun.
- „ 26.—Jupiter in meridional conjunction with the moon.
- „ 27.—Venus, at her greatest elongation,  $46^\circ 24'$  from the sun; and in close meridional conjunction with the moon at  $10^h 39^m 49^s$ .

## REMARKS.

Of the thirty-two eclipses of Jupiter's satellites which will happen in the month of February, 1857, thirty-one will be in daylight, or below the Cape horizon in the night: the publication of their times therefore would be useless.

The transits of Jupiter's satellites and of their shadows across his disc, and the occultations of his satellites by his disc, will be given when it shall have been ascertained that amateurs, or private observers, at the Cape, have telescopes of sufficient power to observe them with.

## HOROLOGY.

The “gravity” escapement clock, constructed by Mr. Spolander, of Cape Town, announced last month, continues performing remarkably well. The rate is small, and the variation of rate is insensible. It has been going sidereal time since it was placed in the Observatory for trial, to facilitate direct comparison with the “transit clock,” and the result leaves a doubt as to which of the instruments is the best.

The position such a “regulator” should occupy hereafter is worthy of the consideration of the public. A private dwelling

would be a false position for it, provided the opinion of its merits, now confidently hazarded, should be supported by further trial.

On this subject it is proper to correct an error which appears in last month's magazine, page 49, line 12 from bottom of page, viz. for "were most successful," read "were the most successful." The expression was meant to be relative to others.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE late arrival of the *Ireland*, and a pressure of other matter, compels us to defer to next issue our intended monthly literary review. We can now find room only to briefly notice one or two short items of literary news. The leading literary event at home has been the delivery of Mr. Thackeray's admirable lectures on "The Four Georges." They have, in Europe, been first presented to the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh. Mr. Thackeray is now making the round of the other great provincial cities, and meets with the same enthusiastic reception as when he delighted the public with his delicious sketches of the Satirists and Humourists of last century. It is said that, in addition to his lecturing work, Mr. Thackeray is engaged on a new serial publication, which will shortly appear. Mr. Reach, a distinguished litterateur, and comparatively in the prime of manhood, has yielded to the painful disease which incapacitated him from work during the last two years. Mr. Horace Mayhew, we regret to understand, has been suffering from the same sad malady. It came on in both cases from the excessive amount of literary toil these gentlemen have been subjected to. Among the new publications, shortly promised, we notice a volume of letters by Boswell. The following is a list of the new books received at the Public Library by the *Ireland* :—

*Life in Ancient India* ; Prescott's *Charles VI* ; *Aurora Leigh*, by Mrs. Browning ; *Trope's Girlhood of Catherine de Medici* ; *Eliot's History of the United States* ; *Robinson's Kansas* ; *Nattie Brand* ; *A Life's Lessons*, by Mrs. Gore ; *Naples*, by Lord B. ; *Jonathan Oldacre*.

In addition to the usual periodicals, we are glad to observe that the *National Review* is now received : it is an offshoot from the *Westminster*, distinguished by great vigour, freshness, eloquence, and power in the treatment of the subjects discussed in its pages.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

THE opening of the new year has been marked by two events of considerable interest to the colony—the arrival of the British-German Legion, and the resumption of Steam Navigation on the coast. Of the Legion, 1820 in all have arrived, the greater portion of whom have already disembarked at East London. Baron von Stutterheim and Brigadier-General Woolridge, with the headquarters, are on board H.M.S. *Vulcan*.

The steam service on the coast has been commenced by the *Madagascar*, screw steamer, which arrived here on the 4th ultimo, from England. She proceeded on her first voyage to Natal, calling at the intermediate ports, on the 14th. She is a fast vessel, and her size and accommodation are well suited for the trade.

The subject of railways has been engrossing a large share of public attention. A very numerous signed memorial, in favour of their construction, has been presented to His Excellency Sir G. Grey, who, in reply, stated his conviction that the time has arrived when certain portions of the colony justifies the undertaking of works of this nature, and that he had directed surveys to be made in both the eastern and western provinces, in order to submit to Parliament preliminary plans and estimates, which will enable it to legislate on the subject. His Excellency will also, it is understood, be prepared with certain schemes relative to the proposed Harbour of Refuge in Table Bay and Immigration. In connection with the latter subject, we have to record the departure of H.M. steamer *Geyser* for Tristan d'Acunha, where she will embark the inhabitants of that island, who will be located in the Riversdale district. The Immigration Committee has also despatched a vessel to St. Helena to bring over those who have accepted employment at the Cape.

From the wine-growing districts there are most favourable reports of the present crops, which promise greatly to exceed those of former years. We regret, however, to learn that the horse-sickness has broken out at Colesberg, and that the cattle disease has again appeared in several parts of the colony.

A new bi-weekly paper, the *Cape Argus*, has appeared in Cape Town, and another joint-stock bank for issue and deposit has been established in George Town.

**EPISCOPAL SYNOD.**—The first Episcopal Synod held in South Africa was opened, in St. George's Cathedral, by the Lord Bishop of Cape Town, on the 20th ult., and was attended by the archdeacons and clergymen of the diocese, and lay delegates from the congregations of St. George's and St. John's, Cape Town, Caledon, Malmesbury, Mossel Bay, Riversdale, Claremont, Schoonberg, Worcester, George, Namaqualand, Stellenbosch, Simon's Town, and the Knysna. The congregations of Trinity, Cape Town, Mowbray, Wynberg, Paarl, and Swellendam declined to send delegates, or recognise the legality of the Synod.

**CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.**—*January 1.*—J. A. Munnik, Esq., to be Civil Commissioner for the division of Tulbagh; Mr. P. J. Winterbach to be Clerk to the Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate of Tulbagh.

*January 3.*—G. van Reede van Oudtshoorn, Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for the division of Riversdale, and a Road Magistrate.

*January 22.*—A. Reid, H. J. Denyssen, H. White, and T. Moodie, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for the division of Swellendam.

*January 24.*—J. C. Chase, Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for the districts of Somerset, Graaff-Reinet, and Albany.

*January 26.*—A. Bryan, Esq., to be District Surgeon for Queen's Town. Mr. J. Cameron to practice as a Land Surveyor.

**DIVISION OF THE ARMY.**—On the arrival of General Michel, H. E. the Commander of the Forces issued a General Order, making the following division of the Army serving at the Cape. Head-quarters, Graham's Town. H. E. Sir James Jackson, K.C.B., K.H., Commander of the Forces. Head-quarters of the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, Sappers and Miners, 13th Light Infantry, and Cape Mounted Rifles, 1st Brigade commanded by Major-General J. Michel, C.B. Head-quarters, Fort Beaufort; comprises Fort Beaufort, North and South Victoria, and posts at Fort Hare, Tyumie, and Middle Drift in British Kaffraria, and consists of 2nd Royals, 6th Royals, 1 wing 45th Foot, 80th Foot, 85th Light Infantry, 3 troops Cape Mounted Rifles, 1 battalion Artillery and Sappers and Miners. 2nd Brigade, commanded by Col. Pringle Taylor, K.H., comprises the remaining portion of British Kaffraria, and consists of 12th Foot, 60th Royal Rifles, 73rd and 89th Foot, 6 troops Cape Mounted Rifles, 1 battalion Royal Artillery, and 1 Company Sappers and Miners. The troops at Natal, under the command of Col. Cooper, consist of the head-quarters 45th Foot, troops Cape Mounted Rifles, 1 Battalion Royal Artillery, and Company Sappers and Miners.

**APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.**—The movements of the officers recently arrived from England are as follows:—Assist. Com.-General Erskine and D. A. Com.-General McClintock (who served in the Kafir War and the Crimea), have proceeded to head-quarters; Staff Assistant Surgeon Frank, M.D., to Natal; and Assistant Surgeon Young, 60th Rifles, to East London, to join his Regiment; Staff Assistant Surgeon Turner is ordered to join the 1st Brigade; Lieut.-Col. Christie, 80th Foot, Lieut. Griffen, and Ensign Smith, 45th, will proceed to Fort Beaufort, to join their respective corps.

**WAR DEPARTMENT, 21st Nov.**—2nd Foot.—Major-Gen. Sir J. W. Schoedde, to be Colonel, vice Lieut.-General Sir J. Holt, deceased; Assistant Surgeon H. Rose, from Staff, to be Assistant Surgeon vice Holton, who exchanges.

**CAPE MOUNTED RIFLES.**—De Lacy R. F. Woolridge, Gent., to be Ensign, without purchase.

**BREVET.**—Lieut.-Colonel Pinckney, 73rd Foot, having served three years as regimental Lieut.-Colonel, to the rank of Colonel in the Army. Rev. G. Davies is appointed Military Chaplain at Cape Town.

**10TH HUSSARS.**—The Government has made a selection of a number of sergeants from the 10th Hussars, and transferred them to the Cape Mounted Rifles. The non-commissioned officers selected will immediately proceed to join the head-quarters of the regiment at the Cape.

**91ST REGIMENT.**—A distribution of Kafir war medals to the non-commissioned officers and privates who served with this gallant regiment, now stationed in Greece, in the two last wars, took place at Athens, by the hands of Brigadier-General Campbell.

**BRITISH-GERMAN LEGION.**—Three detachments of the Legion, under the command of Lieut.-Colonel von Hacke, and Majors Crampton and Scott, consisting of 37 officers, 16 ladies, 1562 men, 52 women, and 34 children, have disembarked at East London, from the troop-ships *Sultana*, *Culloden*, and *Stamboul*. Another detachment has arrived in the *Abyssinia*, under the command of Major Scott, consisting of 28 officers, 12 ladies, 96 men, 50 women, and 30 children, and has left for East London.

# Meteorological Register for December, 1856.

*Reduced from five Observations daily, Sundays excepted.*

Hours of observation, 1h. 34m., 5h. 34m., 9h. 34m., 17h. 34m., 21h. 34m., Cape mean time.—Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Satura- tion = 100	Self-register- ing Thermom		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy sky in hundredths
		Dry.	Wet		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch.	
1	30.073	69.44	62.36	68	77.7	60.0	2.7	S <sub>1</sub> E		28
2	30.006	68.40	60.68	64	73.3	59.0	5.5	S <sub>1</sub> W		1
3	29.827	71.22	62.38	61	82.5	58.4	2.5	Sb W <sub>1</sub> W		0
4	29.808	71.44	65.42	74	83.2	58.5	0.9	SW		62
5	29.867	70.36	64.76	75	75.8	60.8	0.8	S <sub>1</sub> W		61
6					75.3	59.0				
7	29.951	68.28	62.10	72	71.7	60.1	3.4	Sb W <sub>1</sub> W	-.007	71
8	29.890	69.94	63.66	73	82.0	58.5	0.9	Wb N <sub>1</sub> N		70
9	29.974	65.64	61.50	80	70.8	57.5	1.0	NW		59
10	30.040	69.14	59.92	59	77.2	58.8	1.1	Sb W <sub>1</sub> W		22
11	30.030	66.16	60.64	74	71.6	58.7	1.4	SW	-.225	79
12	30.028	69.60	64.28	75	73.3	62.8	3.8	S <sub>1</sub> E		16
13					79.2	62.8				
14	29.891	71.60	64.26	68	83.8	63.0	3.4	Sb W		12
15	29.912	66.62	60.14	70	77.3	54.7	1.5	Sb W <sub>1</sub> W		32
16	29.777	61.78	55.96	71	70.0	56.8	4.2	NW <sub>1</sub> W	-.088	47
17	29.946	55.98	50.46	68	61.9	48.8	1.4	W <sub>1</sub> S	-.425	55
18	30.118	59.44	53.52	68	64.2	52.1	0.0	W	-.035	79
19	30.101	62.88	56.54	68	68.3	55.5	1.3	Sb W <sub>1</sub> W		23
20					72.3	55.7				
21	30.039	69.06	60.74	62	74.2	63.9	4.5	S <sub>1</sub> W		6
22	29.809	72.16	64.14	64	77.4	64.8	6.0	S <sub>1</sub> W		3
23	29.703	75.10	66.40	64	85.9	63.2	3.0	S <sub>1</sub> W		9
24	29.709	73.64	66.74	71	87.3	60.0	1.4	SW <sub>1</sub> W		58
25	29.884	63.52	58.90	77	69.2	57.0	1.2	NW <sub>1</sub> W	-.058	70
26	30.037	62.22	58.10	79	67.8	57.1	2.8	NW	-.404	88
27					68.7	58.2				
28	30.013	64.34	61.20	84	74.2	55.2	0.5	WbN	-.020	81
29	29.928	65.96	59.20	67	70.3	55.2	1.3	WSW	-.005	41
30	29.901	70.52	61.30	60	75.3	not set	2.1	SW <sub>1</sub> W		3
31	30.024	70.82	60.10	55	82.6	60.5	4.0	S <sub>1</sub> E		20
Mean. 29.937		67.60	60.94	69.3	74.98	58.55	2.32	SW	1.267	41

## METEOROLOGICAL REGISTER.

### EXPLANATORY NOTES.

1. Independent of contingent influences,—the temperature, atmospheric pressure, and humidity of the atmosphere, are closely connected with the sun's hour angle; in other words,—with the apparent solar time at the place of observation. Hence, generally, it is advisable to enter the *local* time when Meteorological observations are made, and not the corresponding time of any other locality; therefore the deviation from this obvious rule at the Cape, and at several other observatories, it may be well perhaps to explain.

When the great move for similar Magnetical and Meteorological observations, at as many points on the earth's surface as could be managed, was set on foot in the year 1840, it was agreed, for the purpose of facilitating the comparison of the observations, to reduce all to one meridian,—and in compliment to Professor Gauss, that of Gottingen was adopted; and it has been continued up to the present time.



Gottingen is  $39^m. 47^s.$  east of Greenwich, and the Cape is  $73^m. 55^s.$  east of the latter; therefore the Cape, in round numbers, is 34 minutes east of Gottingen. Hence, even hours of Gottingen time are even hours of Cape time, plus 34 minutes,—or say 5 hours Gottingen time =  $5^h. 34^m.$  Cape time.

2. The comparison of the observations made at different hours of the day, with the means for each day, will show (when a sufficient number shall have been gathered) the correction to be applied to one or two, in order to obtain the mean of the whole,—at least approximately. It has a reference also to the atmosphere, exciting causes which foster epidemic and other disease.

3.—Typographical error in the register for November, page 64, 18th day, Barometer, for 22.961, read 29.961.

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# CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## IRRIGATION.\*

BY THE HON. F. W. REITZ.

THE uncertainty of our seasons, and the very irregular periods at which good penetrating showers of rain return, strike every European, after a very short experience of farming in this colony; and in visiting European countries, nothing makes more impression on the minds of our Cape agriculturists than the advantages of a steady moist climate, even though draining, at considerable expense, be found requisite. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that my mind should, ever since my return to the Cape, some twenty-five years ago, have been continually turned to the question how this natural defect of our climate could be one day overcome by artificial means.

In their ignorance, people in England, who looked to this colony as a field for emigration, ridiculed the idea of stock farms six thousand acres in extent being necessary for the support of a single family; whilst many of our higher officials, on their first arrival, if they happened to visit the interior, in a good year, and in the rainy months, inclined to the opinion that, with such a fine country, it could only be owing to the apathy and laziness of the people that much more was not made of it. A better knowledge of the climate of this colony, as well as of Australia, has much changed the ideas of Europeans on this subject; and yet, when Lord John Russell pronounced the colony an unalterable desert, he hardly did it justice. Wherever there is water, a more productive soil, and a temperature more congenial to the growth of almost every vegetable production, can scarcely be pointed to. With the healthiest of climates, most of the productions of the tropics, as well as of northern Europe, can be successfully cultivated.

\* *Report on Italian Irrigation, by Capt. R. Baird Smith. London: 1852.*

We must, therefore, look upon that man as one of the greatest benefactors to our colony, who shall be the first to set on foot some large and comprehensive scheme for overcoming our greatest natural disadvantage.

I have, from time to time, diffidently hinted at the possibility of turning some of our rivers into use; but the proper time had not yet come, or what I said probably appeared too theoretical to gain much favour, so that I began to make up my mind to leave the matter to a future generation. But to my great satisfaction, when calling, a few weeks ago, on the Colonial Secretary, to speak to him on another subject, he turned the conversation on the question of irrigation, and seemed to have given it so much thought, and to be so zealous in advocating it, that my hopes revived; and, on asking Mr. Rawson whether he could tell me where I could get the loan of Smith's work on "*Italian Irrigation*," he at once kindly offered to lend it me, and has since transmitted it, with leave to return it at my own convenience. I have read the work carefully, and though somewhat disappointed, when I found that there was but little in it of practical use to us—the work having been expressly compiled at the instance of the East India Company, for the purpose of pointing out the advantages and disadvantages of the Italian system, as bearing upon the great works now in progress in India,—still, I trust that the extracts which are to follow have been made judiciously enough to induce the Cape public to call for further information, and likewise to show that irrigation, on a large scale, has been of immense benefit to Italy and India, and with results, as to profits, of a permanent kind, with which railroads are not to be compared.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to say that as Smith's book can only be properly understood, in regard to matters connected with the details and technicalities of the works described, by professional engineers, I have not made the slightest attempt to explain such matters; my object being purely the practical one of inducing the people of this colony to inquire whether something, on a more limited scale, cannot be done amongst us by co-operation.

I think it was Mr. Colebrooke who said that we had no reason to complain of want of fresh water, as long as a drop of it was allowed to run into the ocean. Although this was very boldly said, and if carried to its full extent might spoil the witticism of one of the seven wise men, who undertook to drink the sea dry, if the king who proposed the task would stop all the rivers that ran into it,—still, it is very certain

that we allow a great deal more water to run to waste than we ought to do.

Without the slightest prospect of our ever undertaking works of magnitude, such as Mr. Smith speaks of in India and Italy, we must not forget that there are rivulets and mountain torrents, which might be stopped on their way to the great draining rivers, and turned to useful purpose, in the same way that Louis Napoleon lately proposed doing (his plans are perhaps now in operation), though his object was a different one,—that is, to prevent the too rapid rise of the Loire and other large river drains in France, and so to prevent future fatal inundations.

There are several of our villages capable of finding work, during such part of the year as the corn and sheep farmers require no additional hands, for an increased labouring population, if there were water enough to enable them to irrigate larger gardens. Where a dense population becomes an absolute necessity, as on our frontier, the rivers of Kaffraria, many of which could be easily led out by a plough-furrow, over very rich ground, would, there can be no doubt, become, in the hands of intelligent engineers, sources of wealth to the cultivators (whether of the German Legion or others), and of sufficient revenue to the government.

True, there is one feature, both in the Italian rivers and those of British India, which appears in very favourable contrast with ours. The rainy season in the one country, and the snow-melting season in the other, occur exactly at the time when the lower and drier lands most require irrigating. But it is for scientific engineers to say whether there are not vast tracts in South Africa, where, in the rainy season, the superabundant waters could be led out into extensive artificial tanks, formed of kloofs and ravines, with the view of supplying the summer demand.

Those who, like Mr. Berg, the former Civil Commissioner of George, or Mr. Laws, the Member of Assembly for that division, have taken an interest in the irrigating powers of the George rivers, particularly of the Olifant River, or those who know the productiveness of small spots where a spring is found in our arid Karroo country, in the Richmond district and elsewhere, or those who are acquainted with the Olifant River in the west, and the marvellous harvests reaped there, in favourable seasons, can best tell how the crops raised in the years of plenty (a hundred-fold and upwards) would be sufficient for more than seven years of scarcity.

With these preliminary remarks, I shall now proceed to give such extracts from the work above alluded to as I

conceive likely to interest the Cape reader most, reserving any observations I have to make for each extract, consecutively. The subject is so full of interest to me, that, were it not for the fear of occupying more space than the pages of this Magazine can allow me, I should feel inclined to refer to Layard and Nineveh; the Tigris, and the embankments across that river, which caused the great discoverer so much trouble and delay in bringing the *bull* down that stream. I should like to speak of Bunsen, and the great canals of Egypt—of Lake Moeris, and of the reasons why these stupendous works fell to decay, with the tyrannical and idolatrous nations by whom they were constructed. I would allude to the tanks of Ceylon—the ancient water-works in South America—the irrigation system of China, and so forth; but let me proceed with my task.

Mr. Smith visited Italy between December, 1850, and May, 1851, and published his work in 1852. It is written somewhat in the narrative style, a sort of journal in fact,—so that the information, on each particular branch of the subject, is spread throughout the two volumes. With some little trouble, I have arranged the whole under ten different heads, viz:—

1. Ancient history; 2. Education of hydraulic engineers;
3. Proprietorship in canals; 4. Position and climate of the country; 5. Size and cost of different works; 6. Quantity of water obtained and extent of land irrigated; 7. Cost of water, and general information as to profit and expense; 8. Marcite; 9. Laws affecting irrigation; 10. Comparison between the system in India and Italy.

I have made extracts from different parts of the work, and indicated the pages. I thought this would facilitate matters for the general reader, and be more likely to draw the attention of the public to the prominent facts. I begin with

#### I.—*The Ancient History of Italian Irrigation.*

Mr. Smith remarks:—

“There is not much to be said on the subject of irrigation in this country (Italy) during either the classic times or the dark ages; a few references to the question by writers of the Augustan era—especially the line of Virgil in the *Georgics* (Ecl. 3), ‘*Claudite jam rivos pueri, sal prata biberunt,*’ an inscription of Hadrian’s time, commemorating the construction of an aqueduct in the vicinity of Milan, and some few scattered vestiges of dams and other works, which are attributed, in a doubtful way, to the times of the empire from Augustus to Theodosius,—are all the records I find noted by the historians of irrigation in the valley of the Po. That the system was to a certain extent employed, there



cannot of course be any doubt; but I think it most likely that water for irrigation was derived chiefly from springs, and was used to a limited extent; for had great works like those for supplying cities with water, of which so many remarkable examples remain, been also used for purposes of irrigation, we should have had traces of them to this day, far more distinct than any we now possess. Irrigation on a large scale, and by canals fed from large rivers, never seems to have existed until comparatively modern times. It is in France that the most ancient traces of actual canals are to be found; and one of these, constructed, it is supposed, about the close of the fifth century, bears at the present day the name of Alaric, the second king of the Visigoths (p. 86); and in a note, Bera quotes a letter of Theodoric, in which orders are given for the payment of the travelling expenses of a hydraulic engineer from *Africa to Rome*, to show the manner of obtaining and regulating supplies of water from rivers (p. 87).

"The general impression is that the *Naviglio Grande*, or grand canal of the *Ticino*, was first constructed, from *Tornavento* to *Abbiategrosso*, in 1177, or 1179, and carried on to Milan only in 1257; but Lombardini assigns to it a much earlier date as a canal of irrigation only (p. 203). Just one hundred years before the Emperor Feroze executed what is now the western Jumma canal, the inhabitants of the territory south-east of Milan united to extend the course and enlarge the channel of a small canal, which, under the name of the *Roggia Muzza*, had existed from time immemorial. In 1220, this great work was undertaken, and was prosecuted with a degree of enthusiasm which ensured its completion. The head works, which I inspected, were established close to the little town of *Cassano*, and consisted of an immense barrage or dam, of the most solid construction, faced with blocks of beautifully cut stone, and extending obliquely across the entire river bed; of a weir, equally well built, nearly eight hundred feet in width, with four escape outlets for regulating the supply, having a total of forty-two sluice-gates. When I visited the spot, on the 23d March, nearly the whole of the supply of the *Adda* was entering the canal; and a noble stream it was, being about two thousand cubic feet per second (p. 63).

"The date of the most ancient canal in *Piedmont* ascends to the commencement of the fourteenth century (p. 100). The canals from the *Dora Baltea*, those of *Ivrea*, were constructed 1468 and 1450. That of *Cigliano* in 1725 (p. 132). Those of *Busca*, in *Navarra*, in 1380, and so on (p. 137).

"It was to the intelligence of the monks of *Chiaravalle* that Lombardy was indebted for this blessing (p. 198). Not only did great activity, in the execution of the works, prevail in the twelfth century, but to the same epoch is referable the distinct establishment of that '*Diritto d'aquedotto*,' or right of passage for water from its source to the sphere of its employment, which is regarded as the '*Magna Charta*' of irrigation in Lombardy" (p. 200).

Our author, in a note, points out that "the earliest credible date of the existing regulations with regard to water-works in Spain is 1239;" though we are gravely assured that the "Royal Canal of Moncada, to which they apply, was originally constructed during the year 850 after the deluge!" (p. 220, vol. 2).

There are but two or three things that I should wish to draw particular attention to in the above extracts—the mission of *African engineers to Italy*, which I shall beg to propose by-and-by, but for an object the reverse of Theodoric's. Again, the "right of passage," which, I believe, was my friend Mr. Laws' great aim, when he first spoke of leading out the Olifant River, on a more extensive scale, over the rich vegetable mould and alluvial deposit on its banks. Lastly, the fact that Mr. Smith is probably right in what he says of the history of irrigation among the Romans (for Columella, though he speaks with perfect knowledge of the method of watering meadows, says nothing of extensive canals of irrigation); nevertheless, Mr. Smith's remarks must not be supposed to apply to Egypt, or ancient Babylon, where modern travellers have found evident traces of extensive works, which could not have been intended for any other purpose than that of irrigation.

## II.—*Educational Establishments for Civil Engineers, and progress in the Science of Hydraulics.*

"The profession of civil engineer, in Piedmont, is divided into three grades, of which the highest is the hydraulic engineer; the second, the civil architect; and the third, the surveyor or measurer. For the superior degree, the course of study extends over four years. Before entering the university at all, the engineer student must pass an examination which embraces arithmetic, elementary geometry, and algebra to equations of the second degree. In the (Turin) university course, the first year is devoted to the further study of algebra, of trigonometry, and of analytic geometry; the second to the differential and integral calculus, and descriptive geometry; the third to the principles of mechanical philosophy and their application to machines, with practical geometry: under which term are included surveying, levelling, plan—drawing, and other professional details of this order. The last year is devoted to the study of construction, in theory and practice, as applied to ordinary and hydraulic works."

The writer then goes on to describe, minutely, the very strict examinations which the students are obliged to undergo at short intervals (p. 13).

"The student receives his diploma, and is entitled to exercise his profession, either as a member of the government corps of engi-

neers, or privately, as may suit his personal views. In Lombardy, degrees, as in Piedmont, are given at the University of Pavia; and I must state that, after having been in personal communication with a large number of the class, I formed a very high estimate of their professional ability and general intelligence (p. 54). Signor Cantalope states the number of engineers in Milan alone to be more than five hundred."

It is evident that the system of educating engineers, particularly hydraulic engineers, and the facilities offered for the study, in Lombardy and Piedmont, are preferable to those of any other country. I have an idea that if our government could obtain a grant from the Colonial Parliament, to enable them to send to Europe a couple of the most meritorious students at the Cape College, for three or four years, the colony would be a great gainer by such liberality. My reason for recommending the plan of sending them from *Africa to Italy*, as Theodoric did, is, that the best hydraulic engineer from Italy would have to remain a much longer time in the colony than a native, in order to obtain the desired practical information and local knowledge. I have seen engineers make coffer dams in the Breede River at enormous expense, when, if they had waited a few months, instead of pumping out water, to enable them to build a foundation, they would have had to ride it, for the purpose of mixing the mortar. I have seen the wrong stone used at the Agulhas light-house. I have seen the Buffeljagt River bridge built in the wrong place, from want of local knowledge: besides innumerable instances, where an acquaintance with the building materials, lime, wood, stone—as well as the price and scarcity or value of labour and animals of draft—would have been of immense service to the mere scientific engineer. Now the disadvantage of obtaining the services of Europeans only, is, that by the time they have obtained all this experience, they either return to their native place to spend the remainder of their days, or go somewhere else, where a better prospect is held out. A native of the colony would be content, with equal abilities, to do the work at a less rate *at home*.

Even should nothing ever be attempted on a large scale, or should it be found, after a correct survey of the country, (at the expense of the colony, which is the first thing the proposed civil engineers should do), that irrigation cannot be advantageously introduced, our young engineers, with such an education as above described, would find surveying work, and road and bridge engineering, and architectural work enough ready for at least a dozen of the profession.

At an Italian college, two youths at £150 a year, each, would cost the colony, for four years, about £1,200, a sum which, if politics were not strictly prohibited in this periodical, I could prove quite a trifle, *comparatively speaking*.

(*To be continued.*)

## THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA ON CAPE HISTORY.

IN the "*Chronological Table* of the principal events of Political History, and of the most important inventions and discoveries from the creation of the world to the year 1854," appended to the article on "Chronology," in the new edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, we find, "A. D., 1392, *Cape of Good Hope discovered by the Portuguese.*"

This is not a misprint, for the novel information occurs between the dates 1388, *Battle of Otterbourn*, and, 1395, *Hungarians defeated by the Turks*. As the same table, a century further on, states correctly that Vasco de Gama doubled the Cape in 1497, and that the Portuguese discovered Brazil in 1500; and as it further happens that Bartolomeo Diaz, the discoverer of the Cape of Storms, served under Delgama in his celebrated expedition, and held a command under Cabral in the voyage during which Brazil was discovered, he must have been inured to—

"Labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and oar," according to this portion of the *Encyclopedia*, for at least 108 years; and his death, when he and all his crew perished in a storm some time after they had left the Brazilian coast, could scarcely be considered untimely.

However, in the notice of Diaz, in the next volume, it is rightly stated that he was placed, in 1486, at the head of the squadron which afterwards discovered the Cape, although the date of the actual discovery in 1487 is not mentioned. But lest the two conflicting statements should not sufficiently confuse the inquirer, the article "Cape of Good Hope" in the 10th volume again informs the reader that "this Cape was discovered by Bartholomew Diaz in 1493."

In this lastnamed article (written, to judge by the initials B. C. P. subscribed to it, by Benjamin Campbell Pine, Esq., the late Lieutenant-Governor of Natal), there are some other curious facts, of which the inhabitants of this colony have hitherto been ignorant. For example, the following notice of the first English occupation at the end of the last century:

“In 1795, the colonists having imbibed the revolutionary principles then prevailing in Europe, attempted to throw off the yoke of the Dutch, upon which the British sent a fleet to support the authority of the Prince of Orange, and took possession of the country in his name.” Hitherto, it had been understood that the Dutch in Europe, “having imbibed the revolutionary principles then prevailing” in France, had “thrown off the yoke” of the Prince of Orange, who fled to England; that the English fleet was equipped and despatched to the Cape of Good Hope with the consent of the stadtholder, and carried instructions from him that the British force should be received as friends, having been sent “to prevent the invasion of the colony by the French;” that the Commissioner Sluysken, who administered the government on behalf of the Prince of Orange and the Dutch East India Company, refused obedience to the missive of the exiled stadtholder, and after some fruitless demonstrations between Rondebosch and Muizenberg, surrendered to Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig,—urging at the time and afterwards, in his published account of these transactions, as one of the reasons why he had not offered more vigorous resistance, that he was placed in a position of serious difficulty by the disaffection of the Swellendam and Graaff-Reinet burghers, who were determined to have more liberty than the Dutch East India Company had thought fit to grant, and who made concession to their demands the condition on which they would render aid to the government against the invaders. Poor Sluysken never had the consolation of knowing, as we are now informed, that the English fleet had appeared to support his government against rebellious colonists. In such a case he would probably have hailed its arrival, instead of anxiously endeavouring to prolong a vain resistance.

Again, with reference to the settlers of 1820: “In 1820, *Scottish* emigrants, to the number of 5000, arrived at Algoa Bay, and laid the foundation of the settlements in the eastern frontiers, which have since become the most thriving part of the colony, and include the important towns of Graham’s Town and Port Elizabeth.” And, lest there should be any doubt of the fact, it is repeated. “THE EASTERN PROVINCE. The greater part of this district of country was, at the beginning of this century, in the possession of the Kafirs, and it can hardly be said to have been settled before 1820, when a large number of emigrants arrived chiefly from *Scotland*.” Now there are many excellent Scots at Port Elizabeth, as the enthusiastic observance of St. Andrew’s day proves: and the Scots of the Somerset



division are acknowledged to be among the most valuable colonists of the east; but it has not hitherto been known to them that they were the British settlers of 1820, or to the British settlers of 1820 that they were *Scottish*. Of course, new as the intelligence may be, both to the settlers of 1820 and to the Scottish emigrants, there is no appeal from the statements of the greatest standard work of reference in the language.

There is more novelty in this article, but these remarks already occupy too much space. It is to be regretted that the editors were not aware of the subjoined notice of Kaffraria, which could have afforded them further interesting particulars,—and would have added materially to their stock of information. It is from a “Geographical Dictionary, very necessary for the right understanding of all modern histories. By Edmund Bohun, Esq.,” (the licenser of the press in William III’s reign, whose story is told in Macaulay’s *History of England*, vol. iv., pp. 349–357.) “London: Printed for Charles Brome, at the Gun, at the west end of St. Paul’s, 1691.”

“Caffreria, a country of *Africa*, of large extent. It lies from the kingdom of *Angola* on the north to the *Cape of Good Hope*; and is bounded east, west, and south with the ocean; the south-eastern part is very fruitful, and well peopled; the rest barren, mountainous, and little peopled. The inhabitants are so barbarous that they are caell’d by this name, from their rude way of living, which signifies the lawless people; they were all heretofore man-eaters, and many of them continue such to this day. They call themselves *HOTTENTOTS*. Mr. *Herbert*, an *English* man, who was in these parts, will scarce allow them to be perfect men; and saith, they sell man’s flesh in the shambles.” F.

## THE LOCK OF HAIR, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

A COLONIAL INCIDENT OF THE TIMES OF THE LANDDROSTS  
AND HEEMRADEN.

“What dire offence from jovial causes springs,  
What mighty contests rise from trivial things.”

THE other day I was engaged in searching for certain official papers, amongst a mass of veritable musty volumes, packed away in large oblong cases, in a dingy-looking room of one of our government offices, in the country. The clouds of antiquated dust which, after an undisturbed slumber of

thirty or forty years, every now and then arose, speaking in lazy puffs to the organs of taste and smell and the rest of the outward man, in the language of "leave me, oh leave me, to repose," had soon filled the little room. I was now living, or rather stifling, in an atmosphere of the last generation. But there was no help for it, until I should have found what was wanted, which luckily happened after a lapse of three hours thus delectably spent.

Amidst the multifarious volumes and documents which, in my search, I was doomed to turn over, I could not help glancing at some curious reading. One document tempted me so much that I laid it aside, for an evening perusal. It proved to be part of a "Verbaal," or proceedings in a certain case, which was brought before the Landdrost and Heemraden, in the year 1823. With much of dry law, it had something romantic in it; but still it only half satisfied me. A good deal more appeared involved in the story, which only a village gossip might be supposed able to fill up. Luckily, I found amongst the list of Heemraden, of the time, the name of one whom I not only knew, but who was actually living in my immediate neighbourhood. So, manuscript in hand, I sallied forth to my octogenarian friend, resolved to draw him out, if his memory could fill up the gap; and I was not disappointed. My oracle was, of course, not a little astonished at the cause of the visit; but this was soon explained; and being, like most old people, fond of living in the past, he soon supplied the entire narrative, which, with the aid of the dusty volume alluded to, I shall now proceed to chronicle.

In the year 1823—I hate plunging *in medias res*, and so begin at the beginning—in 1823, there lived in a district town, some hundreds of miles from Cape Town, a retired German lieutenant, of the name Von Rügel—who, being in delicate health, had chosen that village as his abode, on account of its well-known salubrity—a widower, with an only daughter, Amelia, an interesting girl, who, at the date of this narrative, was about eighteen years of age. He had now continued to reside there for some two years, spending most of his time in hunting and coursing, and, beyond paying an occasional visit to the landdrost and the parson, mixing with very few of the inhabitants of the place. People called him proud, an imputation which a certain pompous dignity in his talk, and a sort of swaggering air in his gait, did not seem to belic. He was generally dressed in a grey-coloured coat, with shining buttons, a richly embroidered red waistcoat, tight plush knee-breeches, with silk stockings encased in a huge pair of Hessian boots. Besides these, he was also

distinguished by a profusion of gold seals, rings, and chains, and when seen walking, generally carried an antique silver-mounted stick. In age he was perhaps fifty, and at the time I am speaking of, had, to all appearance, fully recovered his health. Whether he would much longer continue to reside in the place was, for some time, a matter of profound speculation to all the village gossips. Conjecture, however, was at last reduced to apparent certainty, when it became known that he had made arrangements for building a large house opposite to where he then lived. It also became the general talk that he was about to be married. In fact, some had even seen, through the indulgence of the postmaster, letters addressed to him in the handwriting of a lady. The arrival of the post in those days, in the interior, was an event of no small importance, the more so, as communications between some of the district towns and Cape Town were not oftener than once a month, on an average,—a length of time hardly surprising, when we recollect that portions of the route were accomplished on foot, and that the post which left Cape Town only returned after having completed the tour of the colony, by which means some of the villages near town received their portion of news last.

One cold winter's evening, the postmaster of the place and a few of his cronies were sitting ensconced at a blazing fire, at the residence of the former, deep in a game of "ombre." A liberal supply of punch had given indubitable proof of being duly appreciated. We may add, parenthetically, that a "marketenter" (travelling seller of liquor) had that very day arrived, with a long looked-for supply of Hollandsche knyp (Hollands). The mail had been due for the last four or five days, and to this circumstance the jovial meeting was chiefly owing. In postmaster phrase, "they were sitting up for the post,"—a no unpleasant mode indeed of relieving the tedium of waiting, and probably for that reason, and from the frequent postal delays, of by no means rare occurrence.

Cards were at last thrown aside, and if not the feast of reason, at least the flow of soul, became predominant, and developed itself at a rate which bade fair to make the fun grow fast and furious, had not, fortunately, the arrival of the post at last put a stop to further merry-making. All hands were put into requisition for opening packets and sorting the letters for distribution early next morning; and (to come to my story) it was then that—*inter alia*—a letter was noticed, and passed from one to another, addressed to the German widower, Von Rügel, in a female handwriting.

"Bless me," said Van der Schroef, a plump, rosy-faced little man, who kept a shop, and was the postmaster's frequent right-hand on the occasions of the arrival of the post, "Bless me, if this does not contain some love-token from the old German's sweetheart." (It had the appearance of having something in it). "I would give the best article in my *negotie winkel* to know what it is."

"Let's look," was the almost simultaneous response of all the others, who eagerly crowded around the little man, while the postmaster's wife (whose tympanum, though she had retired long since, had not been unaffected by the shopkeeper's shrill voice), with ever ready female instinct, approached on tiptoe, and posted herself, unseen, behind the door. The all-absorbing letter met with a most *feeling* reception, and when at last it found its way to the postmaster, he discovered that, probably from the recent manipulations, the seal was cracked right through the middle, and the letter as good as open. This fact only sharpened their curiosity the more.

"I say, old fellow," commenced one of the party, who seemed to have imbibed most of pluck with his recent potations, "I say, old fellow, give me the letter, and I'll tell you what is in it."

"Are you mad," expostulated the postmaster, as firmly as the late hour would allow him. "You surely don't mean to break open a letter!"

"Who talks of *breaking* open? Why, the letter is pretty well open already. I'll only read the contents for the information of all present, and by folding it up it will be in the same state in which it was."

This startling declaration produced no little excitement. A crowd of several voices immediately sided with the proposer, and after some hubbub, and the overpowering argument of numbers, the astonished postmaster, who speedily found himself in a minority of one, reluctantly yielded, and the letter was opened and read. It proved to be a very short one, written by an apparently young lady; was surprisingly abrupt; revealed almost nothing beyond her engagement to the German, and contained *a lock of hair*, which she said she sent him at his request.

It is the first step that is the most difficult. So it proved on the present occasion; for our "Grahamites" having been disappointed in a rich treat of billing and cooing, and fine sentimentalism, appeared little scrupulous as to what they should do next.

"Inspiring, bold John Barleycorn,  
What dangers thou can'st make us scorn!"

A proposal to pitch the epistle into the fire—the postmaster remaining a half mechanical spectator of the proceedings—would certainly have been adopted, had not an amendment been moved, which was no sooner heard than carried by acclamation, and which was neither more nor less than this: that the lock of hair *alone* should be burnt; that a piece of twine, with a noose in it—a miniature representation of Jack Ketch's notorious article—should be substituted in the place of the hair, and the letter resealed as well as possible. This extraordinary idea was due to the little man of the *negotie winkel*, who, in his young days, might have won golden opinions from Jack Ketch himself for the artistic way in which he administered Lynch law to many an offending and unoffending cat and dog in his father's garden. With the same *con amore* spirit as of yore, a miniature noose was soon shaped by him, and wrapped in a piece of paper, upon which, by way of superscription, his master-hand had hurriedly sketched the figure of an unlucky wight, in Hessian boots, in the act of paying the last penalty of the law. The whole was then placed in the letter, instead of the hair, which was burnt; and the two halves of the broken seal having been applied to the candle, and then pressed together, the letter appeared resealed.

Next morning, the early knocks of the village constable, who also acted as letter-carrier for the place, first aroused our postmaster to a full sense of the daring of the company's overnight proceedings. However, things were now past mending. To break the seal once more he shrank from. Besides, a convenient opportunity was wanting, unless he kept the letter back for a time, which itself might create suspicion. With the desperate effort at nonchalance of a man who, to use an expressive vulgarism, "has put his foot into it," he handed the letter to the constable, with a pack of others, for distribution.

It so happened that the missive was delivered, by mistake, at the house of the district clerk, with whose letters it had got mixed. The oversight was discovered only after the postman had left; and the clerk, not being on speaking terms with Von Rügen, was about sending it back to the post-office, which was at the other end of the town, when it struck him that it would save time to bring it to the Landdrost, who lived next door to him, with request to forward it. This was done, and the Landdrost accordingly sent it to the German, with his compliments.

What effect the opening of the letter produced on the brimstone temperament of the pompous little German may easily be pictured, especially when we add what fell from



him in the evening, when the Landdrost called on him, and when, after the lapse of an entire day, a good deal of the presumed spleen of the morning might be considered to have worked off.

"You don't seem very well, Von Rgel," said the Landdrost, after the first salutations. "I hope," added he, with a half waggish smile (for the superscription on the letter which he had sent had not escaped *his* notice), "I hope your sweetheart has not jilted you."

"Pots tausend donner und blitz," roared the suddenly infuriated Von Rgel, jumping from his chair, and thumping the table with his fist, "She'll repent of it!" and at the same time poured forth such a continued volley of imprecations against some female personage, whom he did not name, that the affrighted Landdrost, verily believing that his friend had gone mad, left the house in precipitation.

Though there could be no doubt in the Landdrost's mind that the contents of the letter, which his playful allusion had been the innocent instrument of calling up to his friend's mind, was the cause of this alarming outbreak, he was of course completely in the dark as to the real nature of it.

The above occurrence with the Landdrost soon became known throughout the little place; besides, it was also evident to every observer that there was a marked strangeness in the German's behaviour. He appeared to shun every body, and a peculiar settled sullenness in his looks certainly did not invite approaches.

Thus passed perhaps a whole week, during which time, as may easily be conceived, this little incident served to while away many a long social hour. Little, however, was really known; and the subject, to all appearance, would have soon become—even to village gossips—a threadbare one, when, thanks to the postmaster's wife,—who, it will be remembered, was listening behind the door, on the evening of the opening of the letter,—it was suddenly reported, and the report spread like wild-fire, that the German's intended had sent him a refusal, and with it a rope to hang himself by, if he felt so disposed.

In defence of the postmaster's wife, let it be added that she, good woman, had kept her counsel for a whole week, when, being no longer able to nurse the secret alone, she was compelled to unbosom herself to her nearest friend: wisely concealing all particulars that might in any way criminate her husband and his friends. Her *confidante* of course followed the same plan, and thus the secret became known.

Now, had the report but stopped with the public, no great

harm would have resulted, for it only gratified their curiosity, satisfactorily, amidst perplexing conjectures, and afforded cause of no little merriment,—but, alas! the thing became so notorious that it reached the ears of Von Rügel himself. His state of mind at this discovery may be easily conceived. To have been, as he believed, mocked at in that heartless manner, by the girl to whom he trusted himself firmly engaged, was galling enough; but to find now that he had become the laughing-stock of the whole village into the bargain, this was sufficient to madden every life-drop in his veins to tenfold fury. But how on earth, he asked again and again, could any part of his letter have transpired? He himself had destroyed it,—miniature, rope, and all,—in the first paroxysm of his rage, and had never breathed a word of the contents to a living soul, beyond the vague allusion which involuntarily fell from him, on the evening of the Landdrost's visit. "Certainly," he thought, "there has been foul play at work, but how am I to discover it?"

If the trite proverb be true, that "drowning people catch at straws," it is certainly not less true as to *suspicious* ones. What under ordinary circumstances passes by unheeded, as too trifling and insignificant, we eagerly fasten upon, in moments of suspicion, as clues to our worst misgivings.

How came the Landdrost to allude to Von Rügel's being jilted by his sweetheart, if he did not know something more than his words actually implied; and what made the presumption more strong, was the fact of the letter having been received through him. Might he therefore not have got at the contents by opening the letter, and re-sealing it again?

After having brooded over his suspicious all night,—he was one of your men of impulse,—he rose the next morning with the conviction that the Landdrost was the guilty party, and had divulged everything, for which he vowed he would make him pay most dearly indeed. His first thought was to proceed forthwith and horsewhip him in his own house, but, considering this too light a punishment, and not at all *comme il faut* in a military man, he sent him a *challenge*.

Had a stroke of lightning grazed the pacific Landdrost, it could not have left him in greater consternation than did the arrival of the hostile missive, just as he was sipping his cup of coffee, and enjoying the fresh morning air, in his dressing gown, on the stoep. He, good easy man, who had hardly ever fired a shot in sport, suddenly found himself called upon to exchange balls with one who, as report said, had passed most of his life in duelling in Europe.

Whether this unenviable state of feeling was at all at bottom in the determination the Landdrost came to, I shall not determine. Suffice it, however, to say that a sense of his high magisterial position, with the responsibilities connected with his situation, rushed on him with such vividness that he deemed it his bounden duty to convene a special meeting of his Heemraden, and lay the whole matter before them without delay.

This was accordingly done, and the council board, in all its dignity, was soon sitting, with the Landdrost at its head. In fact, the Heemraden had been summoned so hurriedly that, what with the every-day dress in which they figured, and the appearance of hands and faces, most unmistakably revealing the nature of their recent avocations, they appeared a motley group indeed. One of their number—a son of Vulcan—had actually found time to don a clean white jacket, buttoned up to the chin; but, alas! in sad keeping with his besmudged wristbands, which would incontinently peep out from under the short jacket sleeves.

While the board was settling the preliminaries, Von Rûgel, who had received a summons to appear, was in attendance, in the district clerk's office, where he was left alone, the clerk's presence being required in court. Tired of waiting, and becoming more and more impatient, he at last took up a book, lying in an open drawer. The book was a famous novel of the day, called "*Hans van Boegenstein*," a sort of Dutch Roderick Random, which might be read almost *ad aperturam*. Having cast his eye over a page, which brought him to the most exciting part of one of Hans' multifarious adventures, he was turning the leaf with some alacrity, when lo! *a lock of hair tumbled out!* Eagerly taking it up, he saw that it was tastefully fixed on a piece of curiously embossed card-board paper, in the shape of a book-marker, with the letter A in the centre,—oddly enough, the first letter of his intended's Christian name. This discovery, and under the present circumstances, was certainly very extraordinary, the more so when I add that the paper had an exact resemblance to a packet, of German manufacture, which he had brought out with him, and of which he had sent a quantity to the young lady as a present, some time before.

Hearing a door open, he quickly replaced the book and its contents in the drawer, and soon found himself in the presence of the assembled councillors. In those days, very little of our modern forms of legal procedure was observed. The Landdrost commenced by reading Von Rûgel's insulting letter, which ended with the challenge—gave an account of

the German's alarming ebullition of temper on the evening he called upon him, and by way of showing how far he had been guilty of any impropriety in the matter, ended by telling the board that (as the reader already knows) he had simply forwarded the letter at the request of the district clerk, at whose house it had been delivered in mistake.

On hearing this, a new light appeared to break in upon Von Rgel. "Very wonderful," half interruptingly, exclaimed he, "very wonderful, indeed!" "Oho, Mr. ——— (addressing himself suddenly to the district clerk), that accounts for your having my lock of hair in your possession;" and he then related the particulars of his discovery in the clerk's room.

"We are wandering from the subject, which is strictly between you and the Landdrost," interposed one of the board—he of the anvil—"but to show you, Mr. von Rgel, what crotchets run in your head, our clerk will soon convince you that the lock of hair is no concern of yours. Of course, Mr. ———, you will have no objection."

The district clerk, a young man of about twenty, who, during the whole of Von Rgel's address, had shown a degree of restlessness which seemed unaccountable, now so pointedly appealed to, became confused, vehemently denied having opened the letter, but positively refused to give any account of the lock of hair in his possession. In short, after several fruitless attempts to induce him to clear up the matter, the members themselves became puzzled, and the unexpected turn in the case having, for a time, completely thrown the Landdrost's complaint into the shade, the court adjourned till the following day; and the German, as might be supposed, wended his way home with no little triumph, convinced as *he* was of having at last fairly tracked a scurrilous trick to its source.

But, alas! a little calm reflection left no room for triumph in his mind. With the affront still fresh in his memory, he had, by first post after the receipt of the fatal letter, forwarded to his intended an indignant rejection of her hand, in a strain which may be easily conceived. The actual discovery (as he now believed) of the lock, proved that the letter had not only been opened, but that the piece of twine had been surreptitiously introduced. All his indignation at her, therefore, appeared to have been undeserved; and, what was still worse, the mischief which he had thus mistakenly occasioned might prove irremediable.

Next day the court sat again, and with closed doors, the district clerk being, on this occasion, excluded. After a

very long *sederunt*, it was at last resolved that matters should remain in *statu quo* until the lock of hair on the card, which had been seized, could be identified by the young lady, to whom it would be shown, through the procurator fiscal in Cape Town. Both the German and the clerk were then called in, and were perfectly satisfied on being informed of the decision of the court. To the German it appeared particularly acceptable; for, first, it was the surest way of proving the district clerk's guilt, and the judicial communication with the young lady would but substantiate his private explanations to her, which he would lose no time in making. The proceedings with regard to the challenge, it was resolved, should abide the result of the inquiry.

About a month after this arrangement, and more than two months after the evening scene at the postmaster's, the post again arrived, bringing the following decisive intelligence:

The German's intended had married another in the interval between the receipt of the two last letters; and as to the identity of the hair sent, the young lady had given the best possible proof of its not being hers, by showing her ringlets: which so far from being auburn—the colour on the card—were raven black. She, of course, knew nothing of what Von Rügel had found in the letter, instead of the expected lock, which she positively said that she had enclosed with her own hands.

Her sudden marriage may easily be explained. She had long since been attached to a young man in Cape Town, a brother-in-law of our little friend, Van der Schroef, who suddenly found that her parents had engaged her to the German. The latter had never seen her, but having received a glowing description of her through a friend in Cape Town, to whom he had written to recommend him a wife, he had made application by letter, which, backed by his friend's account of his wealth, and his *eidelyk* (aristocratic) connexions had, with the parents, preponderated over the claims of his rival, who could not boast of such high recommendations. The receipt of the German's indignant letter had frustrated the match; the young man was reinstated on the old footing, and whether in revenge of the recent insult, or that fearful of being supplanted again, he had pressed his suit: they were married before another month had elapsed.

This news brought the council to their wits' ends. Still, the question remained: who had opened the letter? And, as a sort of "forlorn hope," it was resolved that the postmaster and the village constable, who acted as letter-carrier, should be examined in the matter the next day, with closed doors.



The postmaster could, unfortunately, not appear. The poor man, on receiving the summons, was suddenly seized with a violent fit of colic, and certainly looked as woe-begone, in a few minutes, as the knight of the rueful countenance in his gloomiest hour. So the court came to no conclusion; and, at last, gave up further inquiry altogether.

But to whom, the reader may ask, did the *auburn* lock belong? To no less a personage than the German's daughter Amelia, between whom and the young district clerk a secret courtship had, for some time, been going on. On one occasion, indeed, the German had suspected something of the sort, and, in a strain of passionate displeasure, exacted from his daughter a promise of never encouraging attentions from that quarter. Since which time, the secretary had discontinued his visits, and the old man's suspicions were removed. The accidental discovery of the lock had well nigh revealed all, had not the German's mind been so wrapped in his own mishaps as to leave no room for other thoughts.

I now take a stride of about three years. What changes even so short a time will effect? The postmaster had been dead for some time. His wife, now a gay widow, "fat, fair, and almost forty," was postmistress, and kept a little school. The man of the *negotie winkel* had shut up shop, and turned travelling *smous*. The Landdrost was visibly gliding into "the lean and slippered pantaloons."

The post-office was now opposite Von Rügen's large house. Neighbourhood, we know, sometimes ends in intimacy. The postmistress and Amelia became fast friends. Even Von Rügen shared in their friendship. The poor German, who latterly had lived quite secluded, was actually wearing off his misanthropy. He agreeably felt it too, and no wonder that he often attended his daughter on her visits "over the way," or sat long in their company when the postmistress went to see Amelia. I had forgotten to say that, latterly, he had adopted great plainness in his dress. Suddenly, however, one Saturday morning, he left his room, to the astonishment of Amelia and the servants, in full costume, exactly as he has been described at the beginning of this story. The Hessian boots shone with a polish that would have gladdened Warren's heart, and were scarcely outrivalled in lustre by the shining buttons, rings, and seals, which studded his person. There was evidently something in the wind; and withal, judging from his looks, of a pleasant, though important, nature. Slowly donning his hat, and seizing his cane, he majestically marched out of the house, and straight on to the postmistress. Amelia, who had

watched him with mute surprise, half mechanically followed him at a distance. When she entered, she found him *tete-a-tete* with the postmistress, who appeared to be in no little flutter. His large gold watch was lying on the table between them. "Twenty minutes to nine," she heard him say, "I give you time till nine o'clock; then my happiness or misery must be sealed. If the former, our banns are published to-morrow morning, and we immediately go to the offices." It need only be said that at nine o'clock, to the great astonishment of all, the postmistress and Von Rügen were seen to enter a bolder wagon, which drove direct to the public offices, where the matrimonial court was then sitting. This appearance, in those days, had to precede all the other preliminaries. The following day the first banns were called, and when, after church, as was customary, congratulations were received, no less astonishment was visible when it appeared that Miss Von Rügen and the secretary (our late district clerk) were doing the honours, as bridesmaid and best man, for the occasion.

An explanation of this phenomenon need not detain the reader long.

The postmistress, who, it will be recollected, was in the secret of the doings at her late husband's on that unlucky evening, and who, from her intimacy with the German's daughter, was the only person who could explain what Von Rügen had in vain tried to fathom, lost no time, after her engagement, in enlightening him upon it. The result was, at her suggestion, a deeply apologetic and friendly note to the secretary, adding a request—as a peace-offering—with the happy effect which the Sunday showed.

The marriage, of course, duly took place, and I could not perhaps more fitly conclude my imperfect chronicles than by subjoining a translation of an announcement of a similar event, in which the blanks are of my own making, but which the curious reader may see in the original Dutch, in full, in the *Verzamelaar* (newspaper) of the 3d of October, 1826, page 4, column 3:—

"Married, at ———, on the 18th September, 1826, by the Rev. J. C—ssie, B. D——, Esq., district secretary, to Miss Amelia Frederica, only daughter of Lieut. Ernst Siegfried von Rügen, of the Bavarian army."

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## THE TWIN SISTERS.

Fair as two lilies from one stem which spring  
 In vernal fragrance sweetly blossoming,  
 And liker still in form, in size, in hue,  
 If liker could be, the twin sisters grew—  
 Each feature, nay each gesture, might compare  
 Exact in one with what the other's were.

And not alone in outward form the same;  
 Alike, too, glowed each soul's diviner flame.  
 From Ada's lips ere scarce the words had sprung,  
 The thought suspended on Theresa's hung;  
 And if Theresa hastened to pursue  
 Some object, 'twas what Ada had in view.

What marvel? at the self-same hour they sprang  
 To mortal life—the same hour saw them hang  
 On the same breast; and nestling day by day,  
 Within one cot, the slumb'ring infants lay.

\* \* \* \* \*

Time fled, and each expanding into bloom,  
 Still to the other clung as to her doom.  
 Together would their minds untrammell'd range  
 And share each wild thought's grateful interchange:  
 Together would they nature's book explore,  
 Together nature's mighty God adore!

And what was life to them? its pomp, its toil,  
 Society's dull code of forms? Why spoil  
 Their heart's pure pleasures in the world around,  
 When each a world within the other found?

But oft alas! the lily in its spring,  
 Even in its prime of vernal blossoming,  
 Struck at the root by some fell canker's fang,  
 Fading, its beauteous head begins to hang.  
 So fared it with Theresa; the pure red  
 Which tinted her soft cheek had slowly fled.  
 No more her coral lip responsive smiles  
 To Ada's merry thoughts or playful wiles;  
 But pale and motionless, the livelong day,  
 She waits th' approach of premature decay.

Her former haunts can now no longer please,  
 E'en the soft couch can scarce procure her ease.  
 There Ada closely sits and marks her eye,  
 Eager each want or fancy to supply.  
 All day she watches: when the sufferer sleeps,  
 Hangs o'er her midnight couch and silent weeps.  
 To cheer her drooping heart, thus Ada tries:—  
 "The spring returns again,—bleak winter flies,—  
 E'en now the golden crocuses are seen;  
 Ere long the woodlands will resume their green;  
 When you are well, delighted we shall rove  
 The woodpaths through, and trim the bow'r we love "

"Yes, Ada! flowers will bloom, and grove and plain—  
 All dormant nature spring to life again,  
 Grass clothe the earth and blossoms crown the tree;  
 But grove and plain will bloom in vain for me.  
 It *was* my hope, that as one hour began  
 Our beings, one should measure out life's span.  
 But fate forbids—and murmuring were vain—  
 Yet God! ere long, shall make us one again!"

Prophetic words! for now life's waning flame,  
 Faint and more faint, scarce flickers in her frame;  
 While the half filmy glance and fading hue  
 Of her dull eyes proclaim the last adieu.  
 Again she strives to speak—her breath' no more  
 Save in long sighs will come—and all is o'er!

Tearless—but calm and rigid as the death  
 On which she gazes with suspended breath,  
 With bloodless lip, and fixed and glazing eye,  
 The sister stands in silent agony.  
 All strive to soothe and comfort her, but she  
 Rejects all aid, and spurns all sympathy,  
 And cries, still gazing with a changeless eye,—  
 "I come—I come—it is Theresa's cry!  
 Oh! not for her the dark, the cold, cold grave—  
 These arms shall hold her—God of mercy save!  
 See—see—she cries—how changed—how wondrous fair!  
 'Tis she herself, yon angel-seraphs bear!  
 Nearer—more near—one kiss—how soft her breath—  
 My sister! God, how beautiful is death!"

One glance of ecstasy—one sigh she drew,  
 And to God's throne, the stainless spirit flew!

## THE ANGORA GOAT.

BY T. B. BAYLEY, ESQ.

FEELING convinced that a large number of those who honour the *Cape Monthly Magazine* with their notice were likely to be interested in a narrative of the means employed to procure the Angora goats lately brought to the colony, and that any collateral notes which I might be able to pick up regarding the peculiar characteristics, *habitat*, and fleecy value of that animal, might also be acceptable, I took the liberty of requesting Mr. Julius Mosenthal, their importer, to favour me with whatever memoranda he could on the moment supply, stating that it was my intention to add thereto any notes I could gather, from other sources, on the same subject. Mr. Mosenthal kindly consented to my proposal; but his paper came to hand so late in the month, that no room could be found in the February number of the *Magazine* for my additions to it. This explanation is given, not to justify Mr. Mosenthal's appearance in print, for that requires no apology, but to account for my having apparently left him in the lurch at the eleventh hour.

The danger from plague and pestilence, and the many other *disagréments* of eastern travel which must have encompassed those who went to Asia Minor in search of the goats, and the hardships endured by the poor brutes themselves, in their travels by sea and land for so many months, made the venture not only hazardous, but almost romantic; and the indomitable perseverance and well-directed energy of mercantile enterprise were never more forcibly displayed than on this occasion. Here is a scheme, agitated for years in this colony; for which the co-operation of the local government was invoked, and the services of H. M. Ministers in England were employed, without effect; for which a great joint-stock company was established, and much provincial enthusiasm was displayed, and all—by the usual Cape fatality—all apparently in vain. Like many other of our fascinating but evanescent South African projects,—such as Breakwaters, Halls of Science, Namaqualand copper mines, &c., &c., which have, from time to time, made the colony appear, elsewhere, one that—

“Never is, but always *to be* blest,”

this goat company, so admirable on paper, seemed doomed to early extinction, and indeed, was already well-nigh



forgotten, when, behold, a private gentleman of Cape Town quietly steps in, sets his own head and machinery to work, and without any fuss or parade, does the business off-hand.\*

In this happy accomplishment of a design so long deferred, and but lately, to all appearance, hopeless of any result, we recognize one more illustration of the old axiom, that private enterprise is ever more likely to advance the general interests of a community than public companies, however patriotic in their professions or professional in their views; because in all long-range, loose-jointed corporations there is commonly a certain individual reluctance to assume responsibility, and a perpetual propensity to shift work to other shoulders, or to rely too much on lukewarm agencies abroad. Thus a joint-stock company frequently expends all its energies in hammering feebly at the wrong nail: whilst the single-handed operative, working on his own account, and feeling that his success and profits depend entirely on his own skill and industry, manages generally not only to select the right nail, but to drive it home without any superfluous *fanfare*.

In the case before us, however, the tangible return which ought to follow every spirited speculation of this kind is not likely to be realized, as the loss of so many of the goats, added to the heavy expenses attending their transport from the East to Europe, and thence to the Cape (notwithstanding the prices realized lately at Graaff-Reinet for eight of the goats, viz., £82 per head on the average), must give the balance-sheet a heavy pull in the wrong direction. The Messrs. Mosenthal are, no doubt, sufficiently far-sighted to

\* We have received sundry notes and queries relating to various passages of the article on the Angora goat, in our last issue, which it is scarcely our province to answer, even if we could. Of these we give two specimens. *Mercator* writes:—"Mr. M., in his paper about the Angora goat, mentions incidentally, that he 'had at that time some lions and tigers to forward to the Earl of Derby.' Upon this a curious question has arisen in mercantile circles, viz., whether these lions and tigers were shipped with a bill of lading in the usual form? If so, it would have run thus, viz:—

"*Shipped, in good order and well-conditioned, by M. and Co., in and upon the good ship or vessel called the 'Fame,' whereof is master for this present voyage Van Amburgh, and now riding at anchor in Table Bay, and bound for the port of Liverpool, twelve lions, and twenty tigers, being marked and numbered as in the margin, and are to be delivered in the like good order and well-conditioned at the aforesaid port of Liverpool.*"

Another unknown correspondent, apparently Dr. Diabolus Gander, of provincial celebrity, has put this posing question to us. Says the doctor, "Since Lord Derby could not do any thing for the Cape with respect to the Angora goat, could not he, at all events, have presented Mr. Mosenthal with some of the descendants of the wonderful *Derby Ram*?"

Can any of our commercial and sheep-importing friends assist us in answering these questions? We have resolved on devoting a page or two in each issue to "Notes and Queries."—Ed.

anticipate more fortunate results hereafter; and as the difficulties which beset every novel enterprize of this kind, in a foreign country, have now been overcome, future transactions of the same nature will soon be regulated by the self-adjusting process of demand and supply. The footsteps of successful commerce are quickly noticed by the keen eyes of mercantile rivalry, and tracked through all their windings by the unerring sagacity of those whose ledger is their compass. We may prognosticate, therefore, that the monopoly now enjoyed by the Messrs. Mosenthal cannot long be maintained; though surely no one would grudge its continuance, until the spirited exertions of these mercantile pioneers have been duly rewarded.

Mr. Mosenthal does not come forward as the first importer of the Angora goat. He mentions that Col. Henderson, of Bombay, brought some to the Cape many years ago. But this does not detract from Mr. Mosenthal's claim to our gratitude, as the goats then introduced were not remarkably prolific; and had they been so, still they were too few in number to acquire a permanent hold on our agricultural system; and as the pure blood was not maintained by subsequent importations, the breed became more and more deteriorated in each successive generation, till at last the cross is scarcely discernible now anywhere. I recollect seeing, in 1840, one of the goats imported by Col. Henderson. It was precisely of the same breed as those which came lately, and most probably found its way to the Cape, as Mr. Mosenthal suggests, by the route of Bussorah and Bombay.

Mr. Mosenthal's correspondent in London made a curious mistake in sending his order to *Bavaria* instead of *Beyrout*; but Mr. M. himself would have made one nearly as fatal, practically, had he succeeded at first in procuring the shawl goat from Thibet. That animal flourishes in a mountainous country, of high altitude, where the winters are excessively severe; and not only the goat, but the sheep, and the dogs, and the yaks (horned cattle), are constantly provided by nature with an under-garment of close wool, which, in the warm weather, drops off.

*Moorecroft* (vol. I, p. 410) says:—

“I noticed the yaks, at the end of April, very busy rubbing themselves with their horns, and bringing off the fine hair in considerable quantities. In sheep and dogs the wool rose to the end of the hair, and either fell off or was got rid of by the animals rolling on the ground or rubbing themselves against trees, and the like; and I was told that the wild goats and sheep relieve themselves, in the same manner, of a vesture indispensable to their

comfort in winter, but unnecessary and inconvenient in the heat of summer."

According to the same authority—

"The wool of which the Cashmere shawls are made is that of a domestic goat, and consists of the under fleece, or that next the skin, *beneath the outer coat of hair*. The hair of the goat, after it is separated from the wool, is made into ropes, blankets, and bags for home use, and as wrappers for bales of merchandize."

Vigne and Gerard testify also to the same effect. Thus it appears probable that the Ladak or Thibetan goat, if imported to South Africa, would lose its inner coat altogether, and retain only its outer. To paraphrase Erin's bard—

"The hair would be there, but the wool would be gone,"—

a phenomenon more interesting to the naturalist than satisfactory to *Melibæus*.

Perhaps in the Sneeuwberg, Winterberg, and the high mountain ranges, where the climate differs materially from that of the low country, the Cashmere goat might keep some of its fine wool; but the chances are against it.

It is stated by Mr. Southey,\* the London wool-broker, on the authority of "Mackenzie's Emigrant's Guide," that—

"Mr. Riley, of New South Wales, imported to that colony a few Cashmere goats from *France*, and that about the year 1835, he exported three of them to the Cape of Good Hope, viz., one pure male and one female, with one cross-bred female."

Can these goats be traced? Did they come to the eastern or western province? Can any one give any information regarding them?

The cross of the Angora goat with the Cashmere was attempted successfully in France by M. Polonneau. We are told by Mr. Southey that

"The wool or down had twice more length in the fibre, and consequently more shaft, than the pure Cashmere. According to M. Terneaux, this new production would have served for the manufacture of textures superior to the most beautiful of those hitherto introduced. Unfortunately, this experiment was abandoned, and the last results remain unknown."

It will be time enough, perhaps, for the Cape farmer to follow up these experiments when it has been clearly ascertained what localities are the most suitable for the Angora goats themselves. Those adapted for the shawl goat of Thibet must be clearly exceptional. No reasonable doubt can exist of the Angora goat thriving in almost every part of the colony; but both Tournefort and Conolly maintain that, even in their native country, certain conditions of climate and

\* Southey on Colonial Wools.—p. 37.

food are essential to their perfect health, and therefore to the superior quality of their fleeces.

Tournefort, in his *Levant Voyage*, A.D., 1700-1-2, vol. 2, observes:—

“They rear the most beautiful goats in the world in the country (*campagne*) of Angora. They dazzle by their whiteness; and their hair, which is as fine as silk, curling naturally in tresses, eight or nine inches long, is the material of many beautiful stuffs, especially *camelot*; yet but little of this fleece is allowed to be exported, unless spun, because by it the people of the country gain their living. It would appear that Strabo speaks of these beautiful goats. ‘In the neighbourhood of the river Halys,’ says he, ‘they cultivate sheep, whose wool is very thick and very soft; and, moreover, they have there goats which are not found elsewhere.’ Be that as it may, these beautiful goats are not to be seen at present more than four or five days’ journey from Angora and Beibasar. Their progeny degenerate if carried to a greater distance.”

Captain Arthur Conolly, in a paper addressed to the Asiatic Society, writes thus:

“The long-famed goat peculiar to the province of Angora, and certain adjoining districts, is invariably white, and its coat is of one sort, namely, a silky hair, which hangs in curly locks. The general appearance of this animal is too well known to need mention here. The country within which it is found was thus described to us:—‘Take Angora as a centre: then the Kizzil Ermak (or Halys), Changere, and from eight to ten hours’ march (say thirty miles) beyond: Beibasar and the same distance beyond, to near Nalahan, Sioree Hissar, Yoorrook, Tosiah, Costambool, Geredeli, and Cherkesh; from the whole of which tract the common bristly goat is excluded. Kinneir did not see a long-haired goat east of the Halys. We marked the disappearance of this animal in the westward, a little before Nalahan. Our Angora informants agreed that the boundary is decided on all sides, and remarked that if taken out of their natural districts, these goats deteriorate, in point of coat especially, till scarcely recognizable; adding that it is difficult even to keep them alive elsewhere, particularly if they are taken to a low or damp soil after the high and dry land to which they are accustomed. The greater part of the area, described above, consists of dry chalky hills, on which there are rather bushes than trees, and these chiefly of the dwarf oak, or else of valleys lying from fifteen hundred to two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea, which are quite bare of trees, and but scantily covered with grass. In this expanse of country there are spots which produce finer fleeces than others: Ayash, Beibasar, and Yoorrook—these are districts where the goats are mostly kept on hills, and the natives attribute a general superiority to mountain flocks, which have, first, a rarer atmosphere; secondly, more leaves and a greater choice of herbs, for



which, nevertheless, they are obliged to range widely, and so are kept in health, on which the quality of their coats mainly depends. The finest fleeces in the aforesaid country are said to come from the Yoorrooks, roving tribes, who keep their flocks out day and night throughout the year, except when an unusual quantity of snow falls, so that not being enclosed and crowded together, they do not soil their coats by the heat and dirt of each others' bodies. The latter flocks too are more or less kept upon fresh food in winter, as they are then led down from the mountain heights to the tops of the lower hills, from which a little herbage can be gleaned, as the strong winds at this season drives the snow off them, while the plain flocks must be folded and fed upon hay and branches.

"The fleece of the white Angora goat is called *tiftih*. After the goats have completed their first year they are clipped, annually, in April or May, and yield progressively, until they attain full growth, from 150 Turkish dirhems to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oke, (the oke is 400 Turkish dirhems, or about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. English)."

Any of your readers who would investigate the subject further, will find a great deal more, well worthy of their perusal, in Mr. Southey's publication on colonial wools. The extracts already given from Tournefort and Conolly indicate clearly enough that the Angora goat will be very much in its element on the elevated *plateaux* of our country districts, and that they can bear cold as well as heat. We have yet to learn what peculiar herbage or bushes are its most suitable food. Apart from its value, in an agricultural point of view, the Angora goat is a remarkably handsome and interesting animal. Its drooping curls of pure, glossy white, together with the fine symmetry and gallant bearing of the animal, mark its high caste, whilst (not to make odious, or odoriferous, comparisons) to those who are curious in scents, its proximity is far less objectionable than that of our more plebian Billy!

The Angora goat appears to be a remarkably hardy animal, which fact, indeed, has been eminently established by the arrival of so many of Mr. Mosenthal's, after long continued privations, and so many perils by sea and land. I saw the first batch after they were landed in Cape Town, and, with the exception of being a little low in flesh, they were in the best of health, and had no signs of any cutaneous disorder; a result which might have been expected after their protracted confinement, and so long a continuance of dry and heating food. Those who tried the cross, in former years, seem to concur very generally in the opinion that the Angora goat and its progeny is exempt from the skin diseases which are so common amongst the goats of the colony. I have

\* See Southey on Colonial Wools.—p. 321.



heard it also remarked, by competent authority, that much advantage is to be obtained from the cross between the native goat and the Angora, in the earlier maturity, and increased weight of the animal; which, if generally confirmed, must add considerably to the value of the Kapaters for slaughter purposes.

It seems, by the frontier papers, that some disappointment was expressed, at Graaff-Reinet, regarding the inferior size of the Angora goats recently sold there. Whether they are actually smaller than imported animals, of the same breed, previously known in that quarter, I have no means of ascertaining; but let this be the case, or not, it is not improbable that their produce, reared in suitable localities, will be larger than themselves. A change of climate and of food, if agreeable to the constitution and habits of animals, *not already forced to an unnatural size, by artificial means*, often leads to a wonderful increase in the stature and bulk of their offspring, though usually at the expense of other characteristics, which constitute the main value of the animal. Take, for instance, the produce of an Arab horse and Arab mare in England. The sire and dam may not be more than fourteen hands, but their produce, reared in a more temperate climate than Arabia, and on more generous diet than is procurable in the desert, will be certainly many inches higher. This fact has been so often proved as to admit of no further question. No breeder will dispute the point; and it is displayed, of course, also in the produce of the Arab sire with the large framed English mare; as will be the case, most probably, when the Angora is crossed with the common goat of the colony.

But to retain the improvement in the flecce, recourse must be had, in subsequent generations, to the pure imported blood. All experience in the breeding of animals has established the fact that although cross-breeding may answer, and, in judicious hands, is most likely to answer in the first generation, it must lead to disappointment in the second or third; and hence the anxiety felt by all the eminent stock-farmers of Europe to sustain the peculiar excellencies of each distinct breed of animals, by a jealous exclusion of all doubtful strains; so that they may always have a reserve of undeniable excellence to fall back upon, in case of future emergency. We have abundant proof, in this colony, that imported animals are necessary, from time to time, to prevent degeneration in horses, milch cattle, and fine-woolled sheep; and the Angora goat, most assuredly, will come under the same category. It is to be hoped, therefore, that such encouragement will be

given to the recent importers of these animals as may induce them, or others, to send for more, and to keep up a regular supply of the pure blood from its native spring.

The demand for *mohair* (by which name the wool or hair of the Angora goat is known in Europe) appears to be fast increasing; and as this branch of the subject is of primary importance to the exporter, I trust I shall be excused for transcribing all that I have been able to gather regarding it.

In the "Reports of the Jurors" of the Great Exhibition, A.D., 1851, the following paragraphs occur:—

"We may notice two articles in particular, which have become of great importance to this class of manufactures, (i. e., mixed fabrics,) viz., alpaca and mohair. The former is the wool or hair of an animal of the Llama tribe, from the region of Peru; the latter that of a goat peculiar to Asia Minor; and some idea of the rapid development of such novelties may be formed from the following returns of imports, viz.:—Of alpaca wool, from 1836 to 1840, 7,000 bales per annum; from 1841 to 1845, 13,000 bales per annum; from 1846 to 1850, 20,000 bales per annum. Of mohair, in 1841, 5,621 bales; in 1850, 12,884 bales" (p. 374).

"In alpaca and mohair yarns, the samples shown appeared to be very good, both in evenness of thread and mixture of colours, for the various descriptions of fancy goods made from them. This branch of trade, although comparatively new, has made rapid strides towards perfection. A few years ago, these raw materials were of little or no value; but through the skill and enterprise of those engaged in this trade, amongst whom Mr. T. Salt must, by universal consent, have a pre-eminent position, they have now become very valuable; and it cannot be doubted, from the beautiful specimens exhibited, that they are destined to maintain a high price, as compared with ordinary qualities of sheep's wool. Most of the samples of mohair yarn exhibited, single and folded, were very good, both in lustre and evenness of thread, especially those shown by T. Salt, J. Foster and son, Stowell and Jugden, and Townend Brothers. The mohair poplin yarn, made by the last named house, is the only yarn of this description prepared for the manufacture of poplin fabrics, and appeared perfect. They had also some beautiful specimens of coloured mohair yarns, suited for the smallware trade."—(p. 360).

"A prize medal was awarded to Mr. Titus Salt, manufacturer, Bradford, Yorkshire, for a complete series of alpaca and mohair manufactures, which illustrate very strikingly the great capabilities of these materials. The articles are of much variety, including fabrics composed of alpaca with cotton warps, and with silk warps, yarn dyed, and dyed in the piece; they are plain, twilled, figured, and chinés, or made with printed warps. There are also goods composed of mohair with similar combinations. All are characterized by peculiar lustre and brilliancy, equal, in many cases to

silk; they are also remarkable for regularity of texture, softness, and fineness. It may be confidently stated that similar goods have never before been produced; and the great increase in the consumption of articles of this description, among all classes of the community, renders the display an interesting and important one." (p. 357).

"Yarn enough," your readers may be inclined to say, and therefore I will proceed to wind up mine as quickly as possible. The annual produce of the Angora goat, in washed wool or hair, amounts (according to Conolly), in its own country, to as much as  $1\frac{1}{2}$  oke—(an oke is about  $2\frac{3}{4}$  lbs. English), and the latest price-currents quote its price, in London, at 1s. 11d. to 2s. 2d. per lb.; so that, taking the greatest weight and the highest price, the fleece of an Angora goat may be considered worth, at each clip, about 9s.; but making allowances for loss of quality and quantity in the return from the half-bred animal, and leaving a wide margin besides for possible contingencies, let us say that from 2s. to 2s. 6d. may be the annual profit from the half-bred Angora goat in this colony. This is so much positive gain, and when we take into consideration the many extensive karroos, and other inhospitable tracts where fine-woolled sheep cannot exist, but where, as Mr. Mosenthal says, "endless herds of goats can thrive to perfection," it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of this valuable acquisition to the resources of South Africa. A new feature in our agricultural economy will soon be prominently developed; and the colony, unquestionably, is under the greatest obligations to those spirited individuals by whose personal exertions this benefit has been realized.

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## NOTES ON ANIMAL LIFE IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY H. HALL, ESQ., R.E.D.

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### *Part II.\**

THE GIRAFFE—*Camelopardis*—(*Kameel of Dutch*).

GENTLE reader, do not think that, like the sage in "Zadig," who wrote thirteen folios on the nature and properties of Griffins, the author is about to inflict on you a learned, abstruse *Græco-latinic* treatise on the wild beasts of South

\* *Erratum*—In Part I, for *Numantia*, read *Numidia*.

Africa. On the contrary, it is with feelings of the deepest humility he acknowledges, like poor Goldy, that he hardly knows an ass from a mule, or a goose from a turkey unless he saw it on a friend's table. With this preliminary confession *revenons nous a nos giraffes*.

That this animal was found south of the Orange River, within the last century, we have abundant proof in the pages of Le Vaillant, Paterson, and others, although it could not have been very common, as few colonial localities are named after it. The writer has found it depicted very faithfully, sometimes however upside down, in sundry Bushmen caves near Shiloh, and in different parts of the Great Winterberg range; and a tradition exists among the Hottentots that it was once very numerous in the Amaebi or Thorn country, now part of the division of Queen's Town. It has, however, long since receded before the tide of colonial emigration, and is now not to be met with south of Kolobeng. Beyond that point, it is found more or less numerous across the continent, from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean, and as far north as the Nubian desert. Mr. C. Andersson found giraffes very plentiful in that dense belt of thorn country which intervenes between Damara and Ovampoland, and in the Acacia thickets along the skirts of the Kalihari. The giraffes brought to Europe generally come from Nubia and Sennaur. They were common even in the time of the Romans—the third Gordian exhibiting no less than ten at once in the amphitheatre.

The old naturalist, Belon du Mans, thus describes the giraffe:—

“ Belles des corps les giraffes et doulces,  
Out au mantien du cameau le maniere  
Leur pieds sont hauts devant et bas derriere,  
Poil blanc et roux, cornes court et mousses.”

In the days of our childhood, cameleopards were considered very rare and wonderful animals; and a miserable looking stuffed specimen, with a most mangy hide, dropsical legs, and diabolical squint, which graced, or rather disgraced (and for aught we know does to the present day), the museum of Trinity College, Dublin, was looked on by us youth with eyes of the most special veneration. In fact, it was, to use a gentle Hibernicism, giraffe albeit, one of the lions of the institution, and conjointly with Brian Boru's harp, Queen Cleopatra's hand, and a sample of the Giant's causeway, contributed to shed a soft haze of romance over the otherwise very seedy collection of decayed quadrupeds, featherless fowls, stuffed sharks, and other miscellaneous lumber, which, some twenty

or thirty years ago, was facetiously termed the "Museum" of our Irish University. Big Billy Duncan, the College porter, who for many years acted as showman to the "curiosities," took a special pride in the giraffe, and would resent most highly the sneers that some hypercritical visitors used to sometimes make at the ragged and mangy condition of the poor "baste;" and to pull a straw out of an unlucky hole in its belly was a crime punished with prompt expulsion, and fustigation, if the delinquent was a juvenile.

In fairs and travelling menageries, the giraffe is generally described as the stately cameleopard from the burning deserts of Ethiopia, and depicted with half-a-dozen immense fellows, on horses eighteen or twenty hands high, galloping about under its belly. Old writers describe it as a "beaste not very often seene, yet very tame and of a strange composition, mixed up of a libard, harte, buffe, and camele." Master Saunderson speaks of it as "the admirablest and fairest beaste he ever saw:" from which it is evident that our Trinity College friend was not his specimen. In the frontispiece of C. J. Andersson's *Lake Ngami* is a most spirited and artistic sketch of a cameleopard attacked by lions, drawn by the German Landseer, Wolff.

Cameleopards are much prized by Indian dignitaries for state pageants; they generally procure them through the agency of the Imaum of Muscat, although we believe one or two have been sent eastward from this colony.

An undulating country covered with high acacias or kameldoorn, as the Kalihari, Limpopo mountains, Dongola, &c., is the natural habitation of the giraffe, whose long neck and elastic tongue seem formed by nature for browsing on the tender shoots of trees.

#### THE CROCODILE.

Whether the crocodile of the South African rivers be the same as that of the Nile, we leave to better naturalists than we are to determine. It is not found in any of the colonial streams, and is first met with in the Limpopo and its tributaries and the rivers of Natal. A large species of Iguana, found in the Great Fish and other rivers, has been sometimes mistaken for the crocodile, by fearful and timorous travellers, no doubt of that vile cockney and pin-making species lately come before the public, unable to look even a crocodile straight in the face.

The flesh of the old crocodile has a most ancient and musk-like smell, and is rank and disagreeable in taste. However, a tender young crocodile, about five weeks old,



boiled in its scales, and served up with puff-adder or euphorbium sauce, is, we assure our readers, a delicacy not to be contemned, and is, or was before he fell into ill-health, a favourite dish with the "groote Baas," Moselikatze, who however ate it with pickles.

The crocodile, although the emblem of hypocrisy, was adored as a God by the ancient Egyptians,—"*crocodilum adorat hæc pars*,"—who adorned all they could catch, with gold rings in their noses, and ear-rings in their ears, and crammed cakes, roast beef, and mulled wine down their throats, on all occasions. For this, and other interesting particulars, *vide* Pater Herodotus.

Occasionally, in the Graham's Town market, the assembled multitude are excited by the appearance of a crocodile or alligator, not exactly stuffed, but fit for stuffing, brought down by some adventurous trader from the far north; but the price realized seldom repays the carriage. An alligator (stuffed) has been, for ages, a favourite decoration of surgeons' and apothecaries' shops, from Romeo's time downwards. We see in Hogarth's *Marriage a-la-mode*, plate 3, a very lively looking little crocodile, in the quack's laboratory, hung up over Cheop's head; and if the "*renaissance*" fever seizes on the surgeons of London or Paris, we may perhaps see a brisk trade spring up in pickled crocodiles.\*

Peter Martyr, *Legat. Babylonica*, Lib. 3, says,—“Crocodiles are excessively jealous;” and if his authority be authentic, according to old Burton, “has a strange tale to that purpose confidently related.” The value of crocodiles' tears is appreciated in every part of the civilized world; and if any of our readers chance to meet a crocodile on the banks of the blue Limpopo, let him, as the old writers say, “quick turne in a smarte cyrcle, and so the monster's long and cumbersome tayle will be a sad and grievous hyndrance to his greedy and devouring desyres.”

In old Egypt, there was a city called Crocodilopolis, where there were vast cisterns full of tame crocodiles, which used to be fed with nice fat little babies, and occasionally with a vestal virgin, or priestess of Isis, guilty of a *faux-pas*. And here, *en passant*, let us remark it is a pity we do not take a hint from our Egyptian friends, and call some of our cities or villages after the stately animals who once graced our soil. How immeasurably superior the sound of Leopolis, Rhinosteropolis, Hippopotamusdorp, Olifantopolis, &c., would be, to the

\* To those learned in dramatic lore, this may remind them of Dr. Rosy's "Poor Dally," who could stuff an alligator or pickle a lizard with any apothecary's wife in the kingdom.

vile Burghersdorps, Humansdorps, Villiersdorps, &c., &c., which now disgrace our map. But if we digress this way, we fear we shall beat out the sage of the griffins, and spin our Natural History to an interminable length. So we will at once shut up on the subject of crocodiles, and proceed to discuss, in as few words as possible,

THE CAPE LEOPARD—*Felis Leopardis*—(*Tiger of Colonists*).

The Cape leopard, of which there are two distinct species, is found throughout the whole length and breadth of Africa, and still abounds in many parts of the colony. We even occasionally hear of it, at the present time, killing a stray calf, pig, or jackass, as near us as Newlands, or Camp's Bay. The Cape leopard, although popularly called the tiger, we need hardly say, is not that animal, any more than a donkey is a horse. Such of our readers as are dabblers in the black art will recollect that a tiger's chaudron entered largely into the witches' kettle, in Macbeth. Whether one of a Cape leopard would equally answer the purpose is, we believe, doubtful; but we refer our readers to Cornelius Agrippa, Albertus Magnus, Count Cagliostro, Harriet Martineau, Dr. Crofts, of Graham's Town, concoctor of the "Tincture of Life," Umlangeni, Umlakasa, and other expert hands, on the subject.

Kolben says:—"The flesh of the leopard is very white, tender, and well tasted;" and in his opinion, "much finer eating than the finest veal. It has every good quality one can wish for in a meat, and not a bad one. Their flesh is delicious, wholesome food, either roast or boiled; and the flesh of the young ones is as tender as a chicken." Having some horrible visions of the feline delicacies of the restaurants of the *Quartier Latin* in our mind's eye, we beg most decidedly to differ with honest Peter on this subject, and refer our readers to Le Sage for the danger of quasi *Ragouts de Lapin*; for, after all, the leopard is nothing more than a cat on a large scale.

Leopards generally haunt deep-wooded ravines and thickets, and climb trees with great facility. They are seldom seen in the karroos or naked flats of the interior. Young baboons are stated to be a favourite repast of theirs.

HYENAS AND JACKALS—(*Wolve of Dutch Colonists*).

Three or four species of hyenas, or one or two of jackals, are found in Africa from north to south. One species—the Protelis or Aard Wolf—is, we believe, peculiar to the Cape. These animals do not appear to recede much before man in

any part of the world, and very often prove a serious enemy to our colonial sheep-walks. In wet and cold weather especially, the wolf or hyena *crocota* grows very ferocious, and in Betjouanaland even ventures into the natives' huts at night, and walks off with the young children. We need here hardly dwell on the character and disposition of the wolf, as all the world knows they are not very amiable ones.

With regard to the hyena *crocota*, Kolben says, "authors are strangely divided and mistaken." *Cyp. in Cont. His. Anim.* says, "the Latin writers call him *lupus cervarius*, because he is the hart's inveterate enemy." Torrerus says, "he is begot between a wolf and a panther." Various strange stories were once current of poor master Isegrim, and all sorts of naughty things believed of him; and we all know how vilely Frau Isegrim was used by that vile scamp "Reineke Fuchs." He was supposed to have no joints in his bones; like old Jacob Tonson to have two left legs, and an odour which tainted the ambient air; to walk sideways like a crab; that he changed his sex every alternate year; that in devouring his prey, he indulged in satanic fits of laughter; if a man looked at him, or he at a man—we forget which—the latter immediately became dumb:—

—"Vox quoque Merim  
Jam fugit ipsa, lupi Merim videre priores."

(And here we would venture to suggest that the Sergeant-at-Arms be forthwith ordered to keep, during the session, below the bar of the house, a proper and discreet wolf, which, when the honourable members for ——— or ——— are speechifying a little too fast, should be trained to gaze earnestly in their countenances). It was said to imitate the language of men, in order to draw the shepherd near it, whom it devoured. Old Æsop, in his fables, says all sorts of ill-natured things about it. "Wolves in sheep's clothing," is a household word, and the difficulty of "keeping the wolf from the door" has become proverbial. An old writer describes him as a beast

—"Qui rend abondamment,  
Par son conduite le musc pour excrement,  
Odeur que plus a sentir on souhaite."

In medicine and the art magic, the wolf or hyena possesses many useful qualities. Certain hairs of his tail, burnt to ashes, make a first rate love powder; and the young Athenian ladies, when they wanted to be particularly fascinating, bound the udder of a female hyena round their left arms, sacrificing

at the same time to Proserpine; and we would here suggest to our fair readers to make the experiment on a small scale at the next ball, in the Commercial Exchange, to test the effect it may have on the young Browns, Jones's, and Robinsons present. His gall was a remedy for apoplexy; and his liver, dried and dissolved in bat's blood "will cause a sudden alteration, drive away dumps and cheer up the heart." A wolf's heart borne or eaten "will expel vain imaginations, divels, and case afflicted souls," which Mercurialis approves. Its knuckle bones were used by the old sorceresses as powerful charms. Thus Lucan says—

"Viscera non Lyncis non dirici nodus hyenæ defuit."

This may be caused by the predilection of the hyena for human flesh: all the tribe being great resurrectionists, and consequently mighty in magic charms, philters, love potions, &c., &c.\*

The hyena is, to European taste at least, hardly eatable. We were once pressed, at the table of a Kafir nobleman, to partake of a mess of fried hyena liver and zeekoe bacon; but, we confess we could not conquer our (perhaps) foolish reluctance, when we called to mind the awful church-yard propensities of the tribe. The Kafir ladies and gentlemen present, however, were not so nice, "and the bacon and liver went merrily round;" and we often thought of poor Goldy, when we heard our fair friends on all sides requesting another very small slice of that most delicate fry.

"Pray a slice of your liver, though may I be curs'd;  
But your zeekoe I've eat till I'm ready to burst."

THE OSTRICH—*Struthio*—(*Struysvogel* of Dutch Colonists).

The ostrich is a sort of link between the mammalia and the aves; and before entering into the subject of the antelopes, we will say a few words on his peculiarities. In the time of Kolben, ostriches were so numerous "a man could hardly walk a quarter of an hour without seeing one or more of these birds." It is found at the present day thinly scattered over many parts of the Cape colony, in the Picquetberg district, Little Namaqualand, Bushmanland, Nieuwveld, Uitenhage, &c., &c.; and a few are preserved on some farms in the Caledon district, and near Port Elizabeth. In 1848, the writer saw some on the Bontebok flats, in the Queen's Town district, and in 1853 a small troop near the Olifant's River in

\* Vide Albertus Magnus de Viv. Animal. and de mirabilibus Mundi, in which, as old Sam Johnson says, "The reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets."

the Picquetberg. But the localities from which we receive our principal supply of feathers are the vast regions of the Kalihari Desert and the country north and west of it. In Senegal and North Africa ostriches are often regularly stabled and periodically plucked, like geese; and as their feathers are worth seven or eight guineas a pound, it might be found profitable to some of our farmers, on the northern frontier to embark in a similar speculation, especially as an ostrich will eat almost any thing, from a needle to an anchor.

From its partiality to a steel diet, the ostrich was generally depicted, in old engravings, with a horse-shoe in its mouth. Leo Africanus says—

“*Surdum ac simplex animal est.*”

Many foolish stories are related of this poor fowl. When pursued, he is said to thrust his head into a bush, and then quietly stand till caught and plucked. If the Latin grammatical rule is still considered to stand good that “*Masculinus dignior est quam Fœmina*,” the ostrich has been horribly belied. Foul-tongued and calumnious men have gone far enough to aver that he is actually a magnanimous bird, and when his mate is out taking her pleasure in the karroo, and gallivanting about with others of her species, he, poor bird, all forlorn, sits patiently at home leaning its breast against a thorn, and hatching the eggs, alas! neglected by his volatile spouse. This is a fact in natural history that we are sure will not be credited by the veriest Jerry Sneak in the community. No, certainly, such is not the case; the ostrich is, in his way, quite as great a Giovanni as even bright Chanticleer himself, or cock-robin either, and the story of his hatching must be reckoned among the “*Pseudodoxia Epidemica*” of the learned Sir T. Browne, although credulous old Kolben says he has often driven both male and female from their nests, “feasting myself and friends with the eggs.”

The ostrich lives long; his cast-iron diet appearing to indurate and toughen his digestive organs. In the ostrich countries, a perfect “*experimentum crucis*” to a good carver is a roast cock ostrich, about 47 years old, the only carving-knife being a blunt assegai. We can assure our readers, to do justice to its drumstick requires a powerful dental machinery, and even a “bit of the breast” would require the gizzard of a Lechetabele to digest it.

In the cuisine of the Roman epicures, the ostrich entered largely. Heliogabalus delighted in a dish composed of the brains of not less than one hundred. Their tongues, livers, &c., are often mentioned in the domestic records of



the lower empire; and one Firmius—*horribile dictu*—is said to have devoured a whole one at a meal: that is to say, in modern language at least a score of large turkey-cocks: a feat that surpasses any gastronomical effort of the capacious stomach of Lechetabele himself.

Although ostriches may and can digest horse-shoes, paving-stones, and grape-shot, they cannot, it seems, parasols, as one died lately in the Zoological Gardens, London, from swallowing only part of one.

The ostrich is supposed to be the Janah of Scripture, erroneously, it is thought, translated “owl” in the English version. Its flesh is deemed unclean by Jews and Mahomedans. Its eggs are esteemed, and justly so, by all the world.

Sir T. Browne enters largely into the question of the ostrich digesting iron, and quotes Rhodiginus, Johannes Langius, Aristotle, Appianus, Fernelius, Pliny, Elian, Riolanus, Leo Africanus, Amatus, Albertus Magnus, Ulysses, Aldnovandus, Master Ross, Dr. Harvey, Galen, and Hermolaus.

As these learned men have nearly exhausted the subject, we will refer our readers to them, as we feel that we can add nothing very new or important which those sages have not already touched on.

In conclusion, we have, in a former article, alluded to a waltz with a hippopotamus; our much esteemed friend, Mr. Maclear, assures us the ostrich waltzes also, but without a partner. In other words, when strangers approach their nest, the old birds droop their wings and twirl about in a most peculiar style, leading you to imagine they are lame or wounded. When they lead you sufficiently away from the nest, the birds take to their (what shall we say, claws or heels), and make off as sharp as possible. Does this look like the “*Surdum ac simplex animal*” of Master Leo Africanus?

## GEODESY AND LAND-SURVEYING.

THE ultimate objects of geodetical measurements, and of land-surveying are different. The former serve to determine the figure and dimensions of the earth; the latter to define the boundaries of estates. But the principal operations carried on in both are analogous. The chief problem in the former is to determine the length of a meridional arc, and in the latter to find the distances between the several corners or angular points of estates, so that the

position of any of those corners may be found by remeasurement of their recorded distances from the others. In both problems, the extreme points of the distances to be ascertained are, generally speaking, not visible from each other, and moreover, separated by hills or mountains, which render actual linear measurement inaccurate, if not impracticable. In land-surveying, the distances to be determined are so short, compared with the radius of the earth, that the curvature of the latter, which in geodesy is taken into account, may be neglected.

The operations of land-surveying may, therefore, be considered as being the same in theory with those of geodesy, but carried on, on a smaller scale, and stripped of much refinement, essential in the latter, but unnecessary in the former. Hence, it would not be a matter of surprise, had the methods of measurement and of calculation which are employed in geodesy, on account of the natural obstacles to linear measurement, been completely adapted, in every part of the world, to the purposes of land-surveying.

Such an adaptation of the mode of *calculation* used in geodesy—so far as the writer has been able to ascertain—has, however, not been effected in any part of the world, except South Africa, where it has been gaining ground for some years, and will probably soon become general. Being peculiar to the Cape, a brief description of it may not be out of place in the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.

The mode of calculation alluded to is called “Calculation by Co-ordinates.” Previous to describing it, it will be necessary, in order to be intelligible to the general reader, to acquaint him with the manner in which surveys are usually performed.

In geodesy, as well as in surveys of large estates, the points whose relative positions are to be ascertained are usually connected by a network of adjoining triangles. Only one side of one of these triangles, called a base line, is measured, the base line being generally selected on the most level ground. All the other sides of triangles can then be deduced from the base line, by angular measurement and by a process of calculation explained in every treatise on trigonometry. In surveys of limited extent, the lines connecting the points to be fixed, are, however, frequently measured with the chain. Their angles of intersection are generally measured with a theodolite.

Whether the lengths of the connecting lines are determined by actual measurement or by triangulation, they are laid down on paper by means of a scale of equal parts, or an instrument for laying off angles, called a protractor, or by means of both combined. Thus a picture or model of the ground surveyed is obtained, which is technically called a diagram. Every one who has framed such diagrams knows how vastly disproportionate their errors are to the slight inaccuracies of the measurements in the field. The reasons why this is the case are obvious; they need not, however, be here inquired into. But the errors of the diagrams would be of little consequence, if sufficient distances and

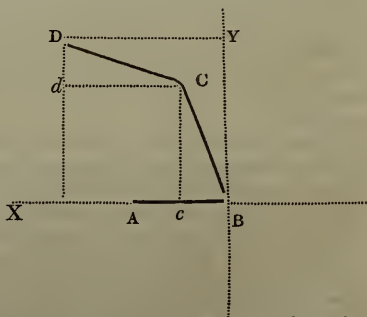
directions, for the purposes of re-survey, were numerically recorded on the diagrams. This, however, it was not hitherto the practice to do, as the calculation of those distances and directions is sometimes a most laborious task, except by the system of co-ordinates, which will now be briefly explained.

In this system, the position of every point in the survey is referred to two interminate straight lines, which cross each other at right angles, and are called axes of co-ordinates. One of these axes is called the horizontal or X axis; the other, the vertical or Y axis. In geodesy, the meridian, of which an arc is to be measured, is generally made the X axis. In land-surveying, any line whatever of the survey may be adopted as X axis, or "working meridian." The Y axis is generally drawn through either extremity of the line selected as X axis, which extremity is then called the zero point of the survey.

The manner of referring the position of every point to the two axes, is by calculating the lengths of two imaginary perpendiculars drawn from each point to those axes. The perpendiculars thus drawn from any point are called its co-ordinates; the one drawn parallel to the Y axis being briefly called the  $y$ , and the other the  $x$  of that point. These co-ordinates may lie on opposite sides of the axes; to indicate their position the signs + and - are used. Their lengths are calculated by the solution of right-angled triangles. The data in every triangle are invariably the hypotenuse and an oblique angle; the hypotenuse being a line of which the length has either been actually measured or calculated by triangulation, and the oblique angle being the angle which that line makes with the X axis, or, which is the same thing, with a parallel to the X axis drawn through one extremity of that line. This angle is called the angle of direction of that line. It is an observed angle only when that line immediately adjoins the X axis. In every other case it is found likewise without trigonometrical calculation, by the mere addition of observed angles.

Thus, let A B, B C, C D, be adjoining lines of a survey, of which the lengths and the angles of intersection, A B C and B C D, have been determined in the usual manner, and let A B be the line selected as X axis, B the zero point, and B Y the Y axis.

Through C and D draw lines parallel to both axes, as shown in the figure, then in the right-angled triangle C B c, we know the hypotenuse B C, and the oblique angle C B c. Hence we may calculate C c the  $y$  of C, and c B = the  $x$  of C.



Again, in the right-angled triangle  $D C d$ , we know  $D C$  and the angle  $D C d$ , for  $D C d = A B C + B C D - 180^\circ$ .

Hence we may calculate  $D d$  and  $C d$ . Then  $D d + C c =$  the  $y$  of  $D$ , and  $d C + c B =$  the  $x$  of  $D$ .

Similarly, if we had any number of additional lines,  $D E$ ,  $E F$ ,  $F G$ , &c., connected with  $A B$ ,  $B C$ ,  $C D$ , we might successively calculate the co-ordinates of  $E$ ,  $F$ ,  $G$ , &c.

If at any station, as  $C$ , in observing the angle  $B C D$ , we invariably consider the backward station  $B$  as the left-hand one, and the forward station  $D$  as the right-hand one, and call observed angles positive or negative, according as the degrees they contain are reckoned from left to right, or from right to left, we may, in every case, by adding algebraically, calculate the angle of direction, without making a figure or sketch of the axes, their parallels, &c., to refer to. If the angles of direction are invariably reckoned positive, they will vary from  $0^\circ$  to  $360^\circ$ , and the quadrant to which they belong will inform us whether the partial perpendiculars calculated are additive or subtractive.

Having calculated the co-ordinates of all points, each point may now be rapidly plotted,—that is, laid down on paper,—by means of its own  $x$  and  $y$ , by which method any inaccuracy in the plotting of any one point does not in the least influence the position of any other. Multiplication of errors, unavoidable in the usual ways of plotting, is thus impossible, and a far more accurate diagram is the result.

Next, the distance and angle of direction of the line between any two points may be calculated by the solution of a single right-angled triangle, when the co-ordinates of those points are known: for the line joining any two points is always the hypotenuse of an imaginary right-angled triangle, of which one side is the algebraical difference of the  $x$ 's, and the other that of the  $y$ 's of those points; and as the  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's are known, their differences are known; therefore the hypotenuse and the oblique angles may be calculated. And it is clear that this can be done in any case, no matter how the two points are situated with regard to each other, and whether they can be seen from each other or not.

The difference of the angles of direction of any two lines furnishes the angle contained by those lines.

To Mr. Surveyor M. Ruysch belongs the merit of first conceiving and carrying into execution the idea of applying co-ordinates to ordinary land-surveying. This was about the year 1832. For several years he scarcely met with a single congenial soul who appreciated the improved method adopted by him; until about the year 1848, when the number of colonial surveyors was considerably increased, he communicated his system to some of the new-comers, who eagerly availed themselves of his powerful means of accomplishing the purposes of surveying, which has been aptly styled “the grand lever of surveying.”

Since that period numerous new applications of co-ordinates have been made by those who followed in Mr. Ruysch's steps. Of these,

their application to the rigorous calculation of the area of a polygonal field is peculiarly remarkable for its simplicity and expedition. As early as 1849 and 1850, the areas of many farms in the district of Fort Beaufort were calculated by co-ordinates. Of many farms in the Free State, and a few in the district of George, the extents have also been thus ascertained. One of the simplest rules for this purpose is the following :—

(1.) Multiply the sums of the  $y$ 's of every two adjoining beacons by the difference of the  $x$ 's of the same beacons. The algebraical sum of the products is double the area.

The accuracy of the calculation can be most satisfactorily checked by the following rule :—

(2.) Multiply the sum of the  $x$ 's of every two adjoining beacons by the differences of the  $y$ 's of the same beacons. The algebraical sum is double the area.

The following rule, as simple and expeditious as the above, has also, since July last, been used by some surveyors residing in Cape Town :—

(3.) Multiply in succession the  $y$  of every point, by the difference of the  $x$ 's of the two adjoining points on opposite sides of it. The algebraical sum of the products is double the area.

(4.) Multiplying the  $x$  of every point by the difference of the  $y$ 's of the two nearest points gives the same result, and may therefore serve as a check.

It is worthy of remark, that the products obtained by any one of the above four rules are severally different from those obtained by any of the others. Therefore, when by any two of the above rules, the same area is found, all doubts about the accuracy of the calculations may be dismissed.

The contracted method of multiplying decimals, explained in most works on arithmetic, has been found more expeditious, than the use of logarithms, for the above rules. A register kept by a surveyor at Cape Town, of the times devoted by him to calculation of areas since July last, shows that by any one of the above rules, the area of a polygon can be determined, in the average, in as many times one and a half minutes as the figure has sides,—so that thirty minutes will suffice for calculating the area of a ten-sided figure by any two of the above rules.

Thus it appears that, by calculation of co-ordinates, we are enabled—

1st. To obtain the most accurate diagram of any ground surveyed.

2ndly. To calculate, by the solution of a single right-angled triangle, the length of the line joining any two points whatever of a survey, and the angle which that line makes with either axis.

3rdly. To obtain, by subtraction of two angles of direction, the angle formed at one of three points by the straight lines joining it to the other two.

4thly. To calculate by simple multiplication, without the aid of trigonometrical or logarithmic tables the area of a polygonal field,



rigorously consistent with the numerical values of the boundary lines and angles.

In short, the answer to any question whatever in land-surveying, regarding distance, direction, or area, can be found with the utmost facility by aid of co-ordinates. With such facilities, within the reach of every surveyor, for correctly furnishing the distances, angles, and areas required by Government, on all diagrams to be filed in the land registers of the colony, after 1st July next, it is to be hoped that provision will be made for ensuring the mutual consistency of those data. With such a provision, surveying in this colony will really become a means of defining with accuracy the boundaries of estates. Without it, the furnishing of contradictory data will, to a great extent, destroy the advantages derivable from the new regulations, and but little of the benefit, which a "calculation by co-ordinates" is capable of conferring on land surveying, will be realized.

X. Y.

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#### THE SCENE OF THE ZULU MASSACRE, AFTER THE BATTLE.

Rotting on the reeking strand,  
Children of wild Zulu-land,  
Stark and bare their corpses lie  
Stretched beneath the scorching sky—  
While the scavengers of heaven,  
Gorge the feast that death has given.  
Wheeling, circling overhead,  
With their giant wings outspread;  
Slow and stately they descend,  
Slow and stately downward bend;  
Not a ruffle does disturb,  
Not a breath their course does curb,  
Like a ship on glassy sea,  
Moved right on full steadily,  
They glide thro' the stilly air,  
Surely drawing nigh to where  
Lie the victims of the spear,  
Slain thro' Ketway's craven fear.

Change the fearful scene! 'tis night,  
And the crescent moon's pale light  
Shrouds in dim and spectral mist  
The ghastly scene of death's dire tryst,  
And in a dank and heavy pall,  
On which the moonbeams feebly fall,

Veils from the gaze of curious eyes  
 What's left of those mortalities !  
 But hark ! the hounds of death draw near,  
 Their gaunt forms thro' the night appear,  
 With sharp, fierce cries of hunger gnawing,  
 Impatiently, the ground each pawing,  
 Till now, they snuff the scent of death,—  
 Inhale the Aceldama's breath,  
 And howl, and rush in maddened glee  
 To the mass of dark humanity.

\* \* \* \* \*

Ere twice that moon's ensilvered horn  
 Has gleamed athwart that bloody bourne,  
 A few bleached bones alone will show  
 This now the field of weltering woe !

NATALIA.

D'Urban, 1857.

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## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE leading events of literary interest, during the last month, appear to have been the publication of Boswell's letters and Macaulay's Memoir of Johnson, in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. Though considered to be deficient in the matter of dates, and similar points of minor interest, Macaulay's work has been pronounced, on the whole, an inimitable and masterly portrait of the great Cham of literature. Boswell's letters—ninety-seven in number—are addressed to "his old and intimate friend," the Rev. W. Temple. There is a perfect *naïve* Boswellian charm about the few of them we have seen. Take the following extract as a sample:

"I go to Eton, to-morrow, with my eldest son. I was there last week to prepare matters, and, to my agreeable surprise, found myself highly considered there. I was asked by Dr. Davies, the head-master, to dine at the Fellows, and made a creditable figure. I certainly have the art of making the most of what I have. . . . I had my classical quotations very ready."

Here is another curious passage :—

"Adam Smith too is of our club. It has lost its select merit. Gibbon is an ugly, affected, disgusting fellow, and poisons our literary club to me."

Boszy's veneration for Johnson is shown, with touching simplicity, in the following :—

"My father harps on my going to Scotland with a brute (*think how shockingly erroneous*)."

Here is a curious extract, not from Boswell, but from memoranda contributed to the *Illustrated London News*, by Mr. Monckton Milnes :—

“ Hall, the author of ‘ Crazy Tales,’ said he could not bear David Hume for being such a monarchical dog. ‘ Is it not shocking,’ said he, ‘ that a fellow who does not believe in a God should believe in a king.’ ”

Thackeray was, according to the latest news by the *Columbian*, delivering his lectures on the Georges, to admiring audiences, in the Literary Institution of Marylebone. He is certainly one of the most powerful of our living writers. His satire, while penetrating and pungent, is discriminating and genial. Unlike Carlyle, who, with Titanic fury, inveighs against all things, from Dan to Beersheba, as rampant hypocrisies and unmitigated shams, Thackeray can believe, as he has in his own sportive way told us, in the *Newcomes*, that “ there are some great landlords who do not grind down their tenants; that there are actually bishops who are not hypocrites; that there are liberal men, even among the Whigs; and that the Radicals themselves are not all aristocrats at heart.”

His historical intimacy with the social life of the times of the Georges; his keen insight into the hidden springs of human action; his dramatic power to revivify the past; and his rich humour and satire, rendered him pre-eminently the most competent man living to undertake the task which he has so successfully accomplished. He delivered these lectures first in the United States. It was somewhat unfortunate that he did so, as his motives for the courteous act were thoroughly misconstrued by the American people. It will be remembered that, in the first number of the *Newcomes*, Thackeray had occasion to describe the scenes of the middle of last century. In that picture, “ Mr. Washington” was spoken of as fighting at the head of the American rebels, with a skill and courage worthy of a better cause. This the Americans considered an unpardonable offence, and the author was compelled, in self-defence, to explain and disavow the sentiment as his own. It had been introduced into the novel as merely indicative of the opinions of the time. The explanation was scarcely considered satisfactory enough to the wounded national pride of the Yankees; and when Thackeray delivered his satiric lectures on the Monarchs of the old country, laying bare, as, in historic fidelity, he was bound to do, the follies and vices of the British courts, the Americans deemed it a servile act of flattery to themselves—an attempt to recover the republican good graces which had for a time been forfeited. Mr. Thackeray, on this account, was received in America with considerably less applause than he would otherwise have met. His re-delivery of the lectures immediately on his return to Europe, and alike in the English and Scottish capitals, shows that, of course, his intention was misjudged, and that his visit to America, however misunderstood, was in reality an act of graceful courtesy.

We can only find space for a very hasty glance at the most salient points of the lectures. His first one commenced with a general

historic sketch of the Guelph family, from William the Pious downwards. George I himself was dwelt on at considerable length, but not with the lingering fondness which the lecturer showed for the memory of Addison, "so much greater than the king to whom he bended the knee," and Dick Steele, in his club, with Addison, enjoying his jests and wine, and "not happening to have his share of the reckoning in his pocket." Miniatures of these and Bolingbroke, and Marlborough ("what master would he not kiss and betray"), and a host of other celebrities of the time, formed the staple of the first lecture. In the lecture on the Second George, we have admirable glimpses of the leading spirits. Take one, for instance, Robert Walpole. "In religion, he was little better than a heathen; he cracked jokes at all the big-wigs and bishops, and spent his Sundays tippling with courtiers, at St. James', or boozing with boors at Haughton. He cared no more for letters than his master did; he judged human nature so meanly that we are ashamed to own he was right. But, with his hireling House of Commons, he defended the liberty of the country; with his incredulity, he kept down priestcraft. He gave Britain peace and freedom; the three per cents. nearly at par, and wheat at twenty shillings per quarter."

"I am frightened," said Thackeray, "to look back to those times. Lady Yarmouth bet a clergyman £5,000 he should be made a bishop: the clergyman obtained his see, and paid her ladyship the wager. In St. James' Chapel, the king was yawning under his canopy and chattering German, as loud as the preacher, one Dr. Young, who wrote poetry about the stars, and who actually burst into tears because the defender of the faith and dispenser of bishoprics would not listen to him. . . No wonder that there should have been a Whitfield crying in the wilderness, and a Wesley quitting the insulted temple, to pray on the hill-side." The court and king are described by the lecturer as essentially licentious and corrupt. "Where is the honest man or the pure person one may look at in this court?" And then comes the outburst of warm loyalty, which every pure heart must re-echo. "There are some old world follies, and absurd ceremonials about our court of the present day that I laugh at; but as the Mistress of St. James' passes me now, I salute the sovereign, wise, moderate, exemplary of life, the good mother, the good wife, the accomplished lady, the enlightened friend of art, the tender sympathiser in her people's sorrows and glories." A similar finely-toned passage we remember in one of his published lectures on the *Humorists*. Speaking of Sterne:—"There is not a page in his writing but has something that were better away—a latent corruption—a hint as of an impure presence. Some of that dreary *double entendre* may be attributed to freer times and manners than ours, but not all. The foul satyr's eyes leer out of the leaves constantly; the last words the famous author wrote were bad and wicked; the last lines the poor stricken wretch penned, were for pity and pardon."

I think of those past writers, and of one who lives amongst us now, and am grateful for the innocent laughter, and the sweet and unsullied page, which the author of *David Copperfield* gives to my children." And may we not add, what a sign for good it is, that Swift's inhuman Yahoo sneers at mankind's vice and folly have given place, in our own day, to the genial satire, the lofty tone, and the pure morality of the author of the *Newcomes*.

For George, with his licentious coarseness, the lecturer had no sympathy. He was a king who had neither dignity, learning, morals, nor wit; who tainted society by his bad example; who was not a good husband; who was not a good father to his people or his family; who, in youth, manhood, and old age, was low and sensual; and Dr. Porteous says, "the earth was not good enough for him, and that his proper place was heaven. Bravo, doctor! the divine who wept those tears for George the Second's memory, wore George the Third's lawn."

Approaching George III, one breathes a purer air. There was much of coarseness and corruption throughout society, but the court, with all its imbecility, was comparatively stainless. The admirers of the good Monarch filled volumes with stories of his homely ways—riding about and talking with every one he met about their crops, or families, or rents of their houses. It was thus that our fathers liked their old king, and magnified him as the great representative of the regal character. His private life is thus described:—

"He married the Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Strelitz—although it was said he winced a little when first he saw her—and for years they led one of the happiest and simplest of lives ever led by married couple. Their time was spent in the most regular manner. In the evening they would have a country dance, at which the king would dance for three hours to one tune, after which delicious excitement they would go to bed without any supper. He was fond of music, and the theatre was always his delight. The smallest jokes would set him off laughing, and when the clown swallowed a carrot or a string of sausages, he would roar and hullabaloo so outrageously that the lovely princess at his side had to say, "My glorious monarch, do compose yourself;" and he continued to laugh as long as his little wits were left him."

And again—

"George the Second's bad morals bore their fruit in George the Third's early years, as I believe a knowledge of that godly man's (George the Third's) good example, his moderation, his frugal simplicity, his God-fearing life, tended infinitely to improve the morals of the country, and purify the whole nation."

His political power and capacity for rule are sketched thus.—

"The simple, stubborn, affectionate, bigoted man earnestly tried to learn, and succeeded in perfectly acquiring all the routine parts of the royal business. Who could wonder that, with such a man to rule and lead the people, to declare war, and to decide who his millions of subjects were to slay, and whom they were to be friends with, humiliation and failure should be the result. George the Third was always at war with the aristocracy; it was he and the people



that carried on the American war, denied justice to the Roman Catholics, and on these questions beat the patricians. He bribed, and bullied, and darkly dissembled upon occasion—beat North and Fox, and even bowed the stately neck of the younger Pitt by his indomitable determination. In all this he was perfectly honest; for it was by persons thoroughly believing they were right that nine tenths of the tyranny of the world had been perpetrated."

The altered manner of public men in their relations with titled dignitaries is thus hit off from Selwyn's correspondence:—

"We have not now children who stand in reverential awe of their parents, and go down on their knees to beg their blessing; servants who are saying "your honour" and "your worship" at every word; or chaplains who say grace, and retire with the pudding. We cannot now fancy Mr. Pitt's under-secretary not daring to stand in the presence of his superior, or the same Mr. Pitt, as Earl of Chatham, kneeling before the king while transacting business with him, and bursting into tears because his Majesty deigned to be kind. Fancy Lord John Russell, or Lord Palmerston, on their knees while their sovereign is reading a despatch, or beginning to cry because Prince Albert has said something civil."

It is curious to note the hearty gusto with which the lecturer returns from the parasites and profligates of fashionable life to Bolt-court, and Johnson, and Goldy, and Garrick, at their club:—

"There was Goldsmith so odd and natural, Burke the finest talker in the world, Garrick flashing in with a story from his theatre, with Percy and Langton, and poor Bozzy at the table. Not merely how pleasant, and how wise, but how good the men were! Relating how Johnson carried an old woman on his back down Cheapside, and how Burke, in returning from the club, encountered a poor Magdalene, to whom he spoke in his kind, wise way, and whose tears so moved him that he took her home to his wife and family, until he could find her an honest way of living—'Oh! you fine gentlemen,' said the lecturer, 'you March, Selwyn, Chesterfield, how small you look by the side of these great men.' Johnson, more than a whole bench of bishops, more than Pitt, North, and the great Fox himself, had the ear of the nation, and his great voice reconciled it to authority. When George the Third talked to him, and when the nation heard Johnson's opinion of the sovereign, a whole generation rallied to the throne. He was regarded as a sort of oracle; and when he declared for church and king, the people followed him. What a humanity the good old man had! He was a fierce foe to all sin, but a gentle enemy to all sinners. He had the 'liberty of the scenes,' as he called it, at the theatre, and occasionally made use of it. 'The actresses know me,' he said, 'and drop a curtsy as they pass.' What a picture this would make—the lecturer thought—'Gaiety so tenderly surveyed by wisdom's merciful pure eyes.'"

We have already extended this notice much beyond its due limits; but the subject is tempting, and we cannot resist quoting the following noble prose lyric on the last days of the unhappy George. As the *Times* truly said, it invests the subject, notwithstanding all his antecedent imbecilities, with the tragic dignity of an Oedipus or a Lear:—

"History presents no sadder picture than that old man, blind and deprived of reason, wandering through his palace, haranguing imaginary

parliaments and reviewing ghostly troops. He became utterly deaf too. All sight, all reason, all sound of human voices, all the pleasures of this world, of God, were taken from him. Some slight lucid moments he had, in one of which the Queen desiring to see him, entered the room and found him singing a hymn and accompanying himself on the harpsichord: when finished, he kneeled down and prayed aloud for her and for his family, and then for the nation, concluding with a prayer for himself that God would avert his dreadful calamity from him, but if not, that He would give him resignation to submit to it. He then burst into tears, and his reason again fled. What preacher need moralise on this story? What words, save the simplest, are requisite to tell it? It is too terrible for tears. The thought of such misery smites me down in submission before the Ruler of kings and men—the Monarch supreme over empires and republics—the inscrutable Dispenser of life, death, happiness, victory. Oh! brothers, I said to those who heard me first in America—Oh! brothers, speaking the same dear mother tongue—Oh! comrades, enemies no more, let us take a mournful hand together as we stand by this royal corpse, and call a truce to battle. Low he lies to whom the proudest used to kneel once, and who was cast lower than the poorest, whom millions prayed over in vain. Driven off his throne, buffeted by rude hands, with his children in revolt, and the darling of his old age killed before him, old Lear hangs over her breathless lips, and calls—*‘Cordelia, Cordelia, stay a little.’*

*‘Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him,  
That would upon the rack of this tough world  
Stretch him out longer.’*

Hush, strife and quarrel, over the solemn grave! Sound, trumpets, a mournful march! Fall, dark curtain, upon his pageant, his pride, his griefs, his awful tragedy!”

And no wonder we are told that when the lecturer thus eloquently closed his discourse, the audience gazed on him with breathless astonishment and awe.

For George IV., he has evidently but very little love or admiration. After reading of him in scores of volumes, hunting him through old magazines and newspapers, Thackeray protests he has found but a coat, a wig, and the mask smiling below it—nothing but a great simulacrum. “The sailor King was a man and the Duke of York, his brother, was a big, burly, jolly, cursing, courageous man; George was but a bow and a grin; outside, a tailor’s work, fine cocked hat, nutty brown wig, coat, huge black stock, under waistcoats, and then nothing: a royal mummy. His opinions on anything but the best pattern for a waistcoat, or the sauce for a partridge, were not worth anything.”

With the vagaries of the unhappy princess, Queen Caroline, the lecturer would not deal, but when put upon her trial, “I vote,” said Mr. Thackeray, “she is not guilty. I don’t say it is an impartial verdict; but as one reads her story the heart beats for that poor outraged woman. If wrong there be, let it lie at his door who wickedly thrust her from him. And yet he was called the first gentleman in Europe! There is no greater satire on the proud English society of that day than that they admired this George!”

We have had yet but imperfect newspaper summaries of those admirable lectures. They will shortly however be published together, and will form one of the most charming books in the language.

Theodore Hook was enabled to jocosely gratify the prevalent taste for diaries and correspondence in his time. From twenty-four apocryphal volumes of MS. letters and memoranda the production of all the leading personages of the last and present century, he published in *Bull* a few highly interesting and suggestive specimens.

[No. I.]

FROM THE RIGHT HON. WM. PITT TO MR. SMITH.—“Mr. Pitt will be glad to see Mr. Smith to-morrow at 12.

“Downing-street, April 4th, 1800.”

[No. II.]

“Mrs. Barbauld will thank Miss Higginbotham to let her have the silk gown home by Saturday night at latest.

“Thursday evening.”

We were strongly reminded of this inimitable epistolary collection when reading the four volumes of Southey's letters received last month at the Public Library. These are in addition to the six volumes of *Memoirs and Correspondence*, published a few years since by the poet's son. The present series are edited by his son-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Warton, who ostentatiously enough, in the preface, boasts himself to be “not unread in German literature of all sorts, especially theological; and from his long residence in Copenhagen, as Chaplain to the Embassy, not unversed in Danish and Swedish lore, and in the exquisitely curious Icelandic sagas.”

He has collected in the four thick volumes before us a host of letters *de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*, some of no more interest than Mr. Pitt's immortal one, quoted above,—some readable and curious, but unimportant; and some valuable and worthy of preservation. Were the choice ones culled out and published, in the compass of a single volume, the work would have been worthy of all acceptance. We can only find room for a few extracts from the most interesting. When, in early life (1797), intending the pursuit of law, Southey shows one of his peculiar instincts. He says to a friend:—

“Is it not probable that, in practising common law, I may be called upon, in criminal cases, to plead against the life of a man. If so, I should decidedly prefer Chancery. Were I to be instrumental in bringing a murderer to the gallows, I should ever after feel that I had become a murderer myself (1797).”

His *Quarterly* antipathies against the Edinburgh Reviewers are curiously strong. He speaks with bitterness of “the base and cowardly politics of the *Edinburgh*.” And referring to the opposition organ then started, in 1808, he writes to Lieutenant Southey:—“We shall hoist the bloody flag down alongside that Scotch ship, and engage her yard-arm and yard-arm. Jeffrey, after all his shifting, is now sold, body and soul, to the sneaking

Whig party." *Tantæne animis celestibus iræ!* Notwithstanding Southey's political connexions, his notions of colonial policy, given in a letter to Landor as early as 1812, are surprisingly ultra-liberal. He says:—

"With the Cape and New Holland, for instance, I would proceed thus,—govern yourselves, and we will protect you as long as you need protection. When that is no longer necessary, remember that though we be different countries, each independent, we are one people. Every Briton who sets foot among you shall instantly be entitled to all the privileges of a native. Every person born among you becomes as an Englishman when he lands in Great Britain. Every country in which English is the mother tongue shall be open to every member of the great English race. In fifty years, America would petition to be received back into the family."

There is one work received at the Public Library, some time since, which deserves being specially mentioned. It has the somewhat forbidding title of *Hours with the Mystics*. Its readers, however, will find it, on closer intimacy, to be full of the most delightful and instructive matter. Its author, Mr. Robert Alfred Vaughan, is one of the most rising of the present authors of England. The book does not consist of dull disquisitions on the dreary philosophy of mysticism. It is enlivened by the dramatic machinery of a series of admirable dialogues between three choice genial friends, Henry Atherton, Lionel Gower, and Frank Willoughby, introduced at the outset chatting over their wine and walnuts on a November evening, while the fire with its huge log crackles and sparkles, and the wind without moans about the corners of the house. Atherton is leaning back on his chair and looking into the fire, one hand unconsciously smoothing, with restless thumb and finger, the taper stem of his wine-glass, the other playing with the ears of a favourite dog. He is rich, classical in his tastes, and in intellectual calibre one of the species of men resembling fountains whose water-column a gust of wind may drive aslant or scatter in spray across the lawn; but—the violence once past—they play upwards, as truly and as strong as ever. Gower is intensely an artist. Before he met with Atherton at Rome, he fancied he was making art religion, while in fact he made religion a mere branch of art, and that branch of all others the most open to individual caprice. From this Atherton reclaimed him wisely, and therefore almost insensibly, and was acted on by Gower in turn. Atherton had looked too much within, as Gower too exclusively without. Bearded Willoughby is a literary man, and a confirmed bachelor. He had been destined for the Church at an age when the only vocation manifest is that for peg-top and jam tart. When the time for taking orders arrived, he abandoned the idea of a clerical calling, and, brimful of eager philanthropy, of religious doubts, and literary ambition, became one of the High-priests of Letters. His first work was a novel to illustrate the mission of the literary priesthood, a topsy-turvy affair, but dashinglly clever. He is cured of his enthusiasm in this respect, and is now occupied with



a philosophical romance, in which are to be embodied his views of society as it is and should be.

These are the *dramatis personæ* who figure at times as first introduced, then in the library, and occasionally in the drawing-room, where Atherton's fair wife and sister afford the enjoyment of their society, and the advantage of their conversation, in illustration of the inquiry instituted into the deep subject of Mysticism.

We can only extract one passage illustrative of the style in which the work is written. The friends are met, and they are discussing the definitions of Mysticism :—

"WILLOUGHBY.—Here's another definition for you :—Mysticism is the romance of religion. What do you say ?

"GOWER.—True to the spirit—not scientific, I fear.

"WILLOUGHBY.—Science be banished ! Is not the history of mysticism bright with stories of dazzling spiritual enterprise, sombre with tragedies of the soul, stored with records of the achievements and the woes of martyrdom and saintship ? Has it not reconciled, as by enchantment, the most opposite extremes of theory and practice ? See it, in theory, verging repeatedly on pantheism, ego-theism, nihilism. See it, in practice, producing some of the most glorious examples of humility, benevolence, and untiring self-devotion. Has it not commanded, with its indescribable fascination, the most powerful natures and the most feeble—minds lofty with a noble disdain of life, or low with a weak disgust of it ? If the self-torture it enacts seems hideous to our sobriety, what an attraction in its reward ! It lays waste the soul with purgatorial pains—but it is to leave nothing there on which any fire may kindle after death. What a promise !—a perfect sanctification, a divine calm, fruition of heaven while yet upon the earth !

"ATHERTON.—Go on, Willoughby, I like your enthusiasm. Think of its adventures, too.

"WILLOUGHBY.—Aye, its adventures—both persecuted and canonized by kings and pontiffs ; one age enrolling the mystic among the saints, another committing him to the inquisitor's torch, or entombing him in the Bastille. And the principle indestructible after all—some minds always who must be religious mystically or not at all."

The work in its entirety embraces the most graphic sketches of the early oriental mysticism ; the Alexandrian Neo-Platonic mysticism of Plotinus, so admirably portrayed by Kingsley, in his Hypatia ; the mysticism of the Greek Church, the Latin Church, Mediæval Germany ; and, in later times, Guyon, Fox, Swedenborg, and even Schleiermacher and Novalis. The whole production is characterized by a style lucid, light, and elegant. It forms one of the most valuable contributions to the history of religious opinion ; and to those who have access to the Public Library, we most cordially recommend it.

Nothing since the days of Raleigh and Gilbert, and the brilliant adventurous voyages into the Spanish Main, so admirably pictured to us by Kingsley in *Westward Ho!* has equalled in thrilling romantic interest, the series of enterprising expeditions to the Arctic Seas. The mysterious attraction which has drawn the most chivalrous spirits of our time to encounter the dangers of the



thick-ribbed ice, first in the cause of science, and then in the still nobler cause of humanity, has operated on British, French, and Americans alike. Our literature has, in consequence, been enriched by some of the most valuable and interesting contributions; and among those none can be more interesting or valuable than the admirable *Arctic Explorations* recently published by Dr. Kane, the distinguished American commander of the latest expedition. A copy of this superb work has been received at the Library. In its getting up, it is certainly the finest specimen of American publication we have seen. The illustrations, especially, are of the very highest artistic excellence. The work itself is written in the charming graphic style of which Dr. Kane, in his former book on a previous expedition, has shown himself such a master; and the story he has to tell is as interesting as his descriptive powers are great. The *Advance*, of which Dr. Kane had the command, was placed at his disposal by Mr. Grinnell, and was fitted out by Mr. Peabody. Kane and his crew of eighteen sailed in search of Franklin, or traces of his expedition, in May, 1853, and met during their voyage with hardships and hairbreadth 'scapes of the most extraordinary kind. They penetrated, in their little bark to the latitude of  $78^{\circ} 43'$  north, higher than any sailing expedition before had ever attained. The intensest cold they experienced was *minus*  $70^{\circ}$  Fahrenheit. Their greatest discovery was made by sledging parties, who, northward of  $80^{\circ}$ , beheld an iceless extent of sea, as far as the eye could reach. "Coming as it did," says Dr. Kane, "a mysterious fluidity in the midst of vast plains of solid ice, it was well calculated to arouse emotions of the highest order." The action of the ice in which their brig was locked rendered her utterly unseaworthy; and food was becoming scarce, even to the extent of starvation. After the lapse of twenty-one dreary months, it was resolved to abandon the ship, and undertake, by boats, the journey to the nearest Danish settlements, thirteen hundred miles over sea and ice:—

"Our last farewell to the brig was made with more solemnity. The entire ship's company was collected in our winter chamber to take part in the ceremonial. It was Sunday. The galley was unfurnished and cold. Everything about the little den of refuge was desolate. We read prayers and a chapter of the Bible; and then, all standing silently round, I took Sir John Franklin's portrait from its frame, and cased it in an India rubber scroll."

We cannot extract the passage, as we would wish, in full. He told them of the dangers they had still to brave on their adventurous journey; and then —

"In conclusion, I told them to think of the trials we had all of us gone through, and to remember each man for himself how often an unseen Power had rescued him in peril; and I admonished them still to place reliance on Him who could not change."

They soon proceeded on their course. The hardships they met were even greater than they anticipated; but Providence aiding their own stout hearts and consummate skill, they effected their

object, and reached Upernavik in safety. What could there be finer in simple, but heroic pathos than that scene at the brig on Sunday: the reverent worship of God; the encasing of Franklin's portrait by an American commander; the courageous, devout reliance on Superior Power to rescue them? Such acts as these, in the service of humanity, do more to unite the nations into common kindred than all the alliance treaties ever penned. No wonder that we find, when the *Resolute* was recently so gracefully presented by the American people to the Queen, Her Majesty visited the ship at Cowes, and warmly hailed the American officers with an enthusiasm worthy of the occasion.

Prescott's *Charles V* is not by Prescott. It is Robertson's standard work, endorsed by Prescott, with additions on Charles's cloister history, by that celebrated writer. Two or three years ago, a charming book on the same subject was written by Mr. Stirling. It gave a most delicious description of the home life of the great monarch retired from business. But Prescott has added much to complete the picture; and what he writes is of course in the brilliant and picturesque style so characteristic of him. Charles is presented to us here not entirely absorbed in anxieties for potted capon and anchovies. Of that peculiar trait, indeed, we have curious illustrations enough. One extract must serve as a specimen:—

"The invention of his cook was sorely puzzled how to devise rich and high-seasoned dishes to suit his palate; and his *mître d'hôtel*, much perplexed, told his discontented master one day, knowing his passion for time-pieces, that he really did not know what he could do unless it were to serve up His Majesty a *fricasse* of watches."

But the great object of Mr. Prescott's Appendix of four books is to show that, though nominally retired from political turmoil, Charles was in reality as thoroughly engrossed in the French and Italian wars then in progress as the ruling monarch Philip was; and that, from the cloistered retreats of Yuste, despatches of more importance were issued than those sent forth from the throne itself. One feels great regret that the historic truth, to which Prescott so rigidly adheres, sweeps away all the fine old monkish moralizing stories of Charles, which if not true, we should so much liked to have been true. The celebrated legend of the inaccurate time-pieces, and the good moral from them which converted Charles to tolerance of faiths differing from his own, is, it must be confessed, a myth. History is but too emphatic in its assertion that when Philip was becoming involved in his long and bloody religious contests with the Protestants, the old monarch at Yuste was expressing his deepest regret at having ever kept faith at Worms with that arch-Protestant, Martin Luther.

Dr. Livingston has been received, on his return home, with the utmost enthusiasm. Few travellers have deserved so well, and fewer still have met with so cordial an appreciation. Special meetings were held at the Geographical Society and the Mansion

House, to do him honour; and a subscription for a testimonial to be presented to him was in progress. We observe that in one of his speeches, he announced his intention of shortly publishing his *Travels in Interior Africa*. It will certainly be a book of surpassing interest. We have had enough already of the natural history of the sportsmen, and the wild beasts, and the scenery of South Africa, but we know of scarcely one volume which gives the acquaintance we would wish for of the natural history of the tribes of men on our borders and the remote interior. We want to know more of their social institutions, their every-day life, the strictly human interests that associate them with ourselves. There is, if we do not greatly mistake, a rich fund of romance in real life in store to reward the inquiries of future investigators. When, or will ever, a South African Fennimore Cooper rise among us to preserve to posterity the native character of this continent? Surely, the recent extraordinary movements of the Kafirs, on our own frontiers, and the civil wars of the Zulus of Natal, and the strange, eventful history of the great Moselikatze, abound in all the elements of the most dramatic and tragic interest. Dr. Livingston's lectures, delivered at Mauritius, and the general tone of his published letters, show him to be possessed of keen powers of penetrating into and appreciating all that is of most essential interest in the home life of our savage neighbours.

Among the new publications announced to appear shortly, we observe a volume of poems by Tennyson. It will be in blank verse, and drawn—the *Literary Gazette* says—from the storehouse of Arthurian romance, which has already afforded the laureate his material for the “Morte d’Arthur” and the “Lady of Shalott.” Sir William Napier is engaged in writing the life and opinions of the late General Sir Charles Napier.

We may be allowed this opportunity of reminding the committee of the Public Library that the time for the annual meeting is drawing near, and that they have repeatedly promised to complete the work they have undertaken to furnish—a catalogue of the books in that valuable institution. We are not aware whether it is nearly ready yet or not. It has been, we understand, in progress for some time; and the public, we know, are anxious to have it done.

Among the deaths during the month, we regret to observe the name of Dr. Harris, the distinguished author of “Mammon,” the “Pre-adamite Earth,” and other well-known works. He was principal of New College, St. John’s Wood, London. The same obituary contains the name of another, still more widely known and more keenly lamented. Hugh Miller, the brilliant geologist and the accomplished public writer, is no more. He perished from a shot fired by his own hand. He had just completed a geological treatise—*The Testimony of the Rocks*—on which he had laboured with the intensest application. His powerful intellect finally broke down, and in a state of intense agonizing insanity, but too touchingly proved by a last short letter written to his wife and children, he finished his career.

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

BUSINESS, generally, during the month of February, has been very dull, the consignees of shipping being the only parties who have had much employment. Table Bay has had a more than ordinary diversity of national flags displayed upon its waters, although from its central situation for the commerce of the world, it is never without foreign vessels. The ports of the colony labour under a great disadvantage in the ignorance of ship-owners and ship-masters generally of the entire exemption of ships frequenting them from all port charges; and publicity has, as far as we know, not sufficiently been given to this fact. That a "wide berth" is given to those places where dues are exacted, is well known, however small they may be in amount; but we regret to say that there are few places the inhabitants of which are so content to let matters have their course as the colony in which we live. It suffers accordingly.

The present system of the payment of wharfage requires alteration. Importers are only enabled to pay wharfage on arrival of goods consigned to them on such portion as comes under the tariff, the remainder being left unpaid until the wharf clerks can, from a computation of the vessel's cargo-book, arrive at the amount which they can call upon the importers to pay. It would much simplify matters if a tariff of wharfage were adopted, which would enable the importer to pay his customs and quay dues at the same time; and it has been suggested that a percentage should be charged on the value of the goods. We cannot but think that this would be the best mode, although, occasionally it would bear somewhat heavily on valuable articles. For instance, a box of jewellery, which might be carried by hand, would pay much more than a barrel of tar, of cement, or of hardware, which would be rolled over every plank of the wharf. We shall probably again call the attention of our readers to the wharfs of this port and Simon's Bay, in our next, and remark upon the report of the Commercial Exchange Committee, which is, we understand, in course of preparation. Some dissatisfaction has been shown at the want of regularity in the line of steamers between England and India, calling here; but it must not be forgotten that only three of the vessels intended for the line have yet been placed on it, viz., the *England*, *Scotland*, and *Ireland*, the others being temporarily employed. Of the first, it may be said that the home government prevented her from making a good passage by taking out coals, and substituting heavy gun carriages, &c.; and the *Scotland* made a good passage of thirty-eight days. The third boat was therefore the only one of the *regular* line which can be said to have failed to keep her time.

IMPORTS.—A large quantity of staves has been received since the 1st January, from the United States and London, but principally from the former; not less than eleven vessels having had



this article among their cargoes. It seems in no way to have affected the value of fustage, as mechanics for making up the staves are very much required.

Of beer and wine, last month, rather more than the usual quantity has arrived; of cheese and small groceries, very little. From Rio, we notice 2,200 bags coffee imported, and that another shipment, by the *Witch of the Tees*, was about to be made. From the same quarter, 1,600 barrels and 400 bags, indirect, American flour have come to hand.

Mauritius sugar, to the extent of 4,576 bags, has been imported: little more than half of the quantity entered in January. About one thousand tons coals have come in, of which one cargo (524 tons) is direct from Sunderland. The *Enterprise* and *Octavia* have brought down from Calcutta 9,875 bags rice and 190 bales gunnies. The non-arrival of the mail steamer from the eastward has prevented our obtaining direct letters from that quarter; and as the news brought down by H.M.S. *Winchester*, from China, is full of interest to our merchants, it is unfortunate that we should be unable to report upon the actual position of affairs there. From the strong representations made to H.B.M.'s Plenipotentiary, by the mercantile firms of Canton, it is evident that they anticipate serious and lasting results to their commerce with the Chinese. No arrivals of teas are reported.

We quote imported articles as follows:—Brazil coffee, 62s. @ 64s. 6d. ₧ 100 lbs., moderately supplied; Mauritius sugar, 27s. @ 36s. ₧ 100 lbs., moderately supplied; white rice, 25s. @ 27s. ₧ bag, moderately supplied; caper tea (direct), 25s. @ 27s. ₧ 10-catty box, scarce; coals (Cardiff), 52s. @ 55s. ₧ ton; gin, 32s. @ 34s. ₧ case of 15 flasks; brandy (Sazerac's), 13s. ₧ gallon, moderate; brandy (ordinary), 7s. 6d. @ 9s. ₧ gallon, scarce; manufactures, &c., 33 to 45 ₧ cent. on invoice; teakwood, — ₧ cubic foot, scarce; tobacco, 1s. 4d. @ 1s. 5d. ₧ lb.

The usual shipments have been made to London, last month, of wool, wine, aloes, ostrich feathers, argol, skins, hides, horns, copper ore, and ivory; in addition to which, we perceive, oil, and tin slabs, the latter, we believe, from the wrecked Dutch ship *Timor*. Two American vessels have also cleared out for the United States with colonial produce. To Mauritius, the ordinary shipments of live-stock, beef, and fish, have been made from this port. Coastwise, a great quantity of the produce of the western province has been dispatched, consisting principally of wine, brandy, and breadstuffs; added to which, articles of British and foreign manufacture are shipped to a considerable extent. Mossel Bay, Algoa Bay, and East London are the ports where the greatest consumption of the produce of this end of the colony takes place. In return, we receive from the former and latter, large quantities of wool and hides, with occasional lots of wool from Port Elizabeth. Ivory is brought in from Natal.

A small parcel of guano, about 38 tons, has been landed from the Foundlings, and about 60 casks sea elephant oil, from the



Crozetts. Our principal articles of export rule thus:—wheat, 27s. 6d. @ 31s. 6d.  $\text{P}$  muid; flour, 20s. @ 28s.  $\text{P}$  100 lbs.; oats, 12s. @ 14s.  $\text{P}$  muid; barley, 15s. 6d.  $\text{P}$  muid; wool, 9d. @ 1s. 4d.  $\text{P}$  lb.; tallow, 7d.  $\text{P}$  lb.; wine, £8 @ £9  $\text{P}$  leaguer; guano, £5 10s.  $\text{P}$  ton; brandy, £19 @ £20  $\text{P}$  leaguer.

Cape brandy has fallen considerably,—the ruling price at the beginning of the month being £33  $\text{P}$  leaguer. This is owing to the wine-farmers distilling immediately after pressing the grape, to take advantage of the extraordinary price.

There are no alterations to note last month in freights or in monetary transactions with England. The *John Knox* has sailed from Hondeklip Bay for Swansea direct, with 340 tons of copper ore.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

[Among the English periodicals of recent growth, one of the most valuable and interesting is that admirable repertory of rare and curious, and otherwise inaccessible, information, *Notes and Queries*. It has served as a medium of intercommunication for literary men, artists, antiquarians, &c., on every subject imaginable; and some of the most distinguished names are constantly found in the lists of its contributors. We think that the introduction of a department into the *Cape Monthly Magazine* analogous to this prototype, but on an infinitely less pretending scale, will be considered by most of our readers an important improvement. There are scattered waifs of historical events, legendary traditions, and curious facts, to be met with in abundance throughout the colony, and we are anxious to preserve them. There are among us, we trust, not a few who without affecting the pretension of students can appreciate the value of such waifs, and can apply them to legitimate uses when collected. We expect that correspondents, both in town or country, who can furnish answers to the queries subjoined, will forward them at their earliest convenience, and add such additional notes, as they can, on the same or other topics of local, antiquarian, or historical interest.—ED.]

THE FIRST LANDING OF THE DUTCH AT THE CAPE.—In a scarce old book, which contains the first voyage of the Dutch to the East Indies (*de eerste Reyse der Hollanders naer Oost Indien*), in 1595, the following account is given of the natives of the country about Mossel Bay—then called “Aguada de Sam Bras,”—where the adventurers landed for the purpose of procuring water and cattle. It is curious, as the earliest description of the Hottentots by the people who were soon to become possessors of South Africa.

“The inhabitants of this land are somewhat less in stature than those of our country,—brownish-red of hue,—some darker than others,—very ugly,—and in the habit of daubing their faces with a kind of paint to make them black. The hair on their heads is like the hair of a man who has been kept hanging for some time (*het hayr op hare hoofden is als 't hayr van een mensche die een tyd langh ghehangen heeft*). They are quite naked, except that they

have, about their bodies, the hide of an ox rounded like a mantle, with the hair turned inwards, and a broad thong round the waist. Instead of shoes, some have doubled pieces of hide, and some certain little boards (?) *berdekens* under their feet. Some, for the sake of ornament, puncture and burn their own skins and rub in grease, which causes them to smell most disagreeably. Their ornaments generally are armlets of ivory and red copper, polished shells, here and there a gold ring on the fingers, and paternosters of bone and wood. Their weapons were long spears, with broad heads of iron, but very odd (*seer olick*). They seemed to be very wild, and as our people surmised, they must be cannibals too; for when the sailors had slaughtered some oxen, they begged for the entrails, which they ate quite raw, only shaking off the most filthy parts. Their speech is imperfect, the sounds which they produce being like the clucking of turkey-cocks, and not unlike the speech of the people about Kempton in Bavaria, and in the Julian Alps, who, from the hardness of the snow-water which they drink, are afflicted with the *goitre*. It does not seem that they have any other food than cattle, wild animals, and herbs; for it was observed that they carefully avoided the water, keeping away from the waves of the sea for fear of getting wet; from which we may gather that they do not attempt fishing. But as our people saw none of their dwellings, and could not discover any of their females, we do not state this with much certainty. They were often seen lighting their fires, which they do very rapidly, by rubbing two sticks against each other; and near these fires they pass the night.

"In this bay are many large fish, which played near the ships in the night; but moderately sized or small fish are not found, these being all destroyed by the sea-wolves."

Can any of your readers explain the allusion to *het hayr van een mensche die een tyd langh ghehangen heeft*? Z.

LICHTENSTEIN, in the Appendix to his travels, speaking of the clicks of the Hottentot language, says:—

"The peculiar conformation of the skull of a Hottentot, where the bones of the gums are less wide asunder and the roof of the mouth is less arched than among us, at the same time that the tongue is shorter and thicker, must be considered as the foundation of this very extraordinary sound. The principal difficulty is not so much in producing the sound singly, as in following it immediately with another letter or syllable. It will easily, therefore, be comprehended that it cannot accord with many consonants, since they must be produced by the lips; that the sound must much rather be expressed by vowels or guttural letters, though occasionally n, s, and t occur. Le Vaillant made use of signs, invented by himself, to express these vowels; but I think they will be more easily comprehended by following Van der Kemp's method." He adds, in a note, "This enthusiastic converter of the Hottentots, printed with his own hands, in the year 1806, a catechism in the Hottentot language, for the use of the missionaries."

Can one of your correspondents inform me where any copy of this rare work is to be met with? M.

IN Chamberlayne's "State of England" for 1676, there is a notice of the Prince of Orange, afterwards William III., in which the following passage occurs:—

"His Highness the present Prince was born nine days after his father's death, on the 4th of November, 1650,—had for godfathers, the Lords States-General of Holland and Zealand, and the cities of Delft, Leyden, and Amsterdam."

Is this true? and are there more instances of such sponsors in history?

Z.

CAN any of your military readers inform me where and when the victory of "Mandora," which appears on the colours of the 90th and 92d regiments, was fought? I have looked for it in the "*Calendar of Victory*," and other works of reference, in vain.

H.

CAN any Cape antiquarian afford information on the early period of our town's history, between 1651 and 1720, especially that of the Castle and Parade?

A.

HAVE any original works of old Dutch and Flemish artists, of any value, been traced in this colony—as it is generally supposed that such have been introduced, from time to time, with the old settlers from Holland?

AN ARTIST.

CAN you inform me whether any descendants of van Riebeeck, the founder of this colony, are living? Van Riebeeck had a son Abraham van Riebeeck, born in this colony, and afterwards Governor-General of Netherlands India, where I believe he died. What became of his descendants, if any?

AFRICANUS.

THE early English voyagers invariably speak of Table Bay under the designation of Saldanha Bay. Whence arose this confusion?

A CAPEITE.

It is well known that the word *Hottentot* is not the native name of the aboriginal race inhabiting South Africa, but was imposed on them by their European visitors. Can I receive any information on this subject?

GERT RUYTER.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

COLONIAL.—Beyond the steady increase in the various branches of colonial industry, already alluded to in our commercial summary, there is little in the events of the past month of more than ordinary interest to record. The anxiety caused by the unsettled state of affairs in Kafirland has been to some extent, but not seriously, increased by the repeated robberies and assaults committed by small parties of Kafirs. His Excellency the Governor, accompanied by Baron von Stutterheim, has proceeded to the frontier; and the location of the German Legion will take place on their arrival.

The *W. S. Lindsay*, mail steamer, arrived on the 28th February; but her news has been anticipated by the *Columbian*.

The exhibition of the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies took place in the Botanic Garden on the 18th ult. That of the former was confined to a show of wines, which, in the number and quality of the samples exhibited, exceeded those of late years. The Horticultural Society's exhibition, the first of the kind witnessed in Cape Town, was most successful. The show of flowers, from the season of the year, was not large; but the display of fruits was exceedingly good. There was hardly any variety of horticultural product unrepresented. Various prizes were awarded for the best collections

of plants and flowers, fruits, vegetables, dried and preserved fruits, and the best herbarium of native plants. The Gardens were beautifully decorated, and the band of H.M. 89th Regt. performed during the day. About £100 was realized by the sale of tickets. The next exhibition, chiefly for flowers, will be held at Rondebosch.

The Episcopal Synod was closed by the Bishop of Cape Town on the 6th ultimo.

Two sons of the Chief Moshesh have arrived in Cape Town, to be educated.

The plans and specifications for the erection of docks at Simon's Bay have been completed, and a limited liability bill will be asked from Parliament.

The sale of Angora goats at Graaff-Reinet realized, on an average, £82, and those sold at Swellendam only £52 each.

TRANS-VAAL.—The Trans-Vaal boers have framed a new constitution, and Mr. M. W. Pretorius has been elected the President of the South African Republic. The new government, which was inaugurated with great ceremony, consists of the President, a Commandant-General, a Council of State, and a Volksraad, elected by the people. Potchefstroom is named the chief town.

NATAL.—The first trip of the *Madagascar* has proved her capabilities for the service. Her run to Natal was performed in six days, calling at the intermediate ports, and her return voyage in seven days. The Natal news is not important. The strife in the Zulu country has retreated far into the interior. Public interest seemed to be entirely engrossed by the elections for the Legislative Council, which were close at hand. There were no less than eight candidates in the field for the county of Maritzburg. The elections for the capital had been completed,—the successful candidates being Messrs. Bergtheil and Henderson. The *Madagascar* has obtained the contract for conveying the mail between the Cape and Natal, for £1500.

EUROPEAN.—The European and Australian steam company's steamer *Columbian* arrived in Table Bay on the 18th ult., after a passage of thirty-five days from Southampton, bringing European intelligence up to the 14th January. The political intelligence of most interest is the conclusion of the peace conferences at Paris, and the final and satisfactory settlement of the Russian boundary question. Russia has given up her claim to the Isle of Serpents; and the boundary line now leaves the mouths of the Danube free, and gives Bolgrad and Yabak to Moldavia. The Neufchâtel dispute between Switzerland and Prussia is settled. Lord Napier has been appointed British Minister to the United States. The weather was very severe, and the English coast had been visited by a succession of gales, which had caused a serious destruction of life and property. A largely attended meeting, presided over by the Lord Mayor, had been held at the Mansion House, for purpose of raising funds for a testimonial to Dr. Livingston, the traveller. In Paris, the greatest excitement had been caused by the assassination of the Archbishop, as he was entering the vestry of one of the city churches, by a priest named Verger, whom he had suspended from the ministry. The *Harbinger* steamer would bring out the February mail.

CHINA.—Intelligence has been received to the 16th December. Hostilities between the British and Americans and the Chinese continued unabated,

and with no prospect of a speedy termination. Most of the foreign factories at Canton have been burnt, and Mr. Lane, of the British Consulate, killed by an explosion of one of the buildings. The barrier forts have been destroyed by the American forces, and the French-folly fort by the British. This state of affairs had put an entire stop to trade in Canton.

**PERSIAN WAR.**—An electric telegraph despatch, published by the Governor-General of India, states that Bushire was taken on the 10th December, after five hours' bombardment. Brigadier Stopford, Col. Malet, and Lieutenants Stevenson and Warren killed, and Capt. Wood wounded. The number of rank and file is not mentioned; 65 guns and a quantity of ammunition were taken, and the Governor and 2,900 of the garrison are prisoners.

**APPOINTMENTS, PROMOTIONS, &c.**

*Feb. 3.*—Messrs. A. von Wyk, sen., J. B. Wise, J. P. Spangenberg, J. A. van der Merwe, N. S. Louw, J. G. Nel, C. A. van der Merwe, W. P. Burger, sen., and W. P. Burger, jun., to be members of the court under the wine and spirit ordinance, for the district of Calvinia.

*Feb. 11.*—Mr. Jacob Toby to be wharf-master for the port of Table Bay. Messrs. C. Theron and W. N. Vos, to be members of the court under the wine and spirit ordinance, for the district of Tulbagh.

Mr. E. B. Truter, O.s., to practise as a Notary Public.

*Feb. 13.*—John Montgomery Hill, Esq., to be Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for the division and district of the Cape.

*Feb. 16.*—Edward Philpott, Esq., to be Acting Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for the division and district of Port Elizabeth.

*Feb. 19.*—Colonel W. Sutton, Lieut.-Col. commanding Cape Mounted Riflemen, to be a Special Commissioner for the purpose of investigating claims connected with lands in the Kat River settlement, and a Justice of the Peace for the districts of Fort Beaufort and Stockenström.

*Feb. 21.*—J. M. Hill, Esq., to be an official member and chairman of the Board of Commissioners of Public Roads.

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# CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## RESEARCHES INTO THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE HOTTENTOTS AND KAFIRS.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH.D., M.O.O.S.T.

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### PART I.

THERE are many things which nations of different descent, living contiguous to each other, can have in common, either by mutual exchange, or because such manners and customs are particularly congenial to the nature and peculiarity of the country and to certain stages of civilization. To the latter cause we may probably have to ascribe that the beehive-shaped huts are a structure which the Hottentots and Bushmen have in common with the Kafirs and Zulus, whilst the higher civilized tribes, from the vicinity of Delagoa Bay, and also the Betshuana, have acquired a more comfortable shape for their huts, which is not unlike that of a bell-tent.

The most primitive and raw structure is, no doubt, that of the Bushman hut, consisting but of a few sticks as a framework, on which some mats are stuck. The whole is said to be so low and narrow, that even their assegais must be left outside.

In shape, the Hottentot huts, as pictured in Kolbe's work, are more like those of the Kafirs, with their small doors, which, in the Zulu country, I found frequently so narrow that a stout person actually could not have crawled in. But the Hottentots agree to some extent with the Bushmen, as their houses are easily transportable, and are not unfrequently transported; whilst the Kafirs would not think of such a transport, except with royal palaces which have been built with great care. In this the more nomadic and unsettled character of the Hottentot tribes is shown. The material employed for the covering of the framework depends, of course, on the peculiarity of the country, much more than on individual taste. Yet mats appear to be in general use

among the Hottentots, and are also employed for this purpose in the Zulu country, whilst in Natal, the huts are most commonly thatched. That the Hottentot huts may have windows is only in consequence of the mats being stuck loosely on the top of the framework, whilst in the Zulu country they are firmly sewed to it in several sets, which produce a thick scaled covering over the framework, through which, in the heaviest rains, no drop can penetrate.

That huts thus constructed are admirably adapted for these climates, if a safe shelter is to be provided for, without the assistance of carpenters or bricklayers, the general experience of the colonists has shown. They might therefore appear to be the natural products of a certain stage of civilization in those countries. Yet it appears rather remarkable that they reach just as far to the north-east as the clicks and other peculiarities of the Hottentot race seem to have spread over the tribes of the Kafir family. All the clicking nations of South Africa have in common the beehive-shaped huts, and the same style of dress, in the form of small aprons, worn with the fur outside; whilst those tribes who, though else in manners, customs, and language, the nearest kindred of the Kafirs, yet have no clicks in their language, live in round houses, with straight walls and conic roofs, and wear chiefly pieces of skin with the fur inside, slung decently round their loins, instead of the Hottentot and Kafir undress. To ascribe this merely to a transmigration of such peculiarities from the west to the east, appears to me rather bold; although there are evident traces that even during the last centuries, a constant influence has been exerted by the Hottentots upon their eastern neighbours, and although the frontier Kafirs have adopted decidedly much more from the Hottentots than the more eastern tribes have. Thus the savage mode of slaughtering cattle by making an incision into the body of the living animal, and extracting the still throbbing heart by cutting the heart-string, has happily not reached so far as Natal. There, on the contrary, the Zulu method prevails, according to which, the animal is killed by a single stab into its side; although, also then, the animal rarely dies on the spot, but is generally seen to totter about for some minutes in the agony of death before it sinks down; and sometimes, indeed, it has not yet fully expired when the process of skinning is begun. However, I believe this method to be less cruel than many a civilised butchering, and decidedly preferable to the first-mentioned mode, which, as practised by Kafirs, is described in Capt. Gardiner's travels, and as existing among the Cape Hottentots, in Kolbe's work.

In the same manner, many Hottentot words have been borrowed by the frontier Kafirs only, whilst others have travelled along the eastern coast as far as Delagoa Bay, although their introduction appears to be of a comparatively recent date. Among the latter we may mention particularly the name for God, which is *Tsui-xigoab*\* among the Nama-quas, *Tshu-xkoab*\* among the Koranas, and was *Thuickwe* at Bethelsdorp, according to Dr. van der Kemp, and *Tikquoá* at the Cape, according to Kolbe.† It is remarkable that the pronunciation of the Kafirs does most agree in this word with the Cape dialect; for they call God, *u'Tixo*.\* It is, farther, curious to remark, that although the Zulus and the tribes of Natal are unacquainted with this word, except through the teaching of missionaries, it is found again in the language of the natives near the Portuguese settlement of Lourenzo Marques, at Delagoa Bay, where, on account of the language not possessing clicks, *ll* is substituted for the lateral click (*x*), which indeed has always appeared to observers to have something of an *l* sound in it. Tillo was found here at least sixty years ago, and is so commonly used, that to describe a thunderstorm, the natives say "*a Tillo wa-baleka*" (God lightens), or "*loko a Tillo wa-baleka*" (when God lightens).

One might be inclined to think that since these more northern tribes and the Kafirs have the whole bulk of their language in common, on account of their common descent, this might also explain their agreeing in this word; but that such cannot be the case, and that their using the same word is due to later introduction, is shown by the laws of transmutation of consonants which affect those words derived from the common original stock. According to these laws, the language of Delagoa Bay has always a *t* where the Kafir has a *z*; but not, except in recently borrowed words, where the latter has a *t*; but to the *t* of the latter generally corresponds a *z* in the language of Delagoa Bay. Besides, the Kafirs themselves, I believe, recognise *u'Tixo* as a word of foreign, of Hottentot, origin.

It is interesting to trace the course that many words have taken in migrating through the Hottentots to the Kafir tribes, and their spreading among the latter. In this manner

\* The *x* indicates the lateral click, which is probably marked by Dr. van der Kemp with *c*, and by Kolbe with *q*.

† A Hottentot woman from Ebenezer, at present in the leper asylum on Robben Island, pronounces this word *Theuxgwab*; a Bushwoman from the Winterveld, *xTheu-ge*; and a Bushman from the same district, calls *T'xko* Liefer Heiland (dear Saviour).

a good number of originally English words found their way over the whole of the colony and Kafirland, and some even as far as to the Zulu country, long before the English took possession of the Cape. To explain this, we must know that when van Riebeck founded the colony, a sort of broken English was spoken by some of the Hottentots living next to Table Bay. Of course, all, or nearly all, words of English origin which spread over South Africa were terms for objects, which were only made known to the natives by the white people. The most characteristic perhaps is the word "money," which the Hottentots changed into *mari*, and the Kafirs, who have no *r*, into *i mali*. The latter is known all over Kafirland and Zululand, and is here now used in a rather extended sense for all sorts of property. Not quite so general among the Kafirs, is the word *i hashe* (a horse), which is only beginning to become known in the Zulu country, instead of *i njomane*. It appears that the Hottentots pronounced this word as *hás*, but as the *s* is in this language the ending of the feminine singular, so its form implied to them immediately the idea of a *mare*; and they derived therefore from it, according to analogy, other forms, as *háb* (mascul. sing.), *hákwa* (mascul. plu. obj.), *hán* (com. plu.), *hána* (com. plu. obj.) &c., and the stem *há*, to be used in compositis. Yet the real original form must for some time at least have been the most prevailing, as from it the Kafir *ihashe* (plu. *ama-hashe*), fem. *ihashe-kazi* (plu. *ama-hashe-kazi*), has evidently descended. Other words of this kind have not advanced so far, but stopped half way between the Kafir tribes. The English "hog" became *hoku* or *hagu* among the Cape Hottentots and Namaqua, and *hango* among the more eastern Hottentot tribes. The Kafirs use *ihangu* or *ihagu*, (plu. *izihangu*); but to the Zulus the word is not known at all; neither do they know the word *igusha* (plu. *gusha*), sheep, which the Kafirs must have taken from the Hottentot fem. sing. obj. *gusa*. Whether the stem of this word which, is *gu*, is to be derived from the English "ewe," I cannot say with certainty, although it is by no means improbable.\*

Such instances may indeed serve to explain the readiness with which the Kafirs adopt Hottentot manners and words, and it is certainly remarkable that not one instance has yet been shown where Hottentots have in the like manner imitated their eastern neighbours; except, of course, such Bushmen as have been living among Kafir tribes, and who, like true

\* Of foreign descent is evidently also the Hottentot word *Kroy* (Kolbe); *Krohe* (Sparm); *Kroi*, *Krojim*, *Kule* (Thunb.); *i Koræing* (Koran. L.); *i Koræah* (Bushm. L.) a cart; from which the Kafir hlonipa-word *iholohiya*, used for the general *inquelo*, is derived.

gipsies, have made their language, at least, a mixtum compositum out of all sorts of tongues. If this shows a greater pliancy in the Kafir character, I do not think that it can suffice to explain an introduction, to such an extent, of Hottentot sounds, dress, and style of building, by mere neighbourly intercourse. It is indeed true that the Kafir tribes, and perhaps chiefly among them the Zulus, have, of all African nations of their kindred, preserved in general the most primitive and original state of language, manners, customs, &c., and thus they may well be expected to be, in the dress they wear, and the huts they build, inferior and less advanced than the Betshuana and other tribes of their race. The Kafir hut may be the original style in which the tribes of their relations used to build, before they improved upon it, after they had separated; and the same may be the case with the dress and other peculiarities of the Kafirs. Yet I scarcely believe that this could be the case with their clicks. These I consider to be originally Hottentot, and adopted from them by the Kafirs: and whatever may have been the original style of building and dress formerly in use among the latter, they evidently concur too much at present in these things with the Hottentots, that in connexion with other indications one should not also herein suppose some sort of Hottentot influence.

All this, besides other evidence, in which that of the names of localities is principally to be mentioned, must lead us to the conviction that the Hottentots extended formerly far more to the north-east than we have any historical record of. Several hundred, perhaps a thousand or more, years ago, they occupied probably the whole of the present Kafirland, most likely as far as Natal.

The numerous black population of the tropical parts of South Africa pressing upon them, they were driven from one position to another, their kraals destroyed, their cattle captured, their tribes routed, their males mostly killed, and their women and girls taken prisoners. That these, who became then the wives of their victors, should not have exerted a powerful influence upon them, and still more upon the rising generation, would be absurd to suppose; nay, we might expect that if they had been admitted to the councils and courts of justice, where principally the right orthodox language was stamped, their remarkable gift of the tongue would soon have thoroughly Hottentotised the Kafir language. As it was, they introduced their peculiarity of pronunciation, the clicks, and brought probably the style of the huts and of the dress somewhat more in accordance with their imbibed Hottentot ideas.



It was in this conquering warfare, going on for many centuries, that the warlike spirit, the independent character, and the military organization of the Kafir nation were formed. As the southmost outposts of the black races, fighting in a fierce struggle against a whole nation of different blood, either making conquests or defending them against the most exasperated enemies, constantly put on their guard against sudden attacks and forays of neighbouring tribes, or of remnants of the former inhabitants of the country, who had made their escape to live as bushmen in recesses of the mountains or forests,—we see their position was not very favourable to any improvement.

It is, therefore, not to be wondered at that the tribes whom they left behind in possession of the present Natal, Zululand, and adjacent countries, and who had nothing to interrupt their peace but the petty warfare of internal feuds, became more advanced in their social condition, less savage, but also less fierce warriors than the frontier tribes. The consequence was, that when they came in hostile contact with each other, the well-trained soldiers subjected the tamer tribes of the north-east. This produced a counter-stream, an invasion and occupation of the territories of the Tegeza tribes by portions of the frontier tribes; and from these the present Zulus, Umtetwa, and other kindred tribes must have descended. Tegeza tribes we call those mild and comparatively peaceable former inhabitants of the greatest part of the present Natal, Zululand, and adjacent parts, on account of their language, which bears this name among the Zulus. The Tegeza dialects form, with those of the Betschuana and those of the Kafirs and Zulus, a threefold branch of the Bantu family of languages, to which all the languages south of the line, with the exception of those of the Hottentots and Bushmen, are acknowledged to belong. The difference of the Tegeza dialects from those of the Kafirs and Zulus mainly consists in constant changes of sound, to which certain consonants are subject. For example,—every *mp* in Kafir and Zulu becomes *m* in the Tegeza, and an *nh* entirely disappears; whilst to the Kafir *z* a *t* corresponds in the Tegeza. Thus, instead of the Kafir *impondo zenkomo* (Zulu, *izimpondo zezinkomo-za-izinkomo*), the Tegeza people say *timondo ta teomo*, the horns of the cows. It is mainly from the Zulu language, as well as most of their habits and customs, being essentially the same with those of the frontier Kafirs, that we recognise those fiercer tribes in Zululand and Natal as having branched off from a warrior nation, seasoned through centuries of an incessant strife of races. This must explain

to us many traits of their character—much of their success and also of their failures.

How far the Kafirs actually succeeded in driving the Hottentots westward before them, we all know; but how soon they might have finished them without European interference, nobody can say. But it is probable that, if the Cape could have remained undiscovered till the present day, kraals of the Amaxosa would now take the present place of Cape Town, whilst those remnants of the Hottentot tribes who escaped entire destruction would have either retired to the north into Namaqualand, or as Bushmen have infested the country. Certainly one would be mistaken to think that it was in any way an inauspicious event for the Hottentot race when the white man first appeared at the Cape, or subsequently settled there; and I think in most, if not in every case, we may with truth say that any well-conducted colonization by a civilized nation is a benefit for uncivilized tribes, even if it should (as most generally is doubtless the case) destroy their nationality and incorporate them individually into the body of the dominant race. We need not now ask Scotch Highlanders whether they would think themselves more benefitted if they had remained under the rule of their native clanships.

As regards the Kafirs, if their triumphant course had been such an uninterrupted one, it cannot be expected that they would be in any way less savage and less fierce for having succeeded in fighting their way hither through the destruction of numerous tribes; and it may be supposed that if a Van Riebeeck should then have undertaken to form an establishment here he would not have found it so easy a task to manage the natives as the old Dutch surgeon did at his time. By an ampler incorporation of Hottentot beauty into the Kafir nation, the physiognomy of the latter would certainly have become a little more Hottentotised, and their language a little more clicking; but essentially they would have remained Kafirs, the same as they are now.

Many of the Kafir customs, &c., are so interwoven with their constitution and their very ideas of right and wrong, as they have imbibed them from infancy, that it would take a good deal more than a certain admixture of foreign blood to effect any radical change in them. In nothing perhaps are they, in this regard, stricter than in the different duties and occupations they assign to both sexes. To do women's work is, for a Kafir, at least as degrading as it can be for a white man, but with this difference, that among the Kafirs there is very little real work which is not in this manner below man's

dignity. According to the traditions of the Zulus, and other tribes in Natal and the Zulu country, this division of labour has, together with their other institutions, their manners and customs, its origin in Unkulunkulu, the Creator of man and everything else. The *Inhlamvu* or Chapters in which the sacred literature of the Zulus consists, say on this subject:

Unkulunkulu wati, maku-lime abafazi, amadoda 'ake izinhlu a-gaule imiti, acabe kulinyue amabele. Wati: amadoda afune amageja, apisele empinini, anike abafazi balime. Wati: abafazi mabeja-kulima, ba pate imbeu, baze badhlacle; kona kuyakumila. Wati Unkulunkulu: abafazi mabagaye utshuala. Wati: abafazi mabateze izinkuni ehlalini. Wati: abafazi mabapeke ukudhla, gaba pekele amadoda.

Unkulunkulu said:—The women must dig (or plant); the men shall build the huts, they shall cut down the trees, to clear the ground for planting corn. He said:—The men shall provide pickaxes (hoes), put a handle in and give [them] to the women that they may dig. He said:—When the women go to dig, they shall take in their hands seed to sow; then shall it grow up. Unkulunkulu said: The women must grind the beer.\* He said:—The women must collect firewood in the bush. He said:—The women must cook the food: they must cook for the men.

This was taken down by me at Natal from the lips of a man of the aBambu (or aBasembu) tribe, whose chief is u-Siyingela.

It must be remembered that the preceding paragraphs only mention a portion of the different duties assigned by the Kafir custom respectively to men and women. The latter have, besides digging, fetching of firewood, and preparing all sorts of food, also to make mats and earthen pots; and in the construction of their huts, it is again women's work to lay the floor, which is frequently a fine piece of work, and in the kraals of the richer classes as shining as if it had been polished.

To the man's task falls, besides all fencework, in which the art of basket-making is included, the agreeable exercise of hunting, and all the care of the cattle. He has not only to do whatever slaughtering may occur, and prepare the skins of the animals for use, but also herding and milking the cows is exclusively the man's or boy's business. In fact, the women are not allowed to touch the cattle, except when sheltering them in their huts, nor even to enter the cattle-

\* The Kafir beer or utshuala, made from amabele or Kafir corn.

fold, if not particularly admitted, especially on the occasion of certain festivities and dances.

Among the Hottentots, on the contrary, the care of the cattle is divided between the men and women, and to milk the cows is the woman's business, who has also to prepare the skins for dress, whilst, if I am not mistaken, the men have to make the earthen pots. Instead of planting corn, &c., which at least, originally, was not Hottentot, the women have to seek roots for food, and to dig them out with their sticks, whilst the men procure meat by hunting, or, what is very contrary to Kafir ideas, by fishing.

That among the Kafirs, the men lay the care of the cattle entirely upon themselves is decidedly not on account of their kind regard for their consorts' comfort. In this point I do not think that the Kafir woman fares any better or is less overburdened with work than her Hottentot sister; and in the general treatment of their better halves both nations agree savagely in the rule expressed in the Zulu code:—

Wati Unkulunkulu: amado-	Unkulunkulu said:—The
da a-tshaye abafazi abonayo,	men shall beat wives that sin:
umfazi onga-lungisiyo.	a woman that is not righteous.

The fact of the matter is, that with the Kafirs their cattle is their dearest treasure, their whole wealth, and, in their eyes, even an equivalent for their wives, according to the Zulu sentence:—

Wati, abafazi mabatengue	He (Unkulunkulu) said:—
gezinkomo kuyise.	The women shall be bought for
	cattle from the father.

Among the Hottentots, on the contrary, the men do not purchase their wives, but are expected to live for at least a year with their parents-in-law, and serve them as Jacob did for Leah and Rachel.

It may be, therefore, that it is on this account, and from their character being in general less thrifty and close, that with the Hottentots their cattle is not quite so much the all-absorbing object of their thoughts and actions as it is with the Kafirs; and that, therefore, they may leave the care of them to the women. It may also be that their mode of nomadic life, in which they are often, for days and weeks, absent on hunting expeditions, compels them to such a practice.

Yet, it appears to me well worth noticing that the Hottentots do agree herein with many even highly civilized nations. Nay, we are even told by Sanscrit scholars that the English word “daughter,” Dutch, “dochter,” German,

“tochter,” Danish, “datter,” Goth. “daúhtar,” Greek, “θυγατηρ,” Sanscrit, “duhitri,” is to be derived from the root “duh,” to milk; and means, therefore, originally one who milks. This shows that, in the domestic arrangements of our ancestors, the primitive Indo-European or Arian nations, the business of milking the cows was assigned to the daughters of the house; in fact, must have formed their principal occupation. How far many of the nations of Europe still to this day have preserved our forefathers’ practice in this respect is here not the place to discuss. I can only express the hope that nobody will feel inclined to advocate conservative principles to such an extent as to recommend the Hottentot arrangement.

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### ON THE SILK CULTURE.

It is known to almost every one, that the ornamental articles of dress called silks are the produce of the caterpillar of a moth, called by the entomologist, *bombyx mori*, and generally known by the name of the silk-worm. It is a native of China, introduced into Europe at a very early period, and since chiefly cultivated in Italy, the southern parts of France, and other continental countries. Such parts of the extensive Empire of China, and the countries in Europe, in which silk-worms are reared, correspond in climate with that of the Cape colony; the climate, therefore, can form no objection why this most profitable insect should not as well be reared in this colony, in which there exists no natural obstacles to it, as in other parts of the world. The only food on which the silk-worm thrives well, is the leaves of the white mulberry. Many years ago this tree was introduced into the Cape colony, and has become so exceedingly acclimatised, that it can be propagated with the greatest ease by slips or cuttings, which ought to be planted in the month of June, as it is one of the earliest budding trees. Many attempts have been made to feed the worms with other greens, particularly lettuce, but they have proved quite a failure, as the creatures become sickly on this food, and most of them die. If fed on the leaves of the black mulberry (*morus nigra*), which they consume with great avidity, in the last two states of their existence, a coarse silk is produced. To facilitate the plucking of the leaves of the white mulberry, the trees ought to be planted in hedges, for which purpose they are well adapted, and the ground fit for other culture is not wasted. This mulberry requires a moderately moist soil;



if the soil is over wet, the trees become covered at the stem with a white scab, indicating that they are in an unhealthy state. When a hedge is to be planted, a trench of two feet wide and four or five feet deep, if the sub-soil will admit of it, is to be dug; into this trench, straw, the clips of pruned hedges, decayed leaves, and any other refuse are to be laid; the soil dug out is then to be replaced in the trench, in the middle of which the slips are planted. The eggs or seed of the silk-worm are obtained from the female moth, which she deposits shortly after copulation. It is best to allow them to do this on sheets of white soft paper, on which the moths are placed for that purpose. When the paper is covered with a sufficient quantity of eggs, it is hung up to dry, but not in the sun. These papers are then folded up, covered with a piece of wax cloth, and placed in a chest of drawers, standing in a room of an equal temperature, to remain there till the hatching season, which, if spontaneous hatching is allowed, generally occurs in this colony in the months of September or October, according as the warmth of the season sets in. The papers containing the eggs are then taken up and placed on a table, in a small warm room; but care should be taken not to expose them to the heat of the sun. A few days after being so laid out, the worms begin to hatch, usually between 7 and 10 o'clock in the morning. A few young branches or tops of the mulberry are then placed on the paper, to which the young worms creep for food. These tops are afterwards gently taken up and placed in a box, on which the day when they were hatched is marked. This is repeated every morning, till no eggs remain to be hatched.

This spontaneous hatching has its inconvenience, as the worms do not hatch all at the same time, and disturb each other when they are casting their skins. It is, therefore, preferable to hatch by artificial warmth, for which purpose several expedients have been used. The simplest method is to keep the small room in which the eggs are exposed for hatching, day and night, in an equal temperature of 75°. By this simple method, the hatching is generally completed in three or four days. They are afterwards placed in flat boxes, which are removed to a large, well-ventilated room, and kept as clean as possible, on which the health of the worms very much depends. They are then fed four times a day,—early in the morning, about ten o'clock, about four o'clock in the afternoon, and towards evening. In the first instance, they require tender young leaves. On the sixth or seventh day they come into a state of torpor, which indicates that they are in the act of casting their skins. In that state

they must not be disturbed, and require very little food. After the casting of the skin, they become much larger. This change of skin they undergo four times; between the last throwing off the skin and the state in which they begin to spin, they must be well fed. That they are inclined to spin is to be seen by the change of their colour, which becomes of a yellowish grey and transparent; they also leave off feeding and are restless, looking out for a proper place in which to spin. A well-reared worm will attain the length of about three inches. When they show an inclination to spin, they are generally removed to a shelf, in which round holes, at the distance of a foot from each other, are bored; in each hole a small bundle of reed, or of any other dry twigs, tied up in the form of a broom, is placed, so as to stand as an inverted broom representing small bowers. Into these bundles the worms creep, and spin their cocoons. On the fifth or sixth day after completing their cocoons, they are taken off and placed in an oven of a moderate heat, whereby the chrysalis or pupa is killed. This must be done within twelve days, or otherwise the chrysalis will change into a moth, and bite a hole through the cocoon, by which the silk thread becomes broken and the cocoon unfit for reeling.

I have thus given a short description of the method of rearing silk-worms, having myself reared them in this colony for three successive years, by thousands and tens of thousands. I hope, therefore, it may be of service to such persons as may feel inclined to pursue the same object, to communicate to them my experience.

To rear silk-worms it requires, in the first instance, to have a sufficient supply of food for them. The want of this was the sole cause of a total failure of an attempt made in this colony, about a century ago, by the Dutch East India Company to introduce the culture of silk. No person ought to undertake it unless he has a sufficient number of mulberry trees to feed the worms on. To buy the leaves from proprietors of such trees will not answer, as it increases the expense of the undertaking, and the leaves are never in that fresh state required for the worms. To use other plants as a substitute for the mulberry tree is quite useless. If the worms feed on such heterogeneous substances, the greater number will die, and the very few that may struggle through their existence will produce cocoons scarcely of the size of the smallest bird's egg. These are unsuitable for reeling.

The only kind of mulberry tree on which the Chinese feed their silk-worms exists in this colony. Any person wishing to undertake the rearing of these worms ought, a year before,

to plant a number of slips or cuttings, as mentioned already, in the form of hedges, which is the most economical plan; the cuttings require to be of the length of a foot, planted in a sloping direction, crossways, allowing two or three buds to be above the ground. Such a plantation, the soil being fit for it, will not fail; before the end of the season, these hedges will have grown to the height of three or four feet. The owner may then, the following year, commence with hatching such a small quantity of worms as he considers himself able to feed. The next year he may double the quantity, and go on increasing in proportion as his hedges increase in size. To facilitate the collecting of the leaves, these hedges ought not to be allowed to grow above six or seven feet in height. To collect the leaves by plucking the one after the other is a tedious labour, requiring much time. The method I followed was, to have the hedges regularly trimmed with a pair of garden-shears. This is done in the morning, after the dew has left the trees—(moisture will render the worms sickly), when such a quantity is cut as will be required to feed them till the afternoon, when a fresh supply is cut for the evening food. Following this method, I found that the man attending the silk-room was able to cut as much food as was required for 10,000 worms, in two hours, while he would have required the whole day to supply them by plucking the leaves. I have observed that the worms consume the tender rind of the branches with as much avidity as the leaves themselves. On examining the rind or bark of this mulberry tree, it will be found to contain a gummy, resinous substance, which, by the organism of the insect, is converted into a silky substance, forming that beautiful catacomb of the chrysalis, out of which the fluttering moth makes its escape.

Spontaneous hatching, as I remarked before, has its troubles; therefore, artificial means are preferable,—and may be commenced about the middle of August, when the mulberry trees have fairly developed their young leaves. In this artificial mode there is an advantage not enjoyed by other countries, as a second hatching may take place in September, and a third in the beginning of October; for as long as the eggs are kept in a moderately cool temperature, they will not hatch. From the day of hatching the worms come to their full growth in six weeks; therefore, those hatched in October will have attained their perfection before the hot season, which generally sets in in December, has commenced. The labourers so employed can thus be discharged before the harvest season commences.

How the worms in the act of spinning are to be managed

has already been mentioned. In gathering the cocoons, it is necessary to select some for obtaining the eggs or seed for the following season. The largest cocoons are, for that purpose, set aside; those of an oval shape generally contain the female, and those of a conical shape the male moth; it is prudent to choose an equal number. Some worms, particularly if they have not room enough, will spin together and form a double cocoon (*doublette*), which, if in other respects of a good form, may also be kept for seeding. The cocoons selected for that purpose must be cleared from their first or outer spinning (*flocillo*), as in boring through the cocoons the moths get frequently entangled in the threads, and are thereby injured.

A spacious room, so arranged as to be properly ventilated, and to exclude cold and heat, and an equal temperature being studied as much as possible, is best adapted for rearing the silk-worms, on a large scale, in a healthy state. In addition to this, the greatest cleanliness must be observed. Keeping these things in view, I have not lost a single worm, with the exception, perhaps, of a few, which may have been roughly handled. Of the great number of diseases, and the consequent mortality among the worms, occurring in Italy and France, I have not observed a single instance in this colony during three years. Fumigating the silk-room, and all similar contrivances, are perfectly useless. The best fumigation is to keep the room perfectly clean and dry, and to ventilate it as much as the state of the weather will permit. Dampness is very injurious to these insects, and will destroy a whole brood in a few days.

(*To be continued.*)

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## REJECTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

ONE of the most oft-repeated of the warnings which were uttered to deter us from commencing this Magazine was the impossibility of getting literary contributions enough to fill it. If we mildly suggested that there were brains enough in the Cape Colony to supply us with materials, we were assured that the owners of the brains were far too lazy to do anything of the sort; while some even ventured to assert that if brains were plentiful there was "nothing in them," as Sir Charles Coldstream declares of everything, from the crater of Vesuvius to the last new ballet. Our editorial experience extends at present over three months only; but we frankly confess that we have found no dearth of good literary supplies,

and if we have not served up a good bill of fare each month to our readers, we fear that the fault lies with our own taste and judgment, rather than with the lack of ability or prolificness on the part of our correspondents. Have pity on us, gentle reader: you little know the mass of closely written MSS. we have to pore over each month, deeply and honestly intent on selecting the best for your enlightenment and entertainment. We will not tease you with the various reasons for which we have to reject things which we would fain publish if we could; but we propose, in justice to some of the rejected, to give, in this paper, an outline of their contributions, with a few extracts illustrative of their peculiarities and excellencies.

The poets form a large section of our contributors. And we may remark, as a rather curious fact, that while correctness of grammar and diction are usually considered necessary in prose, the poets appear to feel themselves bound by no such stale rules. Nay, they seem to think that point or meaning is far from being essential, while some still freer spirits even throw prosody overboard into the bargain. A man who could hardly write a letter to his tailor correctly, still ventures to "court the Muses," as he would himself express it, while the Muses, being like other young ladies, rather difficult to woo successfully, refuse to smile upon his suit. But you shall judge for yourself, good reader. Here is something from "Adolphus:"—

I sat beneath the balmy sky  
Upon a moonlight eve,  
And oh, a deep and heavy sigh  
My sorrowing breast did heave.

I thought of all the vows she plighted,  
My false and cruel Mary,  
That she and I should be united—  
I found it quite contrary.

Oh, Mary! thou art false and fickle:  
My faithful heart's betray'd—  
And see how thick my tear-drops trickle  
For thee, thou perjurd maid!

When I am laid within my grave,  
You'll tread upon my tomb,  
And reckon not that 'twas *you* who gave  
To me my early doom.

Now, it would appear from this that Mary has behaved very badly to Adolphus; but why Adolphus should therefore



go and sit beneath the balmy sky on a moonlight eve, have a quiet cry all by himself, make up his mind to die, tell Mary that she'll walk over his tomb, and then write about these sad doings to the Editors of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, is more than we can satisfactorily answer. Perhaps Adolphus (though he would not own such a thing for the world) had a lurking hope that his verses would catch Mary's eye, and induce her to relent; if so, we have now given him a chance, and only hope that Mary will forthwith rescue him, as we have done, from the catalogue of "the rejected."

"A Briton" takes a higher flight. He evidently cares nothing for fickle maids, balmy skies, tears, tombs, and twaddle. He is heroic:—

Oh, give me my lance and my free bounding steed,  
And brave ones to follow wherever I lead;  
Oh, let me but list to the trumpet of war,  
And ride o'er the foemen in rivers of gore.

What care I for danger? what care I for pain?  
I have faced, I have borne, I will meet them again:  
With my sword by my side, with my men at my back,  
I'll be last in retreat and the first in attack.

Destruction the pale-liver'd coward await  
Who at war's mighty summons shall shrink from his fate:  
Be it mine by the banner of war to be fann'd,  
And die like a hero—my sword in my hand

We strongly advise "A Briton" to tender his services to Sir George Grey at this momentous period of Kafir disturbances. We sincerely hope his deeds may be equal to his promises; and the only advice we would give him, in addition, is not to attempt to carry a lance and a sword in the same hand, as he appears to contemplate doing—and not to waste his valuable time in writing any more verses for our poor periodical.

"Damon" is descriptive: he has evidently read Wordsworth and is charmed with his simplicity. So are we with "Damon's":—

There is a pretty little stream  
That trickles through a leafy wood,  
Like some fair maiden doth it seem—  
So modest, beautiful, and good.

And as it wanders here and there,  
And bubbles over stony places,  
It's gentle murmur fills the air  
Like music which our fancy traces.

And by this pretty stream I sit,  
 And musing, watch its playful eddies,  
 And how its bubbles rise and flit  
 Over the greensward where its bed is.

And oft I think, oh modest stream,  
 Thou art the type of happiness ;  
 But little does the dull world dream  
 Of bliss in calm, meek lowliness !

If "Damon" had been a Yankee, he would have calculated how much water-power there was in his pretty little stream, and whether it could not be made to turn a good mill or two. But certainly "Damon's" ideas are more ethereal, if less practical ; and the next time he goes to the spot he describes, if he will only take a "pocket pistol" with him, and mix a little of its contents with a tumbler of the limpid stream, and take a good pull at the product thereof, he will be astonished to find how much more poetic fire he will extract from the water : though, even then, we doubt whether he will ever set the Thames (or even his little brook) in a blaze. Let him try, at all events.

"Amyntas" is a lover, and swears—not *at* his mistress—but *by* everything about her and belonging to her. Here is the beginning of his poetical affidavit :—

By those dark and flashing orbs,  
 Whose glance my very soul absorbs ;  
 By those locks, whose every curl  
 About my heartstrings seems to twirl ;  
 By that coral lip, which shows,  
 Within, thy teeth's pure pearly rows ;  
 By that alabaster brow,  
 By that cheek which flashes now,  
 And then anon grows blanched and pale ;  
 By that nose that words would fail  
 To paint\* its faultless sculptured line,  
 Nor Roman, Greek, nor aquiline ;  
 By ———

But we really cannot spare space for the whole of this amorous adjuration. We have only got to the chin as yet, whereas "Amyntas" descends step by step to the feet, gliding down by the arms, as a sailor comes hand-over-hand down a loose rope, resting a little at the taper waist, and at last winding up as follows :—

By those tiny, twinkling feet  
 For elfin or for fairy meet—

\* *Eau-de-vie de cognac* is said to be a good article for painting a nose—red. Let Amyntas think of it, if he does not object to the colour.

By all around, about, above thee,  
Sweet Flora, hear me swear I love thee!

If Flora be not satisfied with this oath, she must be the most sceptical of her sex. We only trust that "Amyntas" may be permitted to complete his affidavit by kissing the book he has sworn upon. No doubt he is ready to do so; and surely Flora will not object to the form of his oath as not sufficiently binding on his conscience?

We must leave the poets for the present, though many another specimen of their tuneful lyre lies before us. Let us turn now to the less ambitious writers of prose.

Foremost among these are the authors of tales and sketches, and these are principally of a very sentimental and amative class. For example, "P. Q." sends us a tale which opens thus:—

"It was the twilight hour—the tranquil hour dear to those who love: the

'Sweet hour which wakes the wish and melts the heart,' as Byron\* beautifully describes it. Upon a marble terrace, fronting an ancient mansion—whose various styles of architecture bore witness at once to the antiquity of the family whose home it was, and to their gradually increasing wealth and importance—stood a young maiden, beautiful as the first burst of sunlight after a night of storm and gloom. She stood alone, gazing on the silver moon floating through the lovely canopy spread by Heaven over the sleeping world below,† and thinking—ah! who shall tell the maiden's thoughts? Not thou, dull mortal, who hast never loved—not thou who hast never known what it is to feel thy whole being absorbed in one object—the aim of thy existence concentrated on one point—thought, feeling, hope, grief, pain, regret, anticipation, bound up in one being.‡ *Thou* canst not tell that maiden's feelings—and vain were the attempt to make thee enter into them. But if thou hast loved—not as the world loves—but with the all-deep worship and idolatry of a poetic soul—then thou wilt not need to be told the thoughts, the strange wild mixture of sensations that flitted through the mind of Adalgisa. She loved! It is enough for thee to know this.

"She starts—she bends eagerly forward to catch the faint sound that seemed to strike her ear. Again! 'Tis he!' she murmurs, and gliding down the steps of the terrace and flitting over the emerald lawn beneath, in a minute she is lost in the thick foliage beyond. A moment more and she is clasped to the bosom where all her hopes rest."

\* Poor Byron! every one quotes or misquotes him.—Ed.

† Poor Shelley.—Ed.

‡ How very uncomfortable for the being who has all this property of another inside himself.—Ed.

All this is, of course, very delightful. We may have uncomfortable ideas of incipient rheumatics, and may possibly doubt the exact propriety of a young damsel hiding herself at night in the "bush" alone with a young gentleman; but we must not let these commonplace ideas intrude upon our minds. Rather, we must resign ourselves to the placid enjoyment of the scene—a handsome young couple embracing in the dark. The scene is not without its attractions, certainly.

But lest any rash reader, in his hot youth, should envy the lovers, we must go on with another extract:—

"Hark! there is a sudden crash of the foliage—a dark form appears—Adalgisa utters a piercing shriek; Julian's hands are pinioned, and a knife is at his throat!"

An uncommonly unpleasant interruption to a quiet kiss, it must be confessed. But it always turns out in this manner in sentimental love-tales: nobody ever thinks of locking up the heroine or knocking down the hero till they are in the thick of the mischief. And no one ever thinks of handing the offensive lover over to the police as a midnight trespasser, or kicking him out as an intruder—policeman K, 154, walking up and saying, "Now, young gent, move on and let that young woman alone, or else I must show you the inside of the station-house,"—or a port-wine-imbibing and choleric papa crying out, "You young scoundrel, I've told you that I won't have you gallivanting after my daughter; if you could keep her like a lady, I wouldn't care, but you know very well you hav'nt a sixpence, and never pay your own tailor." All this would look so shockingly prosaic that sentimental writers wont adopt it. And yet it is truth; for it is precisely in this way that such unpleasant little affairs are managed in the nineteenth century.

To proceed, however. The "knife was at the throat" of Julian, but of course it never went into it. A hero of romance goes through a dozen such scrapes and comes out of them as fresh as ever. Adalgisa is carried off by her brothers—one of whom is the sanguinary mortal with the knife, and Julian falls "senseless" to the ground. The epithet is significant; but never mind. When he gets up again, the sun has got up too, so that Julian must have had a long nap. Julian then talks wonderfully, fills several pages with soliloquy, and goes to India afterwards. He has evidently a good sound liver and a keen eye to the main chance, for he does not get bilious, and he makes a fortune. Meanwhile, Adalgisa goes into a consumption, talks to no one except herself, writes poetry by the yard (as Coroner Wakely

calls it), grows more beautiful every day, and begins to die. Just as she seems to have made up her mind to finish off altogether, a letter is brought to her:—

“That writing! How her eyeballs glare! That writing! How the memories of by-gone years come crowding on her brain! That writing! Can it be? has all been a horrible dream? is the past, the bitter past, a mere phantasy? does she live? does she see? Oh yes, yes! It is his! *his* letter! With a wild and maniac scream, she falls back in a swoon.”

Out of which, by the help of burnt feathers and Preston salts, she comes back again, and finds that Julian has come back to England. He is rich,—no chance of a knife at his throat now, or even of policeman K, or port-wine papa; he is a perfectly eligible young man. No one has a word to say against the match. She gets well directly (what becomes of the consumption we don't know, and won't ask); they are married; papa leaves her the ancient mansion with the marble terrace, and then,—

“On such a night as that with which our tale commenced, Julian wanders with his lovely bride.

“‘Art thou happy, dear one?’ he whispers.

“Adalgisa answers not in words—a warm pressure of the hand—a look, deep and full of meaning, into his dark eyes,—her head sinks upon his shoulder—his lips meet hers—*are they not happy?*”

We should say decidedly they are, unless they are very discontented people; and if they prefer roaming on their marble terrace rather than taking a cosy cup of tea in the drawing-room—*de gustibus non disputandum*.

This very imperfect outline of this strongly romantic tale has taken up so much space that we cannot spare any for others of the same class. Perhaps our readers will not be severe upon us for omitting the rest. What shall we say of, or to, “P. Q.” and his brethren of the sentimental school? We have a kindly feeling towards them, and if they would only take a new model—suppose they try Nature and Truth for the first time,—what capital tales they might send us! For, strange as it may sound to them, there is positively romance, positively sentiment, positively poetry in plain, truthful, every-day life, in this the nineteenth century, and in this very city of Cape Town. Let them, then, take off their fantastical spectacles, look with their naked eyes, find it out and send us an account of it, which we hereby promise to publish.

Some ambitious, scientific gentlemen occasionally favour us with a contribution. Most of these are laudable means to



popularise science, though they set about the attainment of that object in very different ways. For example, "Euclid" addresses us thus:—

"It is an indubitable axiom, or at the least, it is a proposition which may be considered to have been as satisfactorily proved, and as irrevocably settled, as the *pons asinorum* (as the 5th problem of the first book of Euclid is vulgarly termed), that an intimate, or even a moderately good, acquaintance with science in its various departments—more especially chemistry, geology, mineralogy, conchology, zoology, ichthyology, astronomy, geometry, meteorology, botany and others—is not enjoyed by the general mass of the people in this colony."

We perfectly agree with "Euclid:" such a knowledge is *not* possessed by the Malays or Hottentots, for example, not to instance the English, Dutch, and others of the white races, in South Africa. "Euclid" thinks this a great pity: so do we. It is a great pity we do not, all of us, know everything. "Euclid's" plans for the removal of this lamentable ignorance we shall publish in our next, in time for the consideration of our honourable legislature. We cannot insert them now for—Here is the printer's boy dunning for "copy," and heaps of MSS. still lie before us! We must stop; but, perhaps, we may again return to them, and rescue a few more from that literary Hades—the editors' waste-paper basket.

C.

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## QUEEN VICTORIA VISITING THE TOMB OF NAPOLEON.

[A great proof of the profound mark of respect which it was Her Majesty's desire to pay to the memory of Napoleon the First, could not be more sincerely manifested than by the circumstance of her having directed a celebrated artist to paint an historical picture of this interesting event. The visit took place on the evening of Friday, the 24th of August, 1855, after a review of 40,000 French troops, on the Champ de Mars, one division of whom had recently returned from the Crimea. The weather, although threatening during the progress of the review, did not get worse until its termination, when the rain descended; and it was in the midst of a *heavy thunderstorm* that the Emperor led his royal guests to the *Hotel des Invalides*, to visit his uncle's tomb. Well might nature show signs of elemental agitation whilst such an act of homage to the mighty dead was in progress. It is authentically stated that on the day of the decease of this Child of Destiny (as Napoleon used to call himself), a most fearful tempest visited the Island of St.

Helena; and it appears singularly striking that a similar agitation of nature (though not to the same extent) should have taken place on the first public act of homage to his tomb by any illustrious sovereign—that one being the Queen of England,—as if this phenomenon had occurred to mark more forcibly the circumstances attending such a re-acknowledgment of his greatness.]

All Paris rang a jubilee!—the parade  
Of power and pomp, for ages had not seen  
A pageant with more gorgeousness display'd  
Than for the presence there of England's Queen.  
Each look express'd the heart's sensations keen  
Of joyous welcome,—whilst reiterate cheers  
Echoed around, and prov'd that what had been  
The jealous rivalry of former years  
Was pass'd, and friendship's smiles had banish'd memory's tears.

Bright had that sun of August been which shed  
Its genial beams on each eventful day  
When an enthusiastic people led  
To hail their regal guest, 'midst an array  
Of state-magnificence and arts' display,  
Made it more honouring by unchequer'd smiles;—  
Where sumptuous civic fêtes, and dramas gay,  
And revelry within thy halls,—Versailles,  
A cestus formed, to charm the Sovereign of the Isles!

Anon the morn which was to be the last  
Of brilliant scenes of pageantry, arose,  
Albeit, dense clouds heav'ns azure had o'ercast,  
'Twas *that* whereon th' Imperial host had chose  
For the most stirring interest at its close,  
As with noontide, the legions of Gaul's might,  
(Some flush'd with recent victory o'er their foes  
On Alma's field and Inkermann's stern fight),  
Marshall'd in proud array, form'd this imposing sight.

Such are the vast machines which move the world,  
When master-spirits guide. What human lore  
Can rival *his*, as, with war's flag unfurl'd,  
He leads his armies to some distant shore,  
In might more deadly than an earthquake's roar?  
Mark'd ye the site of that majestic pile,  
Rearing its golden dome? Does thought ignore  
Why to its halls this host was seen to file?  
Know ye not who lies there? He of St. Helen's Isle!

Yes, in its gorgeous chapel's centre lies  
That victor of a hundred fights;—Discrown'd  
Altho' in life,—Imperial obsequies  
His relics there obtained, with pomp profound.  
There, on the marble-trophied, hallow'd ground  
Where heroes sleep,—the famed of former days,—<sup>1</sup>  
Through the stain'd, crystal cupola,—around  
A light of deathlike palor casts its rays,  
Making that shrine seem still more solemn to the gaze:<sup>2</sup>

More than its grandeur stirr'd then to excite  
As the Imperial cortege fill'd the scene  
In all the pride of pomp and raiments bright,  
For by Napoleon's tomb stood England's Queen,  
With dignified solemnity of mien;  
Whilst 'mid th' impressive silence everywhere,  
The storm on sudden, which had lowering been,  
With lightning's flash and thunder rent the air;  
'Twas Heaven's artillery, sounding a salvo there!

It is recorded of his dying hour  
That round the rocky Isle which long had known  
His wearied steps,—a tempest's fearful power  
Burst o'er his head with its appalling tone:—  
Thunders, like those 'midst which war rear'd his throne  
Were heralds of his doom! Say, could it be  
In the deep mystery of omens shown,  
To find the elements, by fate's decree  
Still symbolizing here his spirit's destiny?

Oh could that mighty spirit now have risen  
Empire to find regained, and body freed,—  
Not as when coop'd within his sea-girt prison,  
He sank indignant at the lot decreed  
With his lost fortunes rankling,—but instead,  
Earth's greatest monarch honouring his tomb:—  
Oh, Time, how wondrous are thy ways, indeed!  
Despoiler,—yet avenger of the doom  
Caus'd by thy hands;—What hopes this day did'st thou relume?

For near that tomb those sentinels behold,  
(In interest far greater than the starr'd

<sup>1</sup> The tombs of Marshal Turenne, Villars, and the great Condé, are here alluded to,—added to which are the tombs of several of Napoleon's marshals, recently erected there.

<sup>2</sup> The light from the dome or cupola, which passes through the glass (stained of a bluish green), is made to fall on the marble sarcophagus, and those who are standing around it; and reflects a deadly colour on the human countenance, which has a most awe-inspiring effect.

Warriors assembled there, besprent with gold,  
 These are the veterans of his brave Old Guard,<sup>1</sup>  
 Deck'd with their simple cross,—the priz'd award  
 Of their lov'd leader, on some battle-plain,—  
 Marengo, Austerlitz, or many a hard  
 Contested field;<sup>2</sup> oh, what a glorious train  
 Of memories must this day have stirr'd their hearts again!

For 'twas no idle wonder which had brought  
 England's fair Majesty to view that grave.  
 There are in nobler bosoms, traits of thought  
 Whose attributes will generously waive  
 Aside all feelings harsh and memories,—save  
 The heart's desire to offer at its shrine,  
 Homage to genius, in the great or brave:—  
 Mercy's soft balm is nature's loveliest sign;—  
 “To err is human deem'd, but to forgive, Divine!”

England and France!—ye were once mighty rivals,—  
 Long years of war had given you a name  
 For natural enmity:—may no survivals  
 Of such base feelings cloud henceforth your fame.  
 Ye are too lofty both in state and aim  
 To foster petty jealousies for power;—  
 The nations of the earth have *all* a claim  
 On your united strength, when call'd,—to lower  
 Dominion's grasp, where Pride would arrogantly tower.

The wars of men and empires,—the deep springs  
 Whence love of Power and fierce Ambition flow,  
 These are Strife's waters, which heal not the stings  
 But add more miseries unto human woe:—  
 These make Kings madmen,—and incite the blow  
 Which aims at Freedom;—Oh, how soothing then,  
 When the world's magnates, by peace-offerings, show  
 A bright example of goodwill 'mongst men,  
 And bury all past feuds in dark oblivion's den.

<sup>1</sup> Most of the veterans of the Old Guard (for there are still some left, who were present at most of Napoleon's great battles) are pensioners in the Invalides, one of whom is daily on duty at his tomb. On solemn occasions, these gallant old soldiers furnish the sentinels around it.

<sup>2</sup> Napoleon never showed his knowledge of human nature more forcibly than in establishing the Legion of Honour, which aroused a spirit of emulation in every class. From the drummer to the general, all were deemed equally eligible and worthy of its *insignia*, where an act of distinguished valour, fortitude, or talent was exhibited. The field of battle was the constant scene of these marks of his approbation, where, upon one occasion, he took the cross from off his own breast and gave it to a private soldier, to reward, on the spot, an act of daring heroism to which he had been an eye-witness.

A noble scion fills Napoleon's throne,  
 Whse deeds stand honour'd in the cause of Right;  
 A Queen, whose dignity of soul is shown  
 By all those purer feelings, which unite  
 A woman's virtues with a Sovereign's might,  
 Graces fair Albion's (round whose brow impearl'd  
 A people's love sheds a more brilliant light  
 Than her crown's jewels). May their flags unfurl'd  
 For Peace and Freedom, long triumphant, rule the world!  
G. L.

## IRRIGATION.

BY THE HON. F. W. REITZ.

(CONTINUED.)

### III.—*Proprietorship in Canals.*

"The whole of the canals of Jorea and Vercelli, in Piedmont, are now the property of the state (p. 16). The whole of the works within it (the Dora Baltea and the Sesia) have, by degrees, become the property of the state, and are administered by engineers acting directly under the ministry of Finance. Attached to this department of the ministry is an *ufficio d'arte*, or office of works, under the cognizance of which all projects for irrigation are brought" (p. 119).

In speaking of the government engineers, Mr. Smith says:—

"It is impossible for any one to be zealous in the execution of works, for the results of which the credit is to be reaped by other parties" (p. 121).

"In the financial administration of the great canals, which may be regarded as the main arteries of the irrigation system of Lombardy, it has been the almost invariable practice of the government to sell the water, in absolute property, to the possessors of the soil. Whatever may have been the motives in which this policy had its origin, there can be no doubt of its having operated most beneficially for the country. The great families who are the landed proprietors throughout the irrigated districts, having the capital to spend on those minor works required for the interior distribution of the waters, found in the perpetual right of possession, granted them by the state, an inducement to invest their funds in such works, and a guarantee for the returns to be derived from them." "Under this system, the whole country is covered by canals as by a dense network" (p. 41).

"The water derived from springs is generally private property."



By a rough calculation, Mr. Smith makes the quantity obtained from these sources in Northern Italy, "three thousand cubic feet per second, of which the value, in money, is not less than £840,000 sterling."

Our author goes into minute details of all the difficulties which have arisen by the confused system, which, during centuries, had crept into the law of proprietorship in canals; but as I shall have extracts to make on this subject when we come to the question of legislation, I shall only remark here that, whatever may be best suited to India or Italy, it ought to be a matter of grave deliberation with our government and legislature, not only what the law should be with regard to existing water-leavings, but should irrigation on a larger scale than at present in use be introduced hereafter.

I am a great friend to private enterprise, and would give the government as little trouble in such matters as canals as in anything else,—for the speculator is sure to take care of his own interests; but when we come to allow servitudes over other men's properties, where natural rivulets or rivers, the property of the Crown, come to be utilized, the question to what extent should the government initiate the construction of, or retain an immediate control over and interest in, canals on a large scale, becomes more difficult to solve. Throughout the work, Mr. Smith speaks of committees of management, ballotted for by the proprietors of irrigated lands, and recommends the adoption of the plan for India; but he has not made it very clear whether these associations are quite compulsory or not.

The extract from page 121, above given, I also recommend to the attention of those gentlemen who have been discussing the position of our Central Road Board.

#### IV.—*Position of the Country, Climate, &c.*

"Both these canals derive their supplies from the Dora Baltea, a stream which, in winter, carries a comparatively small volume of water; but in summer, when influenced by the melting snows, in the higher region of the Alps, becomes an important river. Its slope is very great; but fortunately for the canal works, its bed is of hard, well-bound, and, occasionally, massive boulders of gravel" (p. 16).

"Where, therefore, summer rains do not fall to mitigate the severity of the season, it is evident that the system of irrigation, from rivers unconnected with snow-covered mountains, must be necessarily a very imperfect one" (p. 85).

"The effect of the basin in (according to the local phrase) *killing* the velocity of the water at the fall was very perceptible, the stream issuing from it at very little more than its ordinary rate" (p. 22).

"Towards the Po, the inclinations vary from five to twelve feet per mile" (p. 89).

"The same sinuosity of channel, arising from the same ignorance of the modern means of regulating the excessive slope of the country" (p. 62).

"The topographical features of Southern and Central Italy are too generally unfavourable for irrigation to have led to the introduction there of any well-defined system of measurement" (p. 12, vol. 2).

"The months when water is in greatest demand are May, June, July, and August, when the mean temperature is 72° Fahrenheit, and an ordinary maximum of 85°. During the same months, however, the thermometer exposed to the sun rises to a mean height of 91°. The annual fall of rain (from ten years' observation) is nearly 37 inches, of which the large proportion of 28½ inches falls during the seven irrigating months. This quantity is divided with considerable regularity over seventy-one rainy days, giving a daily fall of about four-tenths of an inch" (p. 92).

"It is calculated that, in the north of Italy, and centre of France, the daily evaporation is between .078 and .117 inches; while in the south, and under the influence of the hot winds, it increases to between .156 and .195 inches."

I omit what is said in the work before me as to the effect of irrigation on the health of the population of India and Italy, believing it to be inapplicable to our own climate. It will be observed, however, that a constant run from the river during the summer or irrigating season (which lasts seven months) is made a *sine qua non*. The question for us is, whether it will be possible to husband the superabundant waters of our rivers in winter, collecting them in tanks, &c., for summer use. If so, it appears to me that a greater fall would be no disadvantage in this colony; and I question whether it would, in our case, be necessary to overcome the sinuosities spoken of. But I write under correction, and feel the want of a scientific engineer to enlighten us. I merely advert to it, in the hope that further information may be obtained in due time.

Nor have we correct data as to the quantity of rain that falls annually, or at different periods, in different parts of the colony; nor of the state of the barometer and thermometer, all which would be very valuable as regards the subject before us, as well as to clear up the causes of "horse-sickness" and other epidemics. In the latter case, as Mr. Maclear has well remarked, the direction of the wind is an important matter to know.

Twenty-eight inches of rain during the seven driest months is no doubt a great deal more than we expect at the Cape;

and I think it is not arguing illogically to say that if, with that fall of rain, irrigation can be made to pay in Italy, artificial irrigation must be more valuable to us than to the Italians,—other things being supposed equal.

V.—*Size, Cost, and Nature of the different Works for Irrigating purposes.*

“The size of the Adda Weir has already been mentioned (see 1st Sect. Anct. Hist.) The great dam which is carried obliquely across nearly the entire length of the Ticino, leaving on the right bank only an opening of about 215 feet in width, which is called the *Bocca di Pavia*, or mouth of Pavia.

“The dam has a total length of 918·47 feet; its breadth varies from 31·10 to 58·33 feet, with the exception of a length of 120 feet at its outer extremity. The body of the dam is formed partly of masonry, concrete, and masses of dry stone, bound by strong piles and horizontal beams of wood. The mixed mass of brick, masonry, and concrete, of which the principal part of the work is composed, is covered by a pavement of cut stone, very strongly fitted and bound together. Excepting 120 feet carried away in 1819, and 140 feet damaged a few years ago, no other serious accident has befel it since 1705” (p. 220).

“In all the river works I found it (an artificial stone), consisting of prismatic masses of conglomerate, made with hydraulic lime and small gravel, employed to a great extent and with excellent effect” (p. 19).

Speaking of Lombardy, we find “the great government canals have a total length of 133 miles, but dependent upon these main lines there are 353 branches, some of which are of very large dimensions. It is not, I think, therefore, an exaggeration to say that the entire length of canals of irrigation in Lombardy, including the great lines and their first-class branches, exceeds 4500 miles (p. 296); those in Piedmont, 1200 miles” (p. 158).

“It is to the indirect returns that proprietors look in the first instance for their reward” (p. 42).

“The remote period of their construction was the reason assigned why it is so difficult to obtain correct information as to the cost of many of the canals” (p. 114).

“That of *Caluso* is calculated as follows:—

Value of land.....	£1,666
Excavation.....	8,125
Temporary dam, &c.....	1,458
Regulator, escape buildings, &c.....	1,666
Tunnels.....	12,500
Bridges.....	3,582
Retaining walls.....	2,916
Sundry expenses.....	2,150

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£35,000

(p. 115); or, in round numbers, £20,000 for tunnels, bridges, and land, and £15,000 for excavation, retaining walls, &c. &c., or £1700 per mile."

Speaking of a canal which cost £1000 per mile, we are told that—

"Works of the same kind, in India, are executed at one tenth the cost, that is £100" (p. 130); that of De Bra cost about £1000 also (p. 151); another canal cost £2800 per mile, and proved a failure" (p. 153).

"The remote epochs at which the great canals, and a very large proportion of the branches, were constructed, the admixture of works for navigation with those required purely for irrigation, and the difficulty of obtaining access to the records of private undertaking, oppose almost insuperable obstacles to the formation of a trustworthy estimate of the amount of capital which has been expended in producing, throughout Lombardy, that astonishing system which we have been describing. It is not merely the cost of canal works which forms the chief item in the expenditure; in addition to this, vast sums have been expended in adapting the ground for the use of the water. High places have been lowered, low places raised. The entire surface of the country has been plastic, as it were, in the hands of irrigators. The amount of capital thus invested in the soil has been very great. Signor Cattaneo estimates the cost of introducing, over an area of 500,000 acres, a system of irrigation on a grand scale, like that of the Milanese, with its great trunk lines of canal, its first class branches, its modifications of surface, its immense establishments for farming purposes, and its internal works for the distribution and application of the water, at forty millions sterling, or £80 an acre! From an analysis of the items of this estimate, I think it is in excess of the truth; but making every possible deduction, even to the extent of one half, it would still appear that, for the irrigation of the million acres, which, in round numbers, represents the total irrigated area of Lombardy, there must have been expended a capital of not less than the sum above stated. This expenditure has been spread over seven hundred years; it has converted a maremma into a garden; and though, when presented in the form of a bare money account, its results are not great, yet its real effects are to be traced, and its true history read, on the face of the land, and in the material condition of its two and a half millions of inhabitants" (p. 298).

"No Italian sluice is commonly more than about four feet in width, and rarely more than five in depth" (p. 17). "I saw a single man open and close the sluices of the canal Cigliano, which carries nearly 500 cubic feet of water per second, in a few minutes, with the utmost facility" (pp. 17, 18).

"At the Canal Martez, a gigantic weir, 1800 feet long, and constructed in the most solid manner of great blocks of cut stone, is carried along the left bank of the canal, and serves for the passage of the flood waters of the Adda," &c , &c. (p. 65).

"Under the reign of Philibert, Duke of Savoy, in 1472, we find a rude plan of regulating outlets prescribed for a canal" (p. 101).

"The *Oncia di Caluso* is the quantity of water which passes through an opening four and a half inches wide by six inches high, under a constant head pressure of three inches. The volume thus discharged is equal to very nearly 0.85 cubic feet per second, in English measure" (p. 109).

The above extracts show, in the first place, the magnitude and immense scale of some of the works; next the possibility of making them permanent and strong, and then the enormous first cost. But as it is the author's own decided opinion that similar works cost only one tenth of the amount in India, we have sufficient evidence to prevent our drawing from these data any conclusion whatever as to the probable expense of canals in this colony. The position of the country is different: the necessary preparation of the soil would probably be less expensive here, whilst the fact of these canals being mostly canals for navigation, and therefore necessarily more extensively constructed, to suit that purpose also, prevents us from drawing the least inference with regard to the cost.

The author ascribes the difference in the expense of constructing canals in India and Italy almost entirely to the difference in the wages paid to the labourers. But cheap labour is not always the most economical; and it has, I believe, been proved that the well paid and beef-fed English *navvies* were far more profitable machines, on the French railroads, between Calais and Paris, than the French labourers, who fed on *soupe maigre*, and could be hired for a mere *song*. We have seen in this colony that our black and coloured labourers, Mozambiques, and even Hottentots, do a better day's work than the natives of Hindostan; and that at such work as digging dams, enclosing lands, building, working stones, sawing, &c., one Englishman will do as much as three of the latter.

The extracts regarding the size and management of sluices and the quantity of water from exits of certain dimensions, under different pressures, of course contain matters which there will be time enough to talk about by and by; but I thought it as well to be reminded, before we proceed one step, that that very question of the *Oncia* and the *Modulo Magistrale* has puzzled some of the greatest of the Italian philosophers and engineers. After the most careful calculations, the practical result, as is too often the case in hydraulic works, has always been somewhat different from what was expected in theory.



VI.—*Quantity of Water and Extent of Land Irrigated.*

“The *Muzza* canal gives 2000 cubic feet per second” (p. 64); “whence it appears that in the irrigated districts of the Po, there is a total volume of water equal to a little more than 27,000 cubic feet per second, discharged by the rivers which traverse it” (p. 91). “From the rapid fall in the upper channel of the rivers, admirably adapted to industrial purposes, and their beds are studded with mills of every description” (p. 174).

“The great irrigating district of Piedmont is accordingly situated on the left bank of the Po, and is comprised between the tributary rivers, the *Orco* and *Ticino*

The total superficial area of the irrigated region adverted to may be estimated at about 2500 square miles, or approximately one and three quarter million acres. Thus giving (he speaks of the canal of *lvrea*)  $42\frac{3}{4}$  acres, as the extent of land irrigated by each cubic foot per second” (p. 124).

“Canal of *Gattinara*, 45 acres per cubic foot per second” (p. 134). Canal of *Mora*,  $22\frac{1}{2}$  acres (p. 136). *Sartirana*, 63 acres (p. 139). Canal on the *Terdoppo*, 70 acres (p. 143). *Lan-gorco*, 77 acres (p. 146). *Muzza*, 86 acres (p. 255). Nine tenths of the rich province of the Milanese, or 471,000 acres, irrigated (p. 281). Canals of the *Adda*, 927 acres (p. 283). Of the *Bremo*, 91 acres (p. 284). *Lerio*, 88·2. *Oglio*, 101·3 (p. 287), do. do., 89·04 (p. 290). *Mella*, 85. *Clisio*, 90. Area of irrigation in Lombardy, 10·61 (p. 292) in summer; 12·837 in winter (p. 295).

“Rice cultivation requires double the quantity of water necessary for ordinary meadows” (p. 293).

“In the Milanese half, the irrigated area is cultivated with rice” (p. 296).

“Ninety-three acres per cubic foot average for meadows” (p. 86).

“The irrigation of Indian corn or flax consumes but a comparatively small portion of the supply” (p. 107).

“It is mentioned that in certain years this same land has yielded twenty-five bushels of cleaned rice, thus giving a net return of £7 5s. per acre” (p. 105).

“For rice, one cubic foot for fifty acres” (p. 106).

From the above data, we find that one cubic foot of water per second irrigates in Lombardy and Piedmont, on an average, eighty or ninety acres, that is, if rice be not cultivated; and as Indian corn requires less than meadow land, and wheat and vines still less, it may not be an unfair inference that at the Cape one cubic foot per second would irrigate (other things being equal) four or five times the extent; but of course the humidity of the atmosphere and the intervals between each fall of rain, must so modify the calculation that it would be absurd to offer one. I am not aware that any one has ever attempted to compute what actual quantity of water per acre would be required in this colony to save a

crop of wheat, barley, oats, or Indian corn, or ensure a good vintage; and yet it would be interesting to ascertain.

Our water-leadings are regulated in villages, and near Cape Town, by the hour, and we know nothing of "Modulos" or a few inches more of superincumbent stratum of water in the ditch.

I am not aware whether the breadth, depth, curve, and separate velocities in different portions of the same stream being ascertained, it could be calculated, with anything like an approximation to accuracy, what volume of waters some of our rivers contain, when at the lowest ebb, or when swollen to their utmost limit. I suppose we must wait till some of our African engineers return from the universities of Piedmont or Lombardy.

Reverting to what I have said above, I may perhaps venture to suppose that five or six inches of rain, equal to about half a cubic foot of water for an area of one square foot, would be sufficient to save a grain crop. I have not time to calculate, at leisure, nor any one to check my sums; but I think the result would be very nearly the same, that is, five times as much land as the same quantity of water would irrigate in Italy,—that is, land upon which meadow hay and other crops, exclusive of rice and marcite grass, are cultivated.

*(To be continued.)*

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## A NIGHT IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY.

ALTHOUGH scientific savans, in Europe and elsewhere, have given a positive contradiction to the once popular fallacy of the influence of the moon upon the weather, and thus destroyed a faith which has been mysteriously handed down to us by our progenitors, no one, learned or unlearned, has yet explained away another popular belief,—that individual actions are in some degree regulated by the phases of the "resplendent goddess of the night." The Munchausian assertion that the said goddess is made of green cheese has given way to the light of science; but the ancient record of the introduction of transportation as a punishment for crime is even yet ingeniously instilled into the dawning intellects of the nursery; and Susan or Betsey impresses upon master Septimus Newton, junior, as an historical-astronomical fact, that the moon is a great gas-lamp, tenanted by the solitary party who was found "gathering sticks on Sunday." May

it not be assumed, however, that this sort of education is necessary, as engrafting on the youthful mind a certain amount of idealism essential to the mental composition of such as are to take a position in the world, and who, in their course through life, find it either to their advantage, or positively indispensable to their happiness, to accept and perpetuate still loftier but more indistinct conceptions, born of their own or others' imaginations. And may it not also be assumed that it is this education which has paved the way for the reception of the unquestioned assertion, that the thoughts and actions of many men are regulated by the moon that walketh in brightness. However, I shall leave it to the reader to examine this theory, and ascertain for himself whether or not *he* is thus influenced. I may assure him, however, that the circumstances I am now about to relate have been, in my case, the accompaniment of a phase of the moon. A moonlight night has ever a strange, mysterious effect on me. I can't resist the influence which forces me from my evening occupations, whatever they may be, and compels me to wander forth at the said moon's sweet will. In consequence of this, on more than one occasion, have I been in danger from coming in the way of cabs and other vehicles. Fifty times have I listlessly come in contact with old gouty gentlemen, whose exclamations made me aware of the fact that I had introduced myself too unceremoniously and very unpleasantly. A dozen times have I upset young children, and paralysed old ladies, by collision; and once I have pursued the *ignis fatuus* so unconsciously that I stepped neatly over the central jetty into Table Bay itself; and but for the assistance of a boatman who bravely leaped in to my rescue, the issue might have been fatal. As it was, I suffered much; the sudden shock and alarm induced a fever, which confined me to my room for three or four weeks. After I had recovered so far as to be able to walk about, the old *moonomania* of moon-gazing came upon me; and what I am now about veraciously to write did truly come to pass.

One cool evening, in December last, I was induced to resume my moonlight peregrinations; and after sauntering about the streets and jetties in a sort of pensive, half-dreamy mood, I unwittingly directed my steps towards the Public Library. I had no particular object in entering this institution. Its contents were of little interest to me at that time. I was in the unconscious state the Persians describe as *keef*, and the English, brown study. But I proceeded. I believe I bowed respectfully to the librarian, and after a listless survey of the different books on the tables and shelves,

I walked towards the further end of the room. A ray of moonlight, which forced its way through the shutter, attracted me towards a window recess, which offered a quiet and apparently unmolested seat for meditation. I endeavoured to establish myself as comfortably as possible, by placing a chair in such a position that the moonbeams fell directly upon me,—putting sundry books under my elbow, and resting my languid limbs on an opposite chair, I opened a book of poetry, which I had taken up for perusal, in the hope that it might contain some sonnets to the goddess Luna, who possessed such power over me, and thus soothe the nervous irritability under which I laboured. But, to my great annoyance, I found I had taken somebody's Botanical Researches instead! What was I to do? To disturb myself from my present posture would peril the comfort I had taken such pains to complete; and to withdraw from the moonlight into the dark shade, to find a book, because I wished such a book, was too great an exertion for me to attempt. Still, I had deluded myself so far into the fancy that poetry was what I required to soothe me, that I was not to be put off with botany. I was not to be so easily cajoled. Was there no friend at hand, whom I could cozen over, with a winning smile, to hand me the wished-for volume? Not one. I felt myself, at that moment, helpless, desolate, and alone. Despair took possession of me. I could discover nothing capable of affording consolation. The bright ray of light dwelt upon my cheek,—and I may have kissed the moonbeam; but still the *sine qua non* of my comfort, my happiness, my peace, was a volume of poetry. Prosy scientific works within my reach were very many; but they were very *dry*, and very voluminous. Poetry alone could contain the choice and touching language, which would aid my utterance, touch my fancy, and rekindle the dead embers of my prostrate brain. I made an effort, rose, and walked towards the object of my desire. I seized the poet, and returned,—but not to read. Like a spoiled child, or an envious man, I cared little for the article which had cost me such trouble to obtain. I felt uneasy in my seat, and in my mind; the rays of moonlight illumined the window recess but very dimly,—scarcely sufficient to permit of my reading. So the book was relinquished; and from my unobserved position, I prepared myself for criticising the different individuals who occasionally entered the library-room. The first who attracted my attention was an old grey-headed man, with spectacles and a cotton umbrella—(not the remotest chance of a shower: why did he carry one?)—who walked leisurely up to a certain shelf, and with an evident



fore-knowledge that his book would be there ready for him, he softly took possession of it; and with the same calm leisure, after seating himself carefully, opened it at a certain place, where he had last left off, and continued.

As a contrast, another entered shortly after. He was much younger, also wore spectacles, but no cotton umbrella, and seemed to be as much in a hurry as the other had been calm and self-possessed. Book after book was eagerly searched through by him, as if he had left something of great consequence in one of them, which he was endeavouring to find. There was no settledness about him; he had evidently an unslaked thirst after knowledge, which was destined never to be satiated,—a morbid appetite for storing his mind with facts and fiction, which were there, no doubt, in such confusion that he could never trust his memory to hazard a quotation or repeat a verse; nor was he certain about anything. Of course he had read everything; but was *up* in nothing. He never properly digested what he read,—mature thought was a stranger to him. His eagerness for knowledge outstripped his wisdom. Patience, calmness, and meditation were *slow* words to such a *fast* enthusiast; and like Napoleon or Alexander, in trying to grasp everything, he obtained nothing. (What a horrid comparison!)

There was a short-sighted man who entered next, also with spectacles, and an inquiring kind of nose,—who, to one unacquainted with his habits, appeared as if he were smelling his way through the world with the said organ. The eyes and spectacles were evidently for perception, and the enquiring nose for forming an estimate of what he perceived, and putting things down at their proper value. The vanities of the world, with all their gaudiness, might deceive his eyes, but would not so easily get the better of his nose! Plausible sophistries, false premises, and subtle arguments would be read by the eyes and spectacles; but a peculiar upward contraction of the nasal organ would show an observer that they were promptly discovered and sternly rejected.

Another biped came in, and, with a loud “good evening,” startled every one. With a business trot, he approached where I was seated, and threatened to disturb my peace; but he only visited the “theological works,” to get some favourite guide or authority of the church, and after sundry coughs pinches of snuff, and consequent sneezes, he settled down somewhere out of view, without causing any further sensation.

Some youths I espied deep in philosophy and travels; elderly people were reading novels and *Punch*.

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As I had finished these last cogitations, and during the stillness which ensued—no other visitors entering the room, I fancy I must have turned round, fallen asleep; and in some way escaped the surveillance of the attendant, who extinguished the lights, closed up the institution, and left me a solitary companion of the numerous tomes. That I had fallen into a state of sleep or unconsciousness was certain, for I awoke to find myself in deep darkness. Where I was I could not for some time imagine. And what was the confused noise I heard? Such a buzz!—such a babble! I strained my eyes, but could see nothing; yet I was surrounded by voices in all kinds of tones. For a long period, I was bewildered, confounded, and afraid to move. Fear, indeed, chained me to my seat; I could not recover my self-possession, nor would memory honour the drafts at sight which I constantly drew on it, to relieve me from my puzzling predicament. Suddenly, a human voice fell upon my ear. It was an old friend who spoke:—

“Now o’er the one-half world  
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse  
The curtained sleep.”

“A prologue to a play! Hah! hah! I have it.” Such were my exclamations, as awaking consciousness came upon me like the brightening of a dissolving view. The recollection of my situation on the previous evening flashed across my mind, and I thought I was now to become the spectator of a drama hitherto unacted on any metropolitan stage. And so it was. My sudden exclamation had arrested the prologue of the great dramatic poet, and for a minute or two the confused hum of voices again fell upon my ear. I had thus an opportunity of examining more closely the phonetic compound, and found that all the books upon the shelves were wagging their tongues,—all, except those in the dead languages! Books on travel were narrating their wonders,—poets were rhyming,—music-books were singing,—comic books were punning,—and novels were sentimentalizing. Besides these, others sermonised, botanised, criticised, catechised, and moralised. Some were laying down the law (which, one remarked, is much too often taken up),—medical works were prescribing,—histories were drawing the long-bow,—and autobiographies were egotistical.

The voice which had aroused me to consciousness again began to speak, and the babbling legion subsided into silence:

Approved conquerors and rulers of the mind,  
List, that ye may hear, and hearing, understand!

Let fame, which all hunt after in their lives,  
Be registered upon our brazen tombs,  
According to our due deserts. Let  
Each, my worthy fellows, give  
A truthful statement of his full success,  
That so, being free from vain and selfish pride,  
Honour be meted forth to such as worthy are!"

He ceased, when the silence which followed was broken by an old grumbling philosopher (I think it must have been Plato), who growled that many had been attracted by his name (labelled in gilt letters, on his covering) to give him a clutch, toss over his leaves, and throw him about; but no one regularly read him, and only now and then for an extract or so, he had little to do with the world. There were many dried-up old sages, who grunted an echo to these remarks, and numbers came forward to say *they* were never taken down except to be dusted.

At this moment, a hundred voices from the top shelves added their testimony to the last remark, and a faint echo of approval was heard to murmur from the rooms upstairs.

However, silence was again restored, and a few poetical works put in their claims to popularity in a mild voice, and various books on arts and sciences did the same; but an immense majority, some in sentimental and affected tones (which, or who, from their numbers and talk, I guessed to be novels), bore a large preponderance over all the rest, claiming old and young for their admirers. Many of these, indeed, requested to be pensioned, as they were old and worn out,—yet still were as much used as ever. A few full-voiced reverend volumes softly advanced their pretensions to public attention; but the sentimental voices raised such a cry of disapprobation as overwhelmed their preaching, and they remained silent.

Some book or personage, rather inopportunist, I think, then delivered himself of a most lengthened and startling groan. This, however, was but the prelude to an address. "Plague upon the world," said he, in a husky voice, and as if half suffocated; "they set little value upon us! Why are we cooped here in crowded shelves, with neither elbow-room nor breathing-room. We are stifled, and can stand the pressure no more;" and the voice became very choleric, as if its owner threatened to bid farewell to the world, and "give up the ghost," in a fit of apoplexy.

Another—I think an architectural tome—groaned out from beneath a pile of books littered in heaps on one of the tables, "When, or shall I ever rejoice in the erection of a building suited to the wants and proportioned to the use and dignity

of myself and fellows? Had my old esteemed Macdougall been yet among men, the library-hall scheme had not been deserted thus. I did imagine once, that yet before old age and constant work should wear my life away, I might, in the evening of my days, look down in classic dignity from my aerial, roomy shelf, enshrined in an edifice such as my own architectural taste could appreciate and approve. But it may not be. Committees have talked and talked again, and land has been obtained, and large funds are in hand, and promises are made; but there is little faith, and less energy; and now I have felt that hope deferred doth truly make the heart sick." He ceased: when another, in some dim recess, took up the same doleful strain. His utterance was not distinct. But a few of his croaking Night-thoughts were audible, about "procrastination," and "resolving," and "re-resolving," and "yet dying the same;" and with the dying of the resolves, the echoes ceased.

Once more the voice which had presided over the proceedings of the literary conclave was heard, and delivered the following epilogue:—

Now, my co-mates and brothers in the world of letters,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet?  
 And in that now we know our sorrows  
 And our joys, like kinsmen good,  
 We'll comfort give to each other.  
 To Fiction, greatest 'mong our numbers, here  
 I give the chaplet of honour and success;  
 To Poetry, my darling child, the offspring  
 Of Imagination, do I give high praise;  
 To History more; to Science much.  
 Ye aged worthies, yeapt Philosophers,  
 Who've felt the wintry season of indifference,  
 Ye too can solace take. Truth does not  
 Fall into the immortal mind  
 Like grain cast freely on the field;  
 But gently and by slow induction  
 Doth it germ, take root, and ripen.

A sudden and startling silence succeeded. I could hear no sound, save that of my own breathing, heavy and loud, like that of one who has been awakened from a fearful dream. I looked around, and found the grey streaks of dawning day peering through the shutters. Fearful lest the library attendant should soon arrive to perform his duties, and discover me in my position, I stealthily crept out of one of the windows (having first taken the precaution to get a *back* view of the receding policeman), and hastened home to my deserted lodgings.

P.

## THE ENGLISH CYCLOPÆDIA ON CAPE GEOGRAPHY.\*

The *English Cyclopædia* is a new, corrected, and modernised edition of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, originally published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge. The geographical articles of the latter work bore a very high name, and were contributed by some of the cleverest men of the period of its publication; but, with every care, of course, many errors crept in, which it was the object of the *English Cyclopædia* to correct as much as possible. And here let us remark on the extreme platitude and vagueness of the name selected as an improvement on the old one. The *Penny* prefix had something homely and unpretending about it,—it carried us back to the days of the “Reform Bill,” dashing old Lord Brougham, Dionysius Lardner, and the young and blooming childhood of the London University and the *Penny Magazine*. But the stuck-up people at home, the Cockney *bourgeoise*, and the aristocracy of the counter, in general, objected to the paltry, low, shocking idea of having a book on their shelves, the smallest component part of which ever could have been purchased with that vulgar coin—a penny: and so, in deference, no doubt, to popular feeling, Mr. C. Knight, the editor, very foolishly, in our opinion, consigned the poor “Brown” to the tomb of the Capulets, and prefixed to his new edition the more magnificent and Catholic title of “English,” and so earned the patronage of people of fashion, who were well up in “Shakespeare taste and the musical glasses.”

The good old penny article was a real circle of the sciences; like the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, its articles followed in alphabetical succession, without any further divisions. In the new edition, on the contrary, the work is in four distinct parts,—namely, Arts and Sciences, Geography, Biography, and Natural History; the articles in each, of course, classed alphabetically. This is, in the opinion of many, not an improvement. The very variety in the old arrangement presents charms to the reader. If we dip into a very scientific and learned treatise on Differential Calculus, Astronomy, or Psychology, or our brain feels tired with threading the multifarious nomenclature of Botany or Conchology, we find

\* The “*English Cyclopædia*,” a new Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. By C. Knight. Division 1, Geography.—London, 1854.



an instant relief in turning over the next page, and relaxing ourselves for half an hour on an article on the drama, or a gossip about Colley Cibber or Jemmy Boswell. For deep or continued study, we seldom use an Encyclopædia at all. It is generally as a book of reference. However, after all, if the thing is well done, this is a matter of minor importance.

We do not presume here to enter into a criticism on the general merits of the work, but merely to offer a few words on the geographical division, especially with reference to the articles on the Cape. And here, we would say generally, that in comparing the geographical articles in the *Penny* with those in the new edition, we find them anything at all but improved; they are much abridged, deal largely in generalities, and in many important cases give but poor and imperfect geographical descriptions. The first article we find connected with Cape geography is Algoa Bay. This, we are informed, is situated in  $33^{\circ} 56'$  south latitude, and  $26^{\circ} 53'$  east long.; but we are not enlightened what part of the bay—its east, west, or middle point—is situated in that exact latitude and longitude; and on reference to our map, we find Cape Receif, its western extremity, in lat.  $34^{\circ} 02'$ , long.  $25^{\circ} 39'$ , and Point Padrone, its eastern extremity, in lat.  $33^{\circ} 40'$ , long.  $26^{\circ} 20'$ ; so that the Algoa Bay of the *English Cyclopædia* is no less than 33 minutes of longitude, or nearly as many miles, out of its true position. We are next told that this inlet is twenty miles broad from east to west, and that among the rivers it receives is the Kowie; whereas the fact is that it cannot be called an inlet at all, but an indentation of the coast, and its width from east to west is upwards of fifty miles, instead of twenty, and the Kowie enters the sea some thirty miles east of its eastern extremity. Port Elizabeth is barely mentioned, and not a word said of its present condition. Cape Receif and its light, the Bird Island and light, the Roman Rock, the St. Croix Isles, and Point Padrone,—all necessary names to be mentioned, we should think, in any description, no matter how short, of Algoa Bay, are all passed over without the smallest notice.

We next come to Albany, which is a very meagre abridgement of the article "Albany" in the *Penny Cyclopædia*, retaining all its errors, and adding only a few incorrect statements, by way of bringing it down to the present period. We are first gravely told "that Albany is bounded N. and N.E. by Kaffraria," which, indeed, it was thirty years ago, but certainly not in 1854,—that it is bounded on "the west by Graaf Reynet," its boundary being the Sundays River; that after the Great Fish, the river next in importance is the



Sundays, and after it the Bosjesman, Kamka, Kasowka, and, hear it, ye British Kaffrians, "the Buffalo!" The settlers have been trying (industrious creatures!) to improve the growth of wool, and "many manufactories" have been established in the towns!

We are then informed, "that the Portuguese established a settlement" in Albany in "1498," but could not retain it. Graham's Town, we are gravely told, is situated "on the banks of the Great Fish River," and the intercourse with Cape Town now "renders necessary two mails per week." "A court of justice is held there once a quarter!" and that, "in January, 1848, a mountain pass—over Mount Cradock!—was completed, called Montagu Pass!"

Now the paragraphs quoted comprise three-fourths of the article in question, and the remaining one-fourth is made up of such dreary platitudes as "the coast is frequented by abundance of fish;" "the general appearance of the country is agreeable," and "that the alternation of level gives rise to great variety in the produce of the district;" quite as well applicable to any other country in the world, as Albany. Its geological and physical features, its botany, natural history, meteorology, roads, population, or even the settlement of 1820, are not even glanced at; and yet, the conductor, in his preface, has the coolness to declare "that in this department of the *Cyclopædia*, which embraces the physical features of every country, and the statistics of its departments, its cities and marts of commerce, as well as recording its history to the most recent periods, it will be readily seen *how extensive* have been the changes and additions, to give completeness to the articles upon which this new work is founded. The conductor has been fortunate (?) in securing the co-operation of accurate and intelligent fellow-labourers."

Know then, most sapient Charles Knight, that thou art vilely and shamefully deceived; for as far as South Africa is concerned, thy fellow-labourers have neither been accurate, intelligent, or even commonly honest. If they had been so, we are sure you would never have printed your articles on Albany and Algoa Bay in their present form. Learn that Albany is not bounded N. and N.E. by Kaffraria, but by Fort Beaufort and Victoria; that it is not bounded on the W. by Graaff-Reinet, but by Uitenhage and Somerset; that the Sundays River is not, and never was, included in it; that the Buffalo is a river of British Kaffraria, 50 miles east of the Albany district; that very many manufactories are not established in its towns; that the Portuguese settlement of 1498 is but a myth or a fiction; that Graham's Town is not

on the banks of the Great Fish River, but at the head of the Kowie, fifteen miles from the nearest point of it; that there are three mails a week, not two; and a circuit court every six months, not once a quarter; that Mount Cradock and Montagu Pass are at least 250 miles west of the Albany district; and that, in fine, the articles of the *English Cyclopædia* on Cape Geography are, with a few exceptions, shams, humbugs, and delusions, and unworthy even of that poor, frail ghost of the *Penny Cyclopædia*, which you and your intelligent fellow-labourers declare "truly to present to the world a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge."

We shall again return to the subject, which is, at least, one of local interest, and point out the merits and demerits of the remaining articles on South African Geography, which if they had been correctly written, would just now have had more than ordinary value, and show how very inexcusable many of the errors committed are, as even the plea of ignorance can hardly be urged.

H.

## THE ANGORA GOAT, AND THE SWELLENDAM AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

*To the Editors of the Cape Monthly Magazine.*

SIRS,—As the Secretary of the Swellendam Agricultural Society, through good report and bad report, for nearly twenty-five years, it will surely be considered by the public an excusable vanity in me to volunteer in defence of that body, which, if not directly and openly attacked, is at least rather superciliously pooh-pooh'd by Mr. Bayley, in his last paper on the Angora Goat. If our efforts to be useful had been treated with sovereign contempt by others, it might have created less surprise; but to meet with such acerbity from one who has himself been very zealous in promoting agricultural improvement by means of the combined efforts of Agricultural Societies, was "the unkindest cut of all."

In his ardour to prove that, notwithstanding what had been published elsewhere, the colony owed a debt of deep gratitude to Mr. Mosenthal, Mr. B. may have been led, for a moment, to speak too slightly of the efforts of others. I would not call the man Quixotic, or compare him to the knight of the rueful countenance, who takes up his pen in defence of "injured innocence."

But that has nothing to do with the claims upon the gratitude of the public due to the Swellendam Agricultural

Society, Messrs. Southey and Hope (Acting Secretaries to Government), Lieut.-Governor Darling, the Duke of Newcastle, Sir J. Pakington (Colonial Ministers), and Prince Albert.

And it is exactly because I feel a sort of presentiment, that when, a century or more hence, one of the greatest sources of wealth to this colony shall be millions of goats on a thousand hills,—when more than one Titus Salt, shall have amassed immense fortunes by manufacturing our raw material into fabrics still unknown,—some bookworm, some future Cape historian, will rake up the second, third, and fourth numbers of the *Cape Monthly Magazine* for 1857, to throw light on the impenetrable obscurity of the history of the first introduction of the long-haired Angora, and end at once a kind of controversy, which the invention of printing, and the steam engine, and other boons conferred upon mankind by individuals or bodies of men, have in our day, from time to time provoked,—it is for these reasons that I trust you will not deny me a place in your valuable journal, in order to make the following statements:—

1st. Col. Henderson, in the year 1838, imported by a very circuitous route, and at very great expense, twelve rams and one ewe, of the long-haired Angora, into the Caledon district.

2nd. No published account of these animals was given by Col. Henderson, who, having embarked a considerable sum in the speculation, could not be expected to be very communicative till he had first tried to reimburse himself for the severe loss he must have suffered.

3rd. After Col. H.'s death, or departure from the colony, some of these rams, or their get, fell into the hands of Messrs. Vos, Hopley, and others.

4th. From the evident improvement which a cross or two with these goats produced on our Cape breed,—in their constitution, earlier maturity, weight of carcase, and lesser liability to cutaneous diseases, as evinced in the flocks of Messrs. Hopley, Van Renen, T. Myburg, W. Smalberger, and others in this district,—the Swellendam Agricultural Society resolved to make every inquiry, and if possible, to aid in introducing, as soon as possible, fresh blood of the same breed, to prevent the cross already obtained from deteriorating.

5th. With this view I addressed the committee of the Commercial Exchange, begging them to obtain for us the necessary information; to which the secretary (Mr. Eaton) wrote an immediate answer (dated 21st August, 1848),

promising to lay our communication before the committee at their next meeting. But we have never heard a word from them since.

6th. Our treasurer (Dr. White) corresponded with the Secretaries of the Agricultural and Horticultural Societies of Calcutta and Bombay, from one of whom a polite letter was received, expressive of regret that they could give us no information. We then addressed Messrs. Dixon & Co., whose partner Col. Henderson had been, but received no reply. Mr. Hendrik Vos and Mr. W. Hopley, sen., were then invited to communicate the result of their experience, which they most willingly did; confirming the experience of the breeders already mentioned, and adding that it was supposed that something had been done to the male animals at Angora, to render them incapable of propagating, as only one male (which was born on the road) proved perfect.\*

7th. The notice by Lieut. Conolly, again published by Mr. Bayley, was then pointed out by me to our committee. I found it in Bischoff's excellent work, published ten years previous to Southey's, from which Mr. Bayley's extract is taken.

8th. A subscription was then set on foot, with the view of offering a reward to the first person who introduced a small flock of these Angoras;† but as the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society (of which, if I mistake not, Mr. Bayley was at that time an influential member) refused to co-operate, and as no similar subscriptions were raised in other districts, the plan was abandoned.

9th. A company was next established, in which shares to the amount of £1200 were taken, with the view of ordering out a flock.

10th. In the meantime, we addressed ourselves to Lieut.-Governor Darling, begging his Honour to obtain, through the Colonial Ministers, such information on the subject as was still needed,—hinting at the same time that, as Prince

\* With regard to the scent to which Mr. B. alludes, I have, within the last day or two, found the following in a pamphlet by Ternaux and Jaubert, published in 1822 (they speak of the *Cashmere* goat):—"Ces animaux qui sont vigoureux mais délicats, n'ont ni les formes ni l'odeur repoussante de ceux de l'Europe."

† The following is a list of the subscribers; amongst them will not be found a single name mentioned by Mr. Mosenthal, except Mr. Dirk Breda's: D. G. Breda, £5; F. W. Reitz, £5; V. D. Byl & Denyssen, £5; H. White, £5; Wm. Smalberger, £5; D. G. van Renen, £5; Wm. Herman, £5; M. J. van Breda, £5; Jno. Barry, £5; Jos. Barry, £5; Thos. Barry, £5; F. B. Scrutton, £5; and about ten subscribers more at £1 each. Altogether, £70.



Albert had taken such extraordinary interest in the manufacture of Cashmere shawls, during the time of the Great Exhibition, it might be possible that His Royal Highness would look with favour on our humble endeavours. Mr. Darling readily, and most willingly, complied with our request, whilst Messrs. Southey and Major Hope (Acting Secretaries to Government) were not backward in giving every facility, as to publishing, and in other ways.

11th. The Society received, through the Lieut.-Governor, communications from the Colonial Ministers and the Consul-General at Constantinople, giving all the information required, except on one point, which was misunderstood by him, and which, in a subsequent despatch, was rectified by the Consul-General, who generously admitted that the Secretary of the Swellendam Agricultural Society had been correct in his statement.

12th. Along with these satisfactory and gratifying communications from the Government, the Society was honoured with a present from Prince Albert of several samples of Angora wool, and different samples of beautiful fabrics manufactured from it; whilst through the influence of His Royal Highness, Mr. T. Salt (who has now, and always has had, some of these animals in his possession) and Messrs. Bradbury & Cook were induced to send us copies of the reports of the Society of Arts, mentioning the Angora goat, and otherwise offered their aid and assistance.

13th. These samples were exhibited, for some time, in the Commercial Exchange rooms, and are still under my care.

14th. All these resolutions, papers, extracts, despatches, &c., were published at the time, in the *Gazette* and *Advertiser* (1851--52).

15th. The Company before mentioned having been formed, the Agricultural Society of Swellendam ceased to be connected with the speculation, and a secretary and treasurer was appointed, who was instructed to order out, through any agent he chose, *any number of these goats that could be obtained for the money in his hands*. The Russian war was given as a reason for the non-fulfilment of the order, which was never retracted, and the money remained in the hands of the treasurer until the announcement that Mr. J. R. Thompson had entered into a private speculation with Messrs. Mosenthal, when the different sums were refunded to the shareholders.

After this, I think it will be admitted by most unbiassed men, that the Swellendam Society deserved well of the colony, and that Mr. Bayley ought not to have kept back



their name, and the part they had taken, in his first paper; and still less, to have disapproved of their conduct in his second. For myself, and many other subscribers, I can say we have not a goat belonging to us, and our object was to aid in creating a new article of export. I leave to others to judge whether the conduct of our influential coadjutors, Messrs. Southey, Hope, Darling, the British Ministers, and Prince Albert, was laudable or not; or whether it is not a sort of *duello* which is no longer permitted: I mean that of calling each other names, such as—provincial enthusiasts—sufferers from Cape fatality—promoters of fascinating but evanescent South African projects—a company admirable on paper, but doomed to early extinction—already well nigh forgotten—doing the business with fuss and parade—patriotic in their profession, or professional in their views—a long range, loose-jointed corporation—reluctant to assume individual responsibility—perpetually prone to shift work to other shoulders, *or to rely too much on lukewarm agencies abroad*—doing things with superfluous *fanfare*.

I agree with Mr. Bayley that private enterprise is preferable to the speculations of companies, and still more to the paternal interference of government: it is an excellent maxim, to which, however, he will admit there are many exceptions. The very establishment of an Agricultural Society, offering prizes and rewards to people who ought to find their own interest a sufficient incentive to improve their stock and produce, is a glaring exception, which, to his credit be it said, Mr. Bayley has continually been helping to make; whilst, again, with regard to *lukewarm agencies*, Mr. Bayley, not long ago, himself recommended our agriculturists to get out breeding stock through merchants in England. For my part, I prefer that even live-stock should be imported at the merchant's risk, and am far from grudging him the profit. I do not envy them, when they can answer, as Shylock did the Merchant of Venice, who asked, "Is your gold and silver ewes and rams?" The answer was, "I cannot tell: I make it breed as fast."

I have only to add that the Cashmere goats imported into this colony were purchased by Mr. Korsten, of Port Elizabeth; but I was told, died of scurvy—a disease which the Cashmeres imported by Ternaux were much troubled with. I recollect once writing to Mr. John Centlivres Chase on the subject—but the usual *Cape fatality*—no answer.

I am, sirs, your obedient servant,

F. W. REITZ.

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

ALMOST simultaneously with the publication of our March number of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*, appeared the Annual Reports for 1856, of the Table Bay Harbour Board, and of the Committee of the Commercial Exchange of this City. In the former, a scheme is proposed for the payment of wharfage at the time of passing the customs entries, which appears feasible in most respects, but will be rendered more simple, and occupy less time, if the importer's clerk computes the wharfage prior to his passing his entry, for checking and endorsement by the wharf clerk. This is the mode adopted in payment of duties, and works well. Allusion is made to the correspondence between the Board and the Commercial Exchange, on the subject of the extension of the central wharf, which, although in the immediate vicinity of all the principal merchant stores, is not made use of to the extent which it would be if greater convenience and facilities were afforded to the commerce of the place. We should be glad to see the wharfs here in the hands of individuals, and permission given to erect more where required, subject to an annual rental. If this were done, the natural competition for business between the wharfingers would ensure those facilities which are now denied to us. Under the present system, the necessity for increased accommodation will be felt the more strongly, the nearer we approach to the object for which both bodies should be labouring,—the improvement of Table Bay.

It is encouraging to perceive, from the Exchange Report, that the trade of the colony is in so healthy a state,—the excess of imports in 1856 being £412,904 over those of 1855, and of exports, £269,786; the increase in the tonnage of vessels entered inwards was 22,093 tons, and in customs duties, £42,277.

The trade at Port Elizabeth has materially tended to this increase, which is not likely to be much diminished, except its new rival on the Buffalo River should divert the Sovereignty, Albert, and Queen's Town transactions from Algoa Bay. This must necessarily be a work of time; and the Bayonians are not likely to give up any portion of their well-earned trade without a struggle.

We congratulate our Simon's Bay friends on the establishment of a Harbour Board, the members of which are so intimately acquainted with the wants of the shipping at that place; and we may hope, that under their auspices, the wharfs will receive that attention which they so much need. It is well known that one vessel alone, in 1855, paid more dues for landing of her cargo, than the landing place was intrinsically worth.

IMPORTS.—We have to announce the arrival of considerable quantities of staple articles since our last summary, amongst which we may enumerate 5160 bags rice, from Calcutta and Mauritius, 2173 bags Mauritius, East Indian, and Natal sugars, 4612 bags Brazil coffee, 780 bags wheat from Bengal, and nearly 2000 barrels American flour from Rio and London. A large quantity of

powder has also been received, and more than the usual imports of malt liquors and wine. Two cargoes of deals from Sweden are also reported, and one of salt from Mayo. The *Star of Peace*, from Rotterdam, has brought the usual assortment of Dutch produce, viz., gin, cheese, and herrings; whilst from England several vessels have arrived with manufactures of every description.

Teas of the crop of 1855-1856 have changed hands to a large extent since our last issue, owing to the continuance of hostilities, and the country market being the only one in which trade in caper teas suitable to this colony has ever been carried on. The price now asked is said to be 32s. 6d.  $\text{¥}$  10-catty box. It is probable, also, that speculation may have arisen on the possibility of the Chinese tampering with the teas of the new crop, as they have done with the supplies of bread to our fellow-subjects in China. Coffee has been disposed of at lower rates than it can be imported for, or at least without a margin.

We quote articles of import thus:—Brazil coffee, 60s. @ 62s. 6d.  $\text{¥}$  100 lbs., supplied; Mauritius sugar, 28s. @ 34s.  $\text{¥}$  100 lbs., fairly supplied; white rice, 24s. @ 27s.  $\text{¥}$  bag, fairly supplied; caper tea (direct), 32s. 6d.  $\text{¥}$  10-catty box, stock reduced; caper tea (indirect), 28s. 6d.  $\text{¥}$  10-catty box, moderate; coals, 50s.  $\text{¥}$  ton, moderate; gin, 33s.  $\text{¥}$  case of 15 flasks, moderate; brandy (Sazerac's), 10s. 6d. @ 13s. 6d.  $\text{¥}$  gallon, moderate; brandy (ordinary),  $\text{¥}$  gallon, none; manufactures, 33 to 45  $\text{¥}$  cent. on invoice, supplied; teakwood, 6s. 6d. @ 7s.  $\text{¥}$  cubic foot, scarce; tobacco, 1s. 4d. @ 1s. 5d.  $\text{¥}$  lb., scarce.

The encouraging prices obtained in Europe for hides and skins, and the expected advance in wool at the February sale, have made exporters give an increased rate for all these articles, especially for the two former. The home leather trade has made arrangements for adding 20 @ 25  $\text{¥}$  cent. on their manufactures, which will give a fresh impetus to our exports. Wine, also, promises extremely well, and the colonial vintage has been very good. Wheat has fluctuated considerably, and is not unlikely to be depressed, as those farmers who have not been satisfied with the high prices paid, are now compelled to ride their produce to market, in consequence of the advancing season. Our articles of export rule thus:—

EXPORTS.—Wheat, 31s. 6d. @ 33s. 6d.  $\text{¥}$  muid; flour, 26s. 6d. @ 30s.  $\text{¥}$  100 lbs.; barley, 16s. 6d.  $\text{¥}$  muid; oats, 13s. 6d. @ 15s.  $\text{¥}$  muid; wine, £7 10s. @ £8  $\text{¥}$  leaguer; brandy, £24 @ £27 10s.  $\text{¥}$  leaguer; hides, 5½d. @ 5¾d.  $\text{¥}$  lb.

Freights are very low, especially for light goods, to London. Wool, much sought for @ ½d.  $\text{¥}$  lb., but as the Port Elizabeth rates are likely to recede to that figure, and other vessels expected to load home, we may expect a still further depression. The *Dominick Daly* is taken up to convey copper ore from Hondeklip Bay to Swansea direct,—the rate quoted as per *John Knox*.

The Commissariat expected an advance in their bills on the Lords of the Treasury, but the rate is still said to be par. Private bills

@ 2  $\frac{1}{2}$  cent. @ 90 days' sight. It has been suggested that the introduction of document bills into this colony, as in the neighbouring one of Mauritius, would be beneficial to commerce, and safer to remitters. Whilst we approve heartily of the system which our wealthier friends at Port Louis are not ashamed to follow, we must remind our readers that this would entail the necessity of cash payment for these remittances; for it could not be expected that drawing houses would consent to give security for their drafts on England, without being secured in the most ample manner by the remitters. It is to be regretted that none of the local banks undertake advances on produce

## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE collection of books received at the Public Library, by the *Harbinger*, this month, is unusually large, and embraces a rich and interesting variety. The following is a list of them:—

Besides the periodicals for February, there are the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, vol. 12; *English Cyclopædia—Biography*; *Watson's Medical Profession in Ancient Times*; *Guizot's Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel*; *The Good Old Times*; *Very Successful*, by Lady Bulwer; *Boswell's Letters*; *The English of Shakespeare*, by Craik; *Letters of Queen Henrietta Maria*; *Kaye's Life of Sir John Malcolm*; *Faulkner's Commercial Dictionary*; *Our North-west Frontier*; *Scientific Register for 1857*; *Reynolds' and his Works*, by Barnett; *Tauler's Life and Sermons*; *The Wedding Guests*; *Kemble's State Papers*; *Researches in Chaldee*, by Loftus; *Holloran's Visit to Foo Choo*; *Oliver Cromwell*, by Stuart; *Holton's New Grenada*; *Bacon's Works*, by Spedding; *Head's Descriptive Essays*; *Doran's Monarchs Retired from Business*.

From their late arrival—only as we are going to press—we can find room to notice but two or three of them.

Macaulay's biographic sketch of Johnson, in the *Britannica*, we briefly announced last month. We now give the following extracts, illustrative of the style in which the modern brilliant essayist describes his predecessor. The picture presented is a melancholy one; but it only applies to the earlier life of the great, good man. A brighter light dawned in upon him afterwards, and much of his constitutional gloom was happily dispelled. Of the outset of Johnson's career, and when encountering his hardest trials, Macaulay writes:—

“ The misery of that struggle needed no aggravation, but was aggravated by the sufferings of an unsound body and an unsound mind. Before the young man left the university, his hereditary malady had broken forth in a singularly cruel form. He had become an incurable hypochondriac. He said long after that he had been mad all his life, or at least not perfectly sane; and, in truth, eccentricities less strange than his have often been thought grounds sufficient for absolving felons, and for setting aside wills. His grimaces, his gestures, his mutterings, sometimes diverted and sometimes terrified people who did not know him. At a dinner table he would, in a



fit of absence, stoop down and twitch off a lady's shoe. He would amaze a drawing room by suddenly ejaculating a clause of the Lord's Prayer. He would conceive an unintelligible aversion to a particular alley, and perform a great circuit rather than see the hateful place. He would set his heart on touching every post in the streets through which he walked. If by any chance he missed a post, he would go back a hundred yards and repair the omission. Under the influence of his disease, his senses became morbidly torpid, and his imagination morbidly active. At one time he would stand poring on the town clock without being able to tell the hour. At another, he would distinctly hear his mother, who was many miles off, call him by his name. But this was not the worst. A deep melancholy took possession of him, and gave a dark tinge to all his views of human nature and human destiny. Such wretchedness as he endured has driven many men to shoot themselves or drown themselves. But he was under no temptation to commit suicide. He was sick of life; but he was afraid of death; and he shuddered at every sight or sound which reminded him of the inevitable hour. In religion he found but little comfort during his long and frequent fits of dejection; for his religion partook of his own character. The light from heaven shone on him indeed, but not in a direct line, or with its own pure splendour. The rays had to struggle through a disturbing medium: they reached him refracted, dulled and discoloured by the thick gloom which had settled on his soul; and, though they might be sufficiently clear to guide him, were too dim to cheer him."

Another, and the brighter picture, shows Johnson enthroned, pre-eminent, over his literary compeers:—

"To discuss questions of taste, of learning, of casuistry, in language so exact and so forcible that it might have been printed without the alteration of a word, was to him no exertion, but a pleasure. He loved, as he said, to fold his legs and have his talk out. He was ready to bestow the overflowsings of his full mind on anybody who would start a subject, on a fellow-passenger in a stage coach, or on the person who sat at the same table with him in an eating-house. But his conversation was nowhere so brilliant and striking as when he was surrounded by a few friends, whose abilities and knowledge enabled them, as he once expressed it, to send him back every ball that he threw. Some of these, in 1764, formed themselves into a club, which gradually became a formidable power in the commonwealth of letters. The verdicts pronounced by this conclave on new books were speedily known over all London, and were sufficient to sell off a whole edition in a day, or to condemn the sheets to the service of the trunk-maker, and the pastrycook. Nor shall we think this strange when we consider what great and various talents and acquirements met in the little fraternity. Goldsmith was the representative of poetry and light literature, Reynolds of the Arts, Burke of political eloquence and political philosophy. There, too, were Gibbon, the greatest historian, and Jones, the greatest linguist of the age. Garrick brought to the meetings his inexhaustible pleasantry, his incomparable mimicry, and his consummate knowledge of stage effect. Among the most constant attendants were two high-born and high-bred gentlemen, closely bound together by friendship, but of widely different character and habits; Bennet Langton, distinguished by his skill in Greek literature, by the orthodoxy of his opinions, and by the sanctity of his life; and Topham Beauclerk, renowned for his amours, his knowledge of the gay world, his fastidious taste, and his sarcastic wit. To predominate over such a society was not easy. Yet even over such a society Johnson predominated. Burke might indeed have disputed the supremacy to which others were under the necessity of submitting. But Burke, though not generally a very patient listener, was content to take the second part when Johnson was present; and the club itself, consisting of so many eminent men, is to this day popularly designated as Johnson's Club."

Boswell's Letters will be found the most delightful gossiping book of the season. Boszy here lays bare all his own joys and



sorrows, his loves and hates, his vanities and follies, with the most enchanting *naïveté*. Take the following extracts as specimens. Writing to Temple from London, in 1768, he says :—

“I am really the *great man* now. I have had David Hume, in the forenoon, and Mr. Johnson, in the afternoon of the same day, visiting me. Sir John Pringle, Dr. Franklin, and some more company, dined with me to-day ; and Mr. Johnson and General Oglethorpe one day, Mr. Garrick alone another, and David Hume and some more *litterati* dine with me next week. I give admirable dinners and good claret ; and the moment I go abroad again, which will be in a day or two, I set up my chariot. This is enjoying the fruit of my labours, and appearing like the friend of Paoli. By the bye, the Earl of Pembroke and Capt. Meadows are just setting out for Corsica, and I have the honour of introducing them by a letter to the General. David Hume came on purpose, the other day, to tell me that the Duke of Bedford was very fond of my book, and had recommended it to the Duchess. David is really amiable ; I always regret to him his unlucky principles, and he smiles at my faith ; but I have a hope which he has not, or pretends not to have. So who has the best of it, my reverend friend ? David is going to give us two more volumes of History, down to George II. I wish he may not mire himself in the Brunswick sands. Pactolus is there.”

And again :—

“Last night, Mr. Johnson and I supped together at the Turk’s Head Coffee-house ; he was extremely entertaining and instructive. I learn more from him than from any man I ever was with. He told me a very odd thing,—that he knew at eighteen as much as he does now ; that is to say, his judgment is much stronger, but he had then stored up almost all the facts that he has now, and he says that he has led but an idle life ; only think, Temple, of that ! He advised me by all means to study, or, as he expressed it, to ply my book while I was young, for that then was the time for acquiring knowledge. He is to correspond with me wherever I am, and he said, ‘My dear Boswell, it would give me great pain to part with you if I thought we were not to meet again.’”

The most amusing, however, in the book are his love epistles, of which we regret we must, for the present, defer presenting any specimens. The collection altogether is worthy of the famous Johnsonian Memoirs, and reminds one of the peculiar charm attaching to the confessions of Pepys and others of earlier times.

“Guizot’s Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel” will well reward perusal. They are written by one who, though unsuccessful as a statesman, and now politically defunct, is one of the profoundest philosophical historians living. His countryman, De Tocqueville, is perhaps the only other that can surpass him. Guizot’s admiration and sympathies for Peel were warm and keen. Of the domestic life of the English statesman, we have the following beautiful picture. Guizot had been visiting Sir Robert at Drayton Manor :—

“I there saw him in the bosom of his family, and in the midst of the population of his estates ; Lady Peel, still beautiful, passionately and modestly devoted to her husband ; a charming daughter, since married to a son of Lord Camoys ; three sons, one a captain in the navy, already renowned for the most brilliant courage, the second, who has just made a successful *debut* in the House of Commons, the third still engaged in his studies ; on the estate, numerous and prosperous farmers, among whom was one of Sir Robert’s brothers, who had preferred an agricultural life to any other career ; great works of rural improvement, and more particularly of drainage, in progress, which Sir Robert Peel watched closely and explained

to us with an accurate knowledge of details. Altogether, a beautiful domestic existence, grand and simple, and broadly active : in the interior of the house, an affectionate gravity, less animated, less expansive, and less easy than our manners desire or permit ; political recollections perpetuated in a gallery of portraits, most of them of contemporaries, some Sir Robert Peel's colleagues in government, others distinguished men with whom he had been brought in contact."

Of the public career of Peel and the position he held, we have the following estimate :—

"The wise and glorious counsellor of a free people ; thus, after his death, was he designated in his own country. And I will add : he was as fortunate as glorious—fortunate in his last moments as through the whole course of his life, notwithstanding the lamentable accident which so fatally terminated it. For forty years Sir Robert Peel stood in the political arena, always fighting and most frequently victorious. On the eve of his death he still stood erect, but at peace, in his place in Parliament, shedding the light of his wisdom, without opposition, over the politics of his country, and serenely enjoying his ascendancy, which all recognised. He died lamented both by his sovereign and by the people—respected and admired by the adversaries whom he had overcome as well as by the friends who had conquered with him."

Tauler, whose "Life and Sermons" are included in the preceding list, is not a name familiar. He was a German preacher of the 14th century, who, previous to the Reformation, headed a movement in the Catholic Church to denounce the moral corruption and spiritual neglect then so prevalent. His sermons were published first in 1498, long after his death ; and the present work is compiled and translated by Susanna Winkworth, with an admirably-toned catholic-spirited preface, by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. The matter of the book is, however, too exclusively theological for us to enter further on it here.

"Oliver Cromwell" is an historical romance by, curiously enough, a Charles Edward Stuart. We have not yet had time to read it ; but we observe that the English Reviews, generally, speak in disparagement of it. They admit that there is much historical knowledge and mature thought, but that the story on which the romance is made to hinge is meagre and common-place.

Kemble's "Illustrations of the State of Europe" extend from 1688 to 1714, with a brief retrospect to the period of the Thirty Years' War. The materials for the work are selections from the private correspondence of the various celebrities. The morals of the period do not shine with peculiar lustre. Besides exposures of many glaring instances in that line, only too common before and after the period discussed, we have some exceedingly interesting scenes of the private life of great men. In a letter from the sister of George I., and wife of the Elector of Prussia, written to one of her husband's ministers, we have the following sketch of the first appearance of Peter the Great on the arena of fashionable life :—

"July 17th, 1697.

"At present, sir, I can give you a Rowland for your Oliver, for I have seen the great Czar ; he made an appointment with me at Coppenbrügge (a village in the country of Celle), where he did not know that all the family would meet him, in consequence of which we had to negotiate for an hour

before he would show himself. At last he agreed that Monsieur the Duke of Celle, my mother, my brothers, and myself, should come and meet him in the supper-room, which he would enter at the same time by another door, in order not to be seen; for the crowd of people which he had perceived upon a parapet, on arriving, had made him turn back from the village. My mother and myself began to make our compliment to him; which he made M. le Fort answer for him, for it seems he is shy, and hid his face with his hand; 'Ich kann nicht sprechen.' However, we soon tamed him, and he sat down to table between Madame my mother and me, where each of us entertained him in turn, and the question was which of us should have him to herself. Sometimes he answers himself, sometimes through his two interpreters; and assuredly he said nothing but was very much *à propos*, and that upon all the subjects on which we put him; for the liveliness of Madame my mother gave plenty of questions, which he answered with the same readiness; and I am astonished that he was not tired with the conversation, since they say there is not much of it in his country. As for his grimaces, I expected to find them worse than they were, and some of them it is not in his power to correct. One sees too that he never had a master to teach him to eat cleanly; but he has a natural air, and his manner is without constraint, which pleased me; for he soon behaved as if he were at home, and after having permitted the gentlemen who served to come in, and all the ladies whom he made difficulties at first of seeing, he made his people shut the door, and placed his favourite, whom he calls his right arm, near it, with orders to let no one go out, and sent for large glasses, and gave each of them three or four bumpers, as a sign that he meant to do them honour. He gave them the glass himself; some one attempted to give a glass to Quirini; he took it out of his hands and put it himself into Quirini's, which is a piece of politeness which we did not expect. I gave him music, to see what sort of a face he would make; and he said he liked it, especially Ferdinando, whom he recompensed as he had the gentlemen of the Court with a bumper. We were four hours at table to please him, drinking in the Muscovite fashion, that is, all at once standing, to the health of the Czar. Frederick was not forgotten; however, he drank but little. In order to see him dance, I begged M. le Fort to let us have his musicians, who came after supper. But he would not begin till he had seen first how we danced; which we did to please him, and to see him do it too. He could not, and would not begin till he had got some gloves, and had some hunted for throughout his train without finding any. Madame my mother danced with the fat Commissary; and in front of M. Le Fort led off the whole with the daughter of Countess Platen, and the Chancellor with the mother: it all went off very gravely, and the Muscovite dance was pronounced pretty. In short, all the world was very well satisfied with the great Czar, and he seemed to be so too. I hope you will be so also with the account I give you of it; and if you think it *à propos*, you may amuse Monsieur the Elector with it. This is enough to tire you, but I cannot help myself: I like to talk of the Czar, and if I could trust myself I would tell you more than—. I remain your very affectionate friend to serve you,

"SOPHIE CHARLOTTE.

"P.S.—The jester of the Czar made his appearance also; who is very stupid; however, we were very much inclined to laugh at seeing his master take a great broom and set to sweeping him down."

Of further literary news we have only room to mention that Mr. Kingsley's new novel is expected to appear very shortly; that Sir Edward Bulwer has prepared another work of fiction, which he is to publish in *Blackwood's Magazine*, as the *Caxtons* and *My Novel* were; that Mr. Thackeray is still going the rounds of the country, and reaping for his lectures a golden harvest, only surpassed by Albert Smith and Mont Blanc; and that a volume of Essays by the members of the Edinburgh University is advertised, similar to the annual volumes from Oxford and Cambridge.

Of local publications we have to notice, with commendation, a pamphlet prepared by Mr. de Lima, evidently at an immense expenditure of labour, and which furnishes a complete and valuable index to all the ordinances and acts of the Cape Government and Parliament from 1825 down to last year.

Printers and literature have a close connection with each other, in more respects than one. The step is but a short one, and it is, fortunately, one often taken, from the stick and the case to the desk and the pen. A large proportion of the conductors of the provincial and even metropolitan press of England have stood many a weary day at their frames; and one of the most distinguished *litterateurs* now living, Douglas Jerrold, himself, gloried in the demoniac appellation of a printer's devil. We have, therefore, much pleasure in noticing, though a literary journal, any efforts made by printers, as a body, toward their own improvement, and we have special pleasure in announcing that the working printing and bookbinding fraternity of Cape Town have banded themselves into a society—

"1. To afford assistance or relief to those of their members who may, from sickness or an accident, be incapacitated to work.

"2. To provide medical attendance and medicines for such as may be shown to require it.

"3. To aid widows and orphans of deceased Printers and Bookbinders, in connexion with this Society; and

"4. To provide a safe and remunerative deposit for the savings of the members."

The rules of this association are now before us, and we have no doubt that, judiciously managed, they are well calculated to do a large amount of good in a quiet and unpretending way.

## MR. LAYARD'S CRUISE IN THE "CASTOR."

THE energetic Curator of the South African Museum has just returned from his expedition in the *Castor*, with Commodore Trotter. This month, we have only time to furnish a brief outline of his interesting voyage. In our next number we expect to present, from his own pen, a full account of it, and a description of the treasures he has collected. The *Castor* left Simon's Bay on the 10th October. They stood to the southward, to catch the westerly winds. They intended first to land at Rodriguez, but the thick and foggy weather which came on there compelled them to bear up for Mauritius, where they remained five weeks. Previous to this, however, Mr. Layard succeeded in shooting several fine albatrosses, petrels, terns, &c., until he now only wants one bird he knows of to complete his series of Cape sea-fowl. During their stay at Mauritius, Mr. Layard was active in his pursuit of nature. In company with another gentleman, he explored much of the botany of the island, and discovered by himself six new specimens of land-shells. A fine field for exploration they had on Round



Island, to the north of the Main, and in which they made frequent excursions. Several beautiful and rare specimens of birds were here secured. After leaving Mauritius, the *Castor* next visited Sandy Island and Farquhar's Isle, north-east of Madagascar. The latter of these is an atoll of coral formation, and the contrast between the deep blue of the almost fathomless ocean all around *outside*, and the exquisite emerald green of the water *inside*, Mr. Layard speaks of as beyond description. The next land made was the east coast of Africa, in  $1\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$  south latitude. This was on the 4th January. They ran down to the town called Fazy, belonging to the Imaum of Muscat. There they heard of the good old man's death. Their next place further south was Lamo, another Arab town, where the Sultan went on board and dined with them. Thence they proceeded to Melinda, intending to visit the ruins of the ancient city and the cross of De Gama. The natives showed keen hostility, however, and the boats did not, therefore, land. Twenty-six miles from Mombas, their next point, they visited the church mission station of Kissuludini. The Commodore and Mr. Layard went up the river in a galley, and found on the station two German gentlemen as missionaries, and an English lady, the wife of one of them. The success of the mission has been but very small; and as the lives of the missionaries were in danger since the old Imaum died, the Commodore determined on immediately breaking up the mission. Five days' journey from this point is a high mountain, from which Killimanjaro, perpetually covered with snow, in the neighbourhood of Lake Nyassi, can be clearly seen. The *Castor* next proceeded to Zanzibar. At the death of the Imaum, his kingdom was divided,—Muscat being assigned to his second, and Zanzibar to his eldest son. Here Mr. Layard succeeded in shooting a beautiful nectarini or sun-bird, the most gorgeous of his collection. The next halting place was Cape Delgado, where they were received in great style by the Chief, as they had a firman from the Sultan. They were escorted into the town with sham-fighting and war-songs. What captivated the sportsman-naturalist eye of the Curator most, however, was the crowd of hippopotami swimming in the bay, and from them he could not resist the pleasure of a shot. Some magnificent shells were here collected.

After Delgado, they left the Arab territories, and visited the first Portuguese settlement of Oibo, a stronghold of the slave-trade. Thence, across the Mozambique Channel, sounding 107 fathoms on the St. Lazarus bank, on another point of which the *Frolic*, sometime since, sounded only 4 and 5,—they continued their course to the Comoro Isles, sailing close in to the volcanic "Great Comoro," and opening on their sight, as they advanced, a fresh volcano at every few hundred yards. Johanna they reached next, on the 1st February, and had a narrow escape from wreck from the violence of a squall, as the anchor was about to be let down. Here Mr. Layard slept several nights on the island, and succeeded



in securing a variety of valuable specimens. The *Castor* brought the English Consul from this place to Mohilla, and returned to the opposite coast of Johanna, where a new harbour has been discovered, and which was surveyed by the Commodore's command. Thence they set sail again, and by the current were drifted 99 miles in one day, towards the north-west coast of Madagascar. There they spent two days with some French Jesuit missionaries, singularly clever men, and supposed to be commissioned to Madagascar, as pioneers, by the French government. The active Curator was, of course, on the *qui vive*, in his own special line, and secured an addition to his already large collection. From Madagascar they stood across again to Mozambique, where, for three days they were hospitably entertained by the Governor, who presented Mr Layard with a splendid living eagle (*Aquila ecaudata*). They next beat to Angoza some sixteen or eighteen miles up a river, where several Baobab trees (*Adansonia digitata*) were measured, and found one as much as twenty-two yards in circumference. They returned down the stream in a tremendous thunderstorm, and as they got on board the *Castor*, stood on for Natal. Off St. Lucia, the frigate was becalmed, and ran a narrow risk of drifting ashore, where a host of natives crowded the beach, armed with spears, knob-keries, and baskets, ready to receive them, with evidently no hospitable intent. By the successful towing of the boats, and a favourable breeze springing up, in the nick of time, the *Castor* was saved the impending catastrophe, and shortly after arrived in safety at Natal. Thence she proceeded to Buffalo, Port Elizabeth, and Knysna; and, finally, arrived in Simon's Bay on the 25th March, after an absence of five and a half months.

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## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### REPLIES.

WILLIAM III.—Chamberlayne's statement that William III. had for godfathers the Lords States-General of Holland and Zealand and the cities of Delft, Leyden, and Amsterdam, is true. I find the fact recorded in "Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings of England," and in a tract in the 10th volume of the "Harleian Miscellany," 8vo. edition, entitled "Political Remarks on the Life and Reign of King William III." No comment whatever is made upon the circumstance in either of the above authorities, and I have been wholly unable to trace another instance of magisterial bodies or cities undertaking the duties of sponsors. F.

VAN RIEBEEK'S DESCENDANTS.—Du Bois, in his "Vies des Gouverneurs Généraux avec l'abrégé de l'histoire des Etablissements Hollandais aux Indes Orientales," has a memoir of Abraham van Riebeeck, son of the founder of this colony, and 18th Governor-General of Netherlands India. He was born at the Cape on the 18th of October, 1653; was educated in Holland, and at the age of 23 years, went to Batavia, where he, soon after his arrival, married Miss Elizabeth van Bosten. In 1678, he became a supernumerary

member of the Council of Justice; in 1684, private secretary of the Regency, which he filled with great credit till 1690, when he was created Councillor Extraordinary. In 1693, he became Member of Council in Ordinary; and in 1703, Director-General of the Indies. On the recall of his son-in-law, Van Hoorn, the Governor-General, in 1709, Van Riebeeck succeeded him in that eminent post, which he held until his death, on the 17th November, 1713. He left a son, who subsequently acquired the title of Seigneur de Bunschoten, and two daughters,—the eldest married, successively, to Gerard de Here, Governor of Ceylon, the Governor-General Van Hoorn, and M. Bors van Waveren,—all of whom she survived,—the younger married the Sieur Gerard van Oosten, her cousin.

I cannot ascertain whether any of van Riebeeck's descendants are now living. F.

MANDORA, OR MANDURA.—This device of victory, borne on the colours of the 90th and 92nd Regiments, was awarded for their gallant conduct at the battle of Maadie, in Egypt, fought on the 13th of March, 1801. The French occupied a position in front of Alexandria, extending along the old Roman camp, including the strong tower of *Mandora*, which those two regiments advanced against, and where, after resisting an attack of the whole body of French cavalry, supported by a considerable column of infantry and several field-pieces, which moved down from their heights to resist their attack, they eventually drove the enemy from the tower, and from position to position, until the British army reached the fortified heights which form the defence of the ancient city of Alexandria. G. L.

WITH reference to Gert Ruyter's query on the origin of the appellation of Hottentots, I cannot give a specific answer. The following notes on the subject may, however, be interesting :—

Herbert calls them *Hottentotes*, the oldest records *Ottentoo*, and they were called *Hotnot*, in some parts of the colony, according to Lichtenstein. They call themselves, in the Namaqua dialect, *Koikoib* [msc. s.], *Koikhoin*, or *Kokoikhoin* [cm. pl.] In the Korana dialect, according to Lichtenstein. *tʰ kuh keub* [msc. sng.], (*tʰ* guttural or palatal click). At Bethelsdorp, according to Dr. van der Kemp, *Khwekhwenā* [cm. pl. obj.]; and in the Cape dialect, according to Kolbe, *Qʼena* (~ indicates the click). A Bushwoman at Robben Island calls them *Koi*. A Bushman, in the leper asylum there, *oun xganme* (*o* and *x* are two different clicks); and the Bushmen over the Orange River, according to Arbousset, *Khuai*. These words, with one exception, appear all to be radically the same with the words used for man (people), in general, of which the stem is, in the Namaqua dialect, *koi*. To give all the different forms of this word that occur in the several dialects, would lead too far. I may only mention that also the Kafirs, when using the word *umuntu* (*untu*) mas. pl., *abantu* (people), without further distinction, mean—*par excellence*—themselves, and use it decidedly somewhat in opposition to the term *umlungu* (white man), pl., *abelungu*.

The Kafirs call a Hottentot *i Lawai* (*a' Lao*), pl., *a Ma-lawu*, and the Bushmen *uMtwā*, pl., *a Batwa* (perhaps also *a Ma-batwa*), with which word the *Setshuana*, *Moroa*, *Baroa* (the Bushman languages called *Se-roa*) is identical. According to Lichtenstein, the *Betshuana* called the Bushmen *Makautu*.

By the Hottentots, the Bushmen are called *Sab* (msc. sng.), *San* (cm. pl.); and the leper Bushman at Robben Island calls his nation *Swahoikey* (the *c* being the dental click). Probably, the *Sonqua* (msc. pl. obj.) of the Cape Records were Bushmen.

On the origin of the word *Hottentot*, however, I cannot offer any decided opinion.

W. H. J. B.

THE HOTTENTOTS.—I beg to refer Gert Ruyter, for information respecting the origin of the word *Hottentot*, to the authorities mentioned in the following extract from my note-book. The works will, I presume, be found in the Public Library.

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*Hottentots*, sometimes called *Hodmodods* or *Hodmandods*. Dampier says: "The natural inhabitants of the Cape are the *Hodmodods*, as they are commonly called, which is a corruption of the word *Hottentot*."—*A new Voyage Round the World* (1691), chap. 20.

In a very scarce book, *Funnell's Voyage Round the World*, 8vo. (1707), in pp. 289. *et seq.*, the *Hottentots* are called *Hodmandods*.

For the origin of the word *Hottentot*, see *Kolben*, pp. 25, *et seq.* (English translation), and *Appleyard's Kafir Grammar*, p. 9.

Van Riebeeck, in his journal, under date 5th April, 1652, speaks of "the *Ottentoo*, who speaks English," &c.—*Moodie's Records*, p. 9. See also pages 12 (May 11), 14 (Sept. 29), 15 (Oct. 3), &c. Under date, 24th September, however, there is mention of "a *Hottentoo* boy" (p. 14), and "*Hottentoots* or savages."

In the "Journal kept in the Fort Good Hope," under date 22d July, 1672, the *Hottentots* are four times mentioned.—*Moodie's Records*, p. 321. See also p. 320.

ANSWER TO A CAPEITE.—Lichtenstein (vol. 1, pp. 35, 36) states that Antonio de Saldanha, in the year 1503, gave his name to the bay at present known as Table Bay, which appellation it retained until 1601, when the Dutch navigator, Spilberg, changed the name to Table Bay, Saldanha's name being transferred to the harbour to the north of Table Bay. Among the English navigators, however, Table Bay long retained its original name; and I furnish the extracts which may, in other respects, interest the "Capeites:—"

"The 12th of June, 1615, early in the morning, we espied our long-wished for harbour, the Bay of Souldania, about 12 leagues short of the Cape of Good Hope. \* \* \* This Bay of Souldania lieth in 34 degrees and a half of south latitude. \* \* \* Besides, a most delectable brook of pure, good water rising hard by, out of a mighty hill (called, from its form, the Table), close by which there is another hill, which ariseth exceeding high, and called by passengers, the Sugar-loaf. There are good store of cattle," &c.

Below this inscription is a view of "Souldanja Bay."—Herbert's mountain is the present Devil's Hill,—the Sugar-loaf is the Lion's Head,—King Charles' Mount the Lion's Rump,—and King James' Hill, the lower mound where the Malay burial-ground is situated:—

"The 11th day of July, 1616, we came to anchor in the Souldania Bay, at the Cape of Good Hope. \* \* \* Our King has the most right to it [the Cape]. Captaine Fitz Herbert, some yeares since, taking possession of it for King James, calling the ascent to the Sugar-loafe and Table (two hills so named) King James his mount, and another dedicated to Prince Charles, our now most gracious sovereigne."—*Herbert's Persian Monarchie, or an Itenerarie of some yeares Travaile through divers parts of Asia and Afriche*, &c. 4to., 1634, p. 13, 14.

I am sorry I cannot inform "M" where a copy of Van der Kemp's Catechism is to be found. I have been looking for it for years, without meeting with even a trace of it. I find, however, that an earlier work than Van der Kemp's is, or has been, in existence, and send you another extract from my note-book, for the information of "M."

HOTTENTOT LANGUAGE.—The first compendium or vocabulary of this language was probably that of "Georgius Fredericus Wredec," compiled about the year 1664, and printed, it would appear, by "Chamber XVII" of Amsterdam. Wredec was appointed, on the 29th April, 1669, "to the charge of the Fort at Saldanha Bay, in consideration of his long experience in this country, and his knowledge of the Hottentoo language."—*Moodie's Records* (p. 279).

Is there a copy of this interesting work in the colony ?

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#### QUERIES.

CAN any of your readers inform me whether there are any copies of the two following works to be met with at the Cape ?

1. *Leibnitzi Collectanea Etymologica*. Hanover, 1717.

2. *Chr. Junkeri Comm. de Vita, &c.* Jobi Ludolfi : Lcipsiæ, 1710.

They are valuable, as they contain specimens of the Hottentot language, furnished by Burgomaster Witsen,—i. e., the latter work two vocabularies, and the former, translations of the Lord's Prayer, Ten Commandments, and Creed.

KOITA.

In a chronological work, published in 1855, under the head of earthquakes, appears the following :—

"1809. Penguin or Boascon Island, at the entrance of Table Bay, totally disappeared during the earthquake."

This is no doubt incorrect. Perhaps some of your readers may be acquainted with some circumstances connected with the earthquake of 1809, which may account for so extraordinary a mistake ?

A.

THERE is a report current that the ribs of a vessel have been discovered in a ravine near the 11th mile-stone, on the road across the Cape Flats. The writer has seen specimens of the wood, which seems to be of oak, of very old date, and nearly turned to lignite. Copper coins have also been picked up in the vicinity.

Can any authentic information be supplied on this subject ?

Σ

In the paper of Mr. Hall, on "Animal Life," under the article "Panther," the difference between that animal and the tiger is thus disposed of :—"The one is no more like the other than a donkey is like a mule." This being hardly distinct enough for a naturalist to decide upon, it is desirable that a more certain description of the difference be obtained. What distinguishes the panther, the leopard, and the tiger, from one another ?

Σ

WHAT is it that directs the vulture to carrion—the eye or the scent of the bird ?

Σ

CAN any of your readers inform me of the origin or purpose of that curiously composite pillar on the parade, at the back of the Commercial Exchange? I have heard said it was built under the direction of Sir Rufane Donkin, as a pedestal for a gigantic dial plate. If this is true, can any of your correspondents say how the dial plate was to be got at and seen by the admiring public?

Q.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

COLONIAL.—Affairs in Kafirland at the opening of the past month wore so threatening an aspect as to induce a belief that hostilities could not be long averted. An officer of the British-German Legion, Capt. Olhsen, was murdered on his way from King William's Town to Fort Murray, as also a soldier of the 89th Regiment, at East London. The line of policy, however, adopted by His Excellency Sir George Grey, has happily had the desired effect, and all fears of an outbreak have almost entirely subsided. All detected thieves and Kafirs found without passes have been summarily sentenced to several years' transportation; while His Excellency has offered food and employment to the Kafirs who would work, and has enabled hundreds of others to obtain service in the colony.

Owing to the necessity of His Excellency's presence on the frontier, the meeting of Parliament was put off from the 26th ultimo to the 2nd, and again to the 7th instant, when it will meet for the despatch of business.

H. M. St. *Geyser* has brought over the greater portion of the inhabitants of Tristan d'Achuna, a few of them having refused to leave the island.

The Immigrants from St. Helena, 70 in number, have also arrived, and found ready employment.

His Excellency the Governor has appointed a Commission for the purpose of collecting and reporting upon the republication of the existing laws of the colony.

P. B. Borchers, Esq., the respected Civil Commissioner of the Cape District, has retired on a pension, after an uninterrupted employment of fifty-six years. A handsome eulogium from the Governor, on the value of Mr. Borchers' services, was published in the *Government Gazette*.

The ship *Defence*, 810 tons, from Manilla to Cork, in working up Table Bay, on the night of the 5th ult., went on shore on the other side of the Bay, and became a total wreck.

H. M. ship *Castor*, Commodore Trotter, has returned from her cruise to the Mauritius and East Coast. Mr. Layard, the Curator of the Museum, has also arrived in her, with the large and interesting collection he has been enabled to make.

VOLUNTEER CORPS.—A review of the several Volunteer Corps took place on the Camp Ground, on the 24th ult., before Major the Hon'ble G. Devereux, Commandant of Cape Town. The cavalry consisted of the D'Urban, Malmesbury, and Stellenbosch corps; and the infantry of the Cape Royal Rifles, and the Paarl and Stellenbosch Rifles. The Hon'ble Col. Hope was in command. The interest excited was so great, that the day was observed as a close holiday in Cape Town; while the crowds of spectators, carriages and horses, was quite unprecedented. The corps went through their various evolutions with great credit.

LOSS OF THE JOSEPH SOMES.—The *Nimrod* put into Table Bay on the 20th ultimo, to land the crew and passengers of the ship *Joseph Somes*, of 780 tons, bound from London to Melbourne, which was totally destroyed by fire off Tristan d'Acunha, on the night of the 25th February. There were eighteen tons of gunpowder stowed away under the main hatch, and on the



discovery of the fire, the most strenuous exertions were made for throwing it overboard. This they happily succeeded in doing, although the last barrel was quite hot when thrown over. No sooner was this accomplished, than the progress of the fire compelled them to abandon the ship, without saving anything but the captain's chronometers. With considerable danger, they landed in safety on the island, where they were hospitably entertained by the few inhabitants remaining, until relieved by the *Nimrod*. Subscriptions were immediately opened for the relief of the sufferers, and arrangements are being made for forwarding them to Australia, by the bark *Cheapside*.

**FREE STATE.**—The third anniversary of the independence of the Orange Free State was celebrated at Bloemfontein, on the 23rd February. The President of the Trans-Vaal Republic was in the town, but took no part in the ceremony. His object there being to lay before the Volksraad his claim to the State, declaring himself to be the ruler of the whole country, which, he alleged, had been ceded to his father by the British Government. The Raad repudiated the claim, and had issued a proclamation calling on all the inhabitants to support the State. President Boshoff had withdrawn his two bills respecting aliens and the press, which had caused so much excitement.

**NATAL.**—The *Madagascar* brings intelligence to the 6th ult. She was detained outside nine days by the state of the bar, to remedy the evils of which, public attention has been fully roused. The elections had terminated, and the new legislature was to meet on the 23rd March.

The manufacture of oil from the arachis nut, and the cultivation of sesame seed, which grows luxuriantly there, was being carried on to some extent. Mr. Crawford has returned from his visit to Natal, and reports most favourably of its prospects as a sugar-growing colony. He has made arrangements with the government for a quantity of cane-land, and intends finally settling there.

#### MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

**APPOINTMENTS, &c.**—Major, the Hon. G. Devereux, R.A., has arrived from Natal, and assumed the command of the garrison of Cape Town and the western districts.

Orders have been issued for raising a Hottentot levy for service on the frontier, to consist of 140 men. Lieut. Harvey, C.M.R., has been ordered to Cape Town to organise the corps.

The German Legion has been placed on war establishment, in terms of the 10th clause of their agreement,—all reports being made through Major-Gen. Baron von Stutterheim.

Deputy Inspector-General Williams is under orders to proceed to Madras.

A. Com.-General Davenport has taken over charge of the Commissariat Department, Cape Town, from A. Com.-General Gardiner, who proceeds to England in H.M. steamer *Vulcan*.

Col. Spence, 60th Rifles, and Major Ormsby, 80th Regiment, will embark in the same vessel, on sick leave.

H. M. steamer *Vulcan*, having landed, at Natal, a detachment of Royal Artillery, under Captain Robinson, embarked a number of invalids, who, together with those from the various regiments, in all, about 300, proceed to

England, under the command of Major King, 13th Light Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Barker in medical charge.

The following officers will also embark in the *Vulcan* for England:—Capts. Field and Smith, R.A., Lieuts. Cook, 73rd, and Lamont, 89th; and Staff Surgeon D. M. C. McDonald.

The following officers arrived from England during the past month, and have joined their respective corps:—Capts. Atkinson, 89th, Connors, 2d, Lieuts. Gibaut, 73rd, Corrington and James, 13th, Ensigns Randal and Harris, C.M.R., Surgeon Lueas, 73rd, D. A. Com.-Generals Fagan, Murray, and Green; Clerks, Padmore, Lane, and Hall; Mr. Johnson, Clerk of works to War Department, King William's Town.

EUROPEAN.—The R. M. steamer *Harbinger* arrived on the 28th ult., with the English mail of the 6th February, after a long passage of fifty days. The intelligence she brings is not important. The Imperial Parliament was opened by commission. From the Continent, there is little of interest.

The commerciale news of most interest to the Cape is the continued advance in the price of wool, and a rise in the copper market of 1d. per lb.

The *Clarendon* (steamer) would bring out the March mail.

#### CIVIL APPOINTMENTS, &c.

*Feb. 25.*—Carl G. Werner, L. J. Wepener, and C. C. Cloete, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for the district of Aliwal (North). Messrs. P. W. de Wet, W. C. Stapelberg, G. D. Joubert, and G. F. Stephenson to be members of the court under the wine and spirit ordinance, for the district of Aliwal (North). J. S. Kirkwood and R. H. Blaek, Esquires, to be members of the Board of Managers of the Provincial Hospital at Port Elizabeth.

*March 7.*—F. B. Pinney, T. Bull, P. D. Martin, H. M. Anderson, and T. Nairne, Esquires, to be the Board of Commissioners for improving the port and harbour of Simon's Bay. J. B. Auret and Henry Rose, Esquires, to be Justices of the Peace for the district of Victoria (West).

*March 11.*—Charles Henry Caldecott, Esq., Member of the House of Assembly for the division of Cradoek, vice Wright, resigned!

*March 14.*—Alfred C. Wylde, Esq., to be Clerk and Justice of the Peace for the district of Alexandria.

*March 26.*—Mr. W. Barnfather's authority to practise as a government land-surveyor, cancelled.

# Meteorological Register for January, 1857.

*Reduced from five Observations daily, Sundays excepted.*

Hours of observation, 1h. 34m., 5h. 34m., 9h. 34m., 17h. 34m., 21h. 34m., Cape mean time.—Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Saturation = 100	Self-registering Thermom		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch.	
1	30.014	67.40	58.84	60	72.4	58.8	6.3	S		3.7
2	29.819	73.80	63.56	57	79.0	64.6	3.6	S SbW		0.7
3					81.8	62.9				
4	29.921	67.46	62.12	75	75.8	56.1	3.4	S SbW	.005	5.8
5	30.030	65.74	57.46	60	71.6	56.9	2.5	S SbW		2.5
6	29.963	66.80	58.06	60	75.8	54.3	1.9	S		1.9
7	29.935	67.10	61.06	72	78.1	57.9	2.1	NW SSW		2.1
8	29.950	68.14	61.52	69	71.6	57.0	0.8	S		2.5
9	29.858	70.58	63.26	68	79.5	60.0	2.3	NW SW		6.3
10					73.8	60.0				
11	29.994	70.32	63.42	69	75.5	63.7	1.1	S SbE		3.3
12	29.984	72.58	64.20	64	80.7	61.8	2.0	S SbE		0.4
13	29.915	71.08	63.90	68	79.8	60.7	2.2	SSE SbW		1.0
14	29.960	71.30	62.24	61	81.8	59.6	0.5	NW S		5.8
15	29.971	67.12	57.94	58	75.0	58.0	2.4	S NW		0.2
16	29.882	69.28	60.32	61	78.2	57.6	0.6	SbW WNW		1.9
17					78.0	59.9				
18	29.938	68.56	60.40	63	70.5	58.7	2.7	WNW SSE	.005	4.0
19	30.105	65.86	54.80	49	70.9	56.5	4.9	S SSE		1.1
20	30.023	69.74	59.82	56	78.0	61.0	6.8	S SbE		1.8
21	29.976	72.22	60.64	52	78.8	62.0	4.9	S SbW		0.5
22	29.848	75.76	64.36	57	85.5	66.2	4.3	SSE SSW		0.3
23	29.751	71.34	63.86	69	86.7	56.4	1.3	S NbW		2.4
24					73.3	55.8				
25	29.888	67.74	61.38	70	77.0	60.0	2.5	NW SW	.035	3.8
26	29.855	74.38	64.66	59	82.7	66.6	3.9	SbW		2.3
27	29.770	75.52	64.80	59	89.8	58.8	2.0	S NW	.010	1.3
28	29.818	67.82	62.96	77	80.8	58.6	0.8	NW NbW	.121	6.0
29	29.983	68.78	62.20	69	75.0	60.5	4.6	S		2.4
30	30.052	67.62	58.54	58	74.2	57.8	7.5	S		0.3
31	29.970	72.36	61.88	55	77.4	62.8	6.1	S SbW		0.4
Mean 29.932		69.87	61.42	62.8	77.71	59.73	3.11		0.176	2.4

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. h. m. 5.34	A. M. h. m. 9.34	P. M. h. m. 1.34	P. M. h. m. 5.34	P. M. h. m. 9.34	highest	lowest
Barometer, cor. to 32°, inches	29.923	29.951	29.933	29.908	29.946	30.157	29.719
Thermometer, dry bulb, deg.	62.28	72.32	76.91	72.37	65.46	89.1	58.7
wet bulb, deg.	57.53	62.32	64.89	62.80	59.54	71.0	54.5
Humidity of the air, per cent.	75.0	57.5	52.3	58.6	70.7	88.0	32.0

# Meteorological Register for February, 1857.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Satura- tion = 100	Self-register- ing Thermom		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch.	
1	29-821	81-12	66-60	47-2	87-8	68-2	0-2	SbE NNW		7-1
2					92-2	70-5				
3	799	72-96	64-90	69-4	91-0	58-8	1-6	NWbW	031	9-8
4	789	63-16	60-40	85-6	69-7	57-0	1-6	NWbW	295	8-6
5	29-970	58-74	54-70	67-4	66-9	51-0	0-5	SSWNWbw	073	9-0
6	30-060	65-30	56-48	57-6	70-3	56-5	3-0	SSE SSW		0-5
7					78-8	55-0				
8	29-876	69-26	60-52	62-4	84-1	57-0	1-9	S <sub>2</sub> E NNW	002	2-2
9	29-897	68-78	61-86	69-2	75-8	53-0	1-0	SW NNW	010	4-2
10	29-967	68-80	61-14	66-4	76-1	52-5	0-6	SbE NW		2-1
11	30-026	78-73	66-63	53-3	80-0	65-0	2-0	NW SSW		1-3
12	30-002	70-26	66-06	80-8	75-0	62-5	7-7	SbW		3-6
13	29-952	73-34	66-86	71-6	75-0	67-2	7-4	SSW		1-6
14					79-7	68-6				
15	944	75-58	67-18	65-3	80-5	68-2	6-2	SbW		0-9
16	29-834	80-12	67-80	54-8	93-0	65-8	1-8	S NNW		5-
17	879	75-06	66-54	66-6	91-7	60-2	1-4	NNW		8-6
18	899	72-58	65-88	71-2	81-0	61-0	1-0	NWSE NW		1-2
19	878	73-02	66-94	73-8	77-2	61-8	5-	SSW		2-4
20	872	75-48	68-46	70-8	80-5	66-2	1-	S NW	009	5-8
21					77-2	58-5				
22	29-949	70-40	64-02	70-6	84-6	59-5	2-	S		2-6
23	30-053	68-48	59-04	57-6	74-5	58-0	4-4	S		2-1
24	090	67-34	56-44	50-6	71-8	58-0	7-1	S		0-4
25	30-007	74-38	62-02	50-2	78-8	61-5	2-8	S		0-
26	29-859	75-38	63-06	56-2	93-0	57-0	1-8	S NNWbN	003	2-6
27	929	71-16	63-40	65-6	81-2	62-0	1-7	NWbN SE		2-
28	29-980	69-16	61-30	64-8	73-8	61-5	4-4	S		1-2
Mean	29-931	71-608	63-260	64-54	80-04	60-96	2-88		0-123	3-53

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. h. m. 5-34	A. M. h. m. 9-34	P. M. h. m. 1-34	P. M. h. m. 5-34	P. M. h. m. 9-34	highest	lowest
Barometer, cor. to 32°, inches	29-928	29-954	29-917	29-891	29-941	30-121	29-762
Thermometer, dry bulb, deg.	63-57	72-81	79-39	73-83	67-33	94-6	53-7
wet bulb, deg.	59-82	64-19	66-14	64-46	61-28	72-5	52-0
Humidity of the air, per cent.	80-5	63-7	50-3	60-4	71-8	96-	32-

## ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA FOR APRIL, 1857.

April 4.—Venus at the greatest brilliancy.

„ 10.—Mercury in superior conjunction with the Sun.

„ 11.—Mercury and Jupiter in conjunction with the Sun. Phenomenon invisible.

„ 18.—Venus stationary.

„ 28.—At 5h. 44m., Saturn will be south of the Moon, 5° 31'.

„ 29.—The star Geminorum (5th May) will be occulted by the Moon. Disappearance at dark limb at 6h. 31m.; reappearance at bright limb at 7h. 45m.

Evening Stars for the Month—Venus, Sirius, and Saturn.

# CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## THE CAPE FLATS, AND HOW THEY MAY BE IMPROVED.

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### PART I.

THE Southern termination of the African continent has several peculiar features, which produce a remarkable contrast to each other; such as, perhaps, are rarely met with in any one geographical picture of so limited an extent,—consisting of rugged and almost inaccessible mountains, fertile, well watered, and luxuriant slopes, and barren sands. These sands, spanning the isthmus from False Bay to Table Bay, are principally the subject of our remarks, and to them we wish to call public attention, and to point out that, by a moderate outlay of money, a little patient labour, and well-directed skill, these at present hopeless and barren wastes may be reclaimed, and converted into fir forests, which will add to the fertility of the neighbouring soils, and may also be made a source of public and private wealth.

When speaking of the white sands of the Cape Flats, we wish the expression to be understood in the most extensive sense, as embracing all those littoral masses on the shores of Table Bay and False Bay; but we shall confine our remarks principally to the latter, which fill every creek, and, from the prevailing winds, encroach continually on the flats from Simon's Town to Gordon's Bay; and have, in the course of ages, extended across the isthmus from False Bay to Blueberg, where they unite with the sands of Table Bay. The length of this belt is about eighteen miles, and after leaving the shore it varies in width from half a mile to a mile, and, north of the new line of road, extends out to about two miles. It rests on a bed of indurated clay, so hard that water or the roots of plants will not penetrate it. The clay is sterile, but the sand is comparatively fertile, and portions of it are covered with the scanty vegetation of the flats: at intervals apart it has homesteads on it, around which trees are growing.

The following extract from Burchell's travels in 1811, vol. I, pp. 53-4, shows the state of the sands at that time. After



having spoken of the formation of the sand-hills by the wind, and of the remarkable contrast formed by a large quantity of red flowers\* in full bloom on the white sands, he says:—

“ The scarcity of firewood in Cape Town has forced the poorer inhabitants to discover a timely resource in these under-ground stems and roots, which, being in more loose sand, are dug up with great ease. But however convenient this source of fuel may be to individuals, the destroying of the bushes, roots and branches, will at last become a greater inconvenience to the public, as the isthmus will then be reduced to a sand desert, still more difficult for wagons to travel over than at present. If an opposite system were pursued, and the growth of shrubs and trees, with sedge and sand grasses, encouraged, the trees would protect the soil from the action of strong wind; whilst the sedge would not only fix the loose sand, and form harder ground, but might, at the same time, afford nourishment for cattle, which would certainly prefer such pasturage to the hard rush-like stalks of the different kinds of *restio* that overspread a great part of these flats. Few experiments in the way of agricultural experimental improvements seem to be of more importance to Cape Town, or better worth trying, than that of rendering these extensive sands more easily passable, or of converting them to some use or to some more productive purpose.”

This somewhat lengthy extract from Burchell shows that the sand-hills, in 1811, were in some measure covered with plants, and had been previously in a great measure covered with bushes, which were then in course of destruction. Their destruction has been greatly aided by the traffic of wagons, and the driving and reposing, before they enter the town, of large droves of cattle and sheep, which have increased with the increase of population. Of late years, this waste has been complete, and the sand, perfectly dry and loose, blown about with every wind, has been a local plague, and rendered the approach to Cape Town a matter of considerable difficulty, until its progress was checked by the construction of the new line of road, and the subsequent operations of planting, for its protection, carried on by the Commissioners of Public Roads.

Before proceeding to detail the operations of planting, it is necessary to remark on a few peculiarities of these wastes. The sands, receiving an inexhaustible accession from the ocean, rest, as already remarked, on a bed of clay so hard that hitherto it has not been found possible to get plants to grow on it; and, except those littoral masses formed on the immediate shores of False Bay and Table Bay,—and where it has, from favourable circumstances, been formed into an undulating surface, it does not perhaps in general exceed a depth of twelve inches. The tendency of the prevailing

\* *Hæmanthus Coccineus*.

winds is to blow the sand from south to north, and to lay bare large tracts of clay soil. Any remarks which we make in reference to planting, apply to the sand only, and not to the clay, except in so far as this bare clay has an influence on the planting and growth of the plants in the sand, and may be made subservient thereto.

The loose sand blown with the wind has a tendency to collect around every obstacle affording shelter, even the smallest blade of grass,—and on the construction of the new line of road, it was found to afford such shelter, that the sand collected in large masses to leeward, forming a high mound, and completely covering the road. Various were the suggestions made to get rid of this difficulty,—one of which was, raising the road considerably, under the impression that an elevated surface, exposed to the wind, would be swept clean. And so it was; but the height of the road afforded shelter to leeward, where the sand accumulated in large masses, and again covered the road.

It was at length decided on planting it, not perhaps with any very decided hopes of success, but as the only apparent remedy for the evil. This was projected by, and carried out under the immediate care of the Hon'ble John Montagu, the Chairman of the Central Board,—and generally occupied his time daily, from four o'clock in the morning until seven. Mr. Feeney, who has written a description of the growth of *M. Cordifolia*, and the preparation of the berry wax, published in Dr. Pappe's *Silva Capensis*, appendix\* p. 43, was the overseer in charge of the executive part of the work; and the measures proposed have been so successful as to lead to the conclusion that the whole of the sands in the Cape Flats may in a few years, by a moderate outlay and under skilful management, be converted from a desolate waste into forest land, bearing underwood for firewood, and firs for timber. The question is not confined to the protection of the main road. If it was so, this is already done, and being the peculiar business of the Central Board of Roads, would not have drawn from us these remarks; but the sands form so prominent a feature in the geology of the Cape Flats, as to make it the most interesting and important agricultural question to which we can turn our attention,—and indeed, to the trade and commerce of this city, is second in importance only to the construction of a breakwater and a railroad; and we shall therefore, *pro bono publico*, so far refer to the part already planted, as we find the partial success and partial failure useful, as illustrative of the course most desirable to pursue,

\* P.p. 43, 4, 5, 6.

in carrying out a more extensive and systematic plan in reclaiming the whole.

The part of the sands already planted is principally south of the new line of road: it forms a small isolated valley, inclining to the southward. Its width, where crossed by the new line of road, is about 2 miles, and its length from north to south  $2\frac{1}{2}$  miles. Its southern termination narrows into the width of a small stream, taking a bend to the westward, and discharging its winter tribute into the Salt River. About 1800 acres of it were planted "with Hottentot figs, rye-grass, and reeds," and shrubs of various kinds, all of which grew well where there was a sufficient depth of sand and elevation of surface, to preserve them from too much moisture in the winter. Subsequently, "firs, Port Jackson willow, and green hakea," were planted on "high ground,"—and in the low swampy parts "papkul and stick reeds." Of timber trees, the planting has been limited to oak, gum, fir, and poplar. The oak has not thriven; the firs thrive where there is a sufficient depth of soil; the gums do not thrive, from the exposed situation; the poplars have failed. The New Holland cypress, though of slow growth, answers well.

To those who travel across the flats, there is one part of the sands become so conspicuous from a distance of two or three miles, that few travellers can have failed to observe it,—its dense mass of dark foliage contrasting so remarkably with the arid and intensely white sand on the opposite side of the road, at a distance of only a few yards. This elevated and conspicuous mass is a mound formed about a fence, constructed in 1848, on what was then one of the most desolate parts of the flats. It was projected by M. R. Robinson, Esq., the Deputy Surveyor-General, with the view of screening the road from the sand. It was known, from experience, that the sand, when blown with the wind, collected about every obstruction affording shelter, and formed a bank; but it was thought that this fence, of such large dimensions, would require two or three years to cover it, and thus allow sufficient time to plant the other parts, and would, at the same time, set free a large amount of constant labour necessary to keep the sand shovelled off the road. The idea was, perhaps, the best conceived in the executive operation of planting the sands, inasmuch as it brought that patch of sand to the condition in which alone success can be looked for; and although not successful in its original design, it has been eminently so in other respects. It affords an excellent measure of the success which may be reasonably expected in planting; and it has also shown that the sand, when blown with the wind,

may be collected in mounds of any moderate height, by the deposit of a few bushes or any other obstruction, secured to the ground by stakes; and thus an undulating surface may be formed, which appears essential to successful planting in these desolate wastes.

This fence was in length about 900 feet, was from 10 to 12 feet high, formed of poles sunk into the clay to give the necessary stability. Strong brushwood was then planted in between the poles, and the interstices filled with heath from the Cape flats, such as is used by the bakers in Cape Town. It was supported by props, north and south, secured to pickets driven firm into the clay, to give it the necessary stability against the prevailing winds. It was of a zigzag form, and its direction was rather oblique to that of the prevailing winds. As it was supposed that it would take about three years to cover it with sand, it was made of sufficient strength to meet all probable accidents in that time. A few south-east winds, however, covered it completely, the mass in section assuming the form of an isosceles triangle, somewhat compressed at the top with a base of about 70 feet, and a mean perpendicular height of about 12 feet.

Sheltering the road by means of this fence for any length of time was shown to be a failure, and it was decided on planting the mound in connection with the other parts of the sands. This has been done, and in the case of the mound it has been most successful; and that which, eight years ago, was a mass of drifting sand, is now covered with pyp grass and a luxuriant growth of Port Jackson willow, sufficiently high to hide a man on horseback; and its dark thick foliage forms the most conspicuous object on the flats, leading to the conclusion that in this climate the sands may be planted and rendered both ornamental and profitable.

The paramount difficulty in planting, is to get shelter for the young plants for the first year. For this purpose the Hottentot fig\* has been found most serviceable. It grows well in sand, and delights in sunny plains. The method has been to transplant it from other localities. It grows well the first year, but dies in the third. In this time, however, it affords sufficient shelter to the young plants, and checks the progress of the sand. If sown in seeds, it would probably last much longer; but then it would require that shelter in its immature state which, in its maturity, it affords to other plants, and which, indeed, is its only use; and sowing seed could only have the effect of raising a nursery of young plants for future use.

\* *Mesembryanthemum edule*.

The time taken to plant the mound was three years, as the after-thoughts successively developed themselves, and the luxuriant crop of grass now growing on it, so luxurious as to require mowing,—and the Port Jackson willow, which, as before stated, is high enough to cover a man on horseback,—attests the success of the measure. The native plant which has grown most luxuriantly of all in the sands, is the sugar-bush—*Protea myrtales*. This, having little depth of root, requires little trouble, and may be well propagated by merely strewing the ripe cones over the bare sand; the seeds are shed and driven into the ground with the first rains; a good crop of luxuriant growth soon arises, and as it is a bush of rapid growth, and produces excellent firewood, there is every probability that, by a little attention, portions of the sand may be reclaimed, and rendered profitable by this means alone. But, to convert the sands into pasturage, or a nursery for firewood, would be to convert it merely into commonage, in which state, it would be no one's peculiar interest to preserve it, and it would be little less trouble, and nearly as profitless as at present. The object is to convert it into forest land, which will add to the moistness of the climate, fertility of the neighbouring soils, and profit of the community. We shall now offer a few remarks, suggested by what is above written, as to the best method of doing this, the necessity of doing it, and the results to be expected.

When it happens that the powers of nature, in any peculiar locality, are not duly balanced, or that one greatly preponderates over the others, the climate and the soil are usually deteriorated by this, and become uncongenial to the health of man and the support of animal life. It is, however, frequently in man's power, if not to restore the balance, at least to mitigate its consequences. In climates subject to too much moisture, giving rise, perhaps, to an excess of low vegetation, draining and clearing the land is the course usually adopted; but when the extreme is of an opposite character, the opposite course,—viz., planting and the increase of moisture resulting therefrom,—is the obvious plan to pursue.

It is a fact now so generally admitted, that an increase of vegetation has a tendency to increase the moisture and fertility of a climate previously suffering from a deficiency of moisture, that it scarcely requires confirmation from works of science. The following extract, however, from a careful observer—the Rev. Gilbert White—may not be entirely without interest:—

“In heavy fogs, on elevated situations especially, trees are



perfect alembics, and no one that has not attended to such matters can imagine how much water one tree will distil in a night's time, by condensing the vapours which trickle down the twigs and boughs, so as to make the ground below in a float.

"Trees in leaf have such a vast proportion more of surface than those that are naked, that, in theory, their condensation should greatly exceed those that are stripped of their leaves; but as the former imbibe also a great quantity of moisture, it is difficult to say which drips most; but this I know, that deciduous trees that are entwined with much ivy seem to distil the greatest quantity. Ivy leaves are smoother, and thick and cold, and therefore condense very fast. Those facts may furnish the intelligent with hints concerning what sort of trees they should plant round small ponds that they would wish to be perennial, and show them how advantageous some trees are in preference to others.

"Trees perspire profusely, condense largely, and check evaporation so much, that woods are always moist. No wonder, therefore, that they contribute much to pools and streams.

"That trees are great promoters of lakes and rivers appears from a well-known fact in North America; for, since the woods and forests have been grubbed and cleared, all bodies of water are much diminished, so that streams that were very considerable a century ago will not now drive a mill. Besides, most woodlands, forests, and chases, with us, abound with pools and morasses,—no doubt for the reasons above given."

The suggestions of Mr. Burchell, too, valuable as they were in 1811, are doubly so now, though, probably, from the greater depth of sand existing at that time, they promised a greater hope of unvarying success.

The causes of failure have been principally the small depth of sand,—which, except in places favourable to accumulation, does not exceed a foot or perhaps ten inches,—the exposed situation of the sands, and the unsuitable state of the soil for the growth of plants, arising from excess of moisture in winter and excessive drought in summer. We shall offer a few remarks, in the first place, on what we consider the second difficulty, as the first and third are so intimately connected, that they arise out of each other.

The exposed situation of the sands, and the prevailing south-east winds, keep them constantly on the move, and where they find shelter, they accumulate until they cover that shelter, whatever may be its height. It is therefore impossible to plant young trees, so long as the sand retains its present form of surface, until its movements have been checked by the planting of grasses and Hottentot figs, and other plants of rapid growth, which, as we have seen, is the course so successfully followed by the Road Board. The depth of sand

as given above (12 inches), when resting on a bed of clay, almost impervious to water and the roots of plants, and very unfavourable to their growth,\* is manifestly too shallow to afford nourishment to trees of any size, or to afford them support against the prevailing winds. Sugar bushes, and Port Jackson willow, which are plants requiring a small depth of soil, thrive well. But one of these is but a mere shrub (a bush), and the other is but underwood, very good for filling in intervals and for affording shelter to young trees; but on such a depth of soil as this, trees cannot grow, and accordingly many of those which commenced well, and looked healthy and vigorous for a year or two, have dwindled away and died in such places, whilst those in more elevated positions, having a greater depth of sand, thrive well.

The state of surface of this shallow sand is remarkable.

The average quantity of rain falling annually in the vicinity of the sands is 23·30 inches, and the distribution over the several months is as follows:—

January, ....	rain 0·880	Total rain per annum, 23·308.
February, ...	„ 0·653	Annual mean temp., 61° 71'.
March, .....	„ 0·846	
April, .....	„ 1·846	
May, .....	„ 3·576	
June, .....	„ 4·311	
July, .....	„ 2·921	
August, .....	„ 3·323	
September, ..	„ 2·332	
October, ....	„ 1·014	
November, ..	„ 1·090	
December, ..	„ 0·516	

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Total water per ann. 23·308

By this it will be seen that the quantity of rain which falls in the winter months is excessive, amounting to a depth of 18·309 inches, with a comparatively low temperature, and a prevailing wind N.W., charged with moisture; and this on a soil of so porous a nature as to absorb all the water which falls on its surface, and retain it with the greatest tenacity, and on a subsoil impervious to water, except in a very small degree, and with an unevenness of surface, collecting the water into pools. From this it results that the sands in winter, from want of drainage, and when they are of the ordinary level, are so overcharged with moisture, as to be in

\* The unfertility of this clay is said to be due to the presence of saltpetre and oxide of iron. Of this, however, we can say nothing, but receive the general opinion as correct; of its unfertility there can be no doubt.

the condition of a marsh, and quite as unfavourable to the growth of plants as any marsh could be; whilst those lower parts formed into pools, are submerged in water, and form a scum or covering crust, which, when exposed to the summer sun, becomes literally as hard as a well-made road, and requires to be broken up with a pick-axe. It will not, with the greatest care, give growth to anything better than reeds and rushes. The higher parts, on the other hand, with a greater depth of soil, are favourable to the growth of plants,—a fact attested by their healthy condition when growing on them.

The summer condition of this shallow soil is as unfavourable to the growth of plants as the winter, but arising from an opposite cause,—excessive drought. When the rains diminish, the heat of the sun increases, and the dry south-east winds set in,—evaporation, which this shallow soil has no power to resist, is so rapid, that in a few days the moisture is all gone, and the sands are left quite dry.

The remedy for this state of things is, obviously, drainage in winter, and irrigation in summer. Both we believe are novel operations in sand, arising perhaps not so much from the impracticability of them, when the sands are shallow and laying on a hard bottom, as from the utter worthlessness of such soil,—its presence in any neighbourhood being viewed rather as a local plague, of such magnitude that all efforts are directed to staying its progress, but never to turning it to profitable account; nor do we intend to propose irrigation and drainage in the manner and to the extent in which these operations are carried on in more favourable climates. There is not the means to do this at the White Sands: but we shall merely propose such a change of form in the surface as shall obviate the evils of excessive moisture in winter and drought in summer, and such as, from a few peculiarities in sand, will be found not impracticable.

The sand, we have remarked above, when blown with the wind, gathers about any obstruction affording it shelter, until it has formed a mound of sufficient height to cover that obstruction; and as the prevailing summer winds, when the sand is dry, are all from one point, it brings the sand perfectly under control, for forming an undulating surface, with mounds of sufficient height to afford soil for the growth of the largest trees, check evaporation, and retaining, for the use of the plants, all the rain water falling upon the space which they at present occupy.

In the next number of this *Magazine*, we shall enter fully into the practical measures we wish to see adopted.

J. S. H.

## LOSS OF THE "DODDINGTON" ON BIRD ISLAND—1755.

ONE of the most melancholy and disastrous shipwrecks connected with the history of this colony is that of the *Doddington*, East Indiaman, on one of the small islets in the eastern part of Algoa Bay, about a century ago.

These islands and reefs are scattered over an area of nearly two square miles. The largest of them, which bears the name of Bird Island, and upon which a lighthouse has recently been erected, is about 35 feet high, 800 yards long, and 600 broad, and is situated in lat.  $33^{\circ} 50'$  S., long.  $26^{\circ} 17'$  E. It is the resort of numerous sea-fowl, principally the penguin and gannet, and is covered to the depth of several feet with an inferior kind of guano.

The *Doddington* left England for the East, in company with four other ships of her class, on the 23rd of April, 1755. With the exception of losing sight of her consorts during the early part of the voyage, no incident worthy of note occurred until shortly after she had doubled the Cape of Good Hope, when, on the 5th July, her departure was taken from Cape L'Agulhas. After steering eastward for about 24 hours, between lat.  $35^{\circ} 30'$  and  $36^{\circ}$ , the vessel was kept E.N.E., in which course she continued until about one on the morning of the 17th July, when she struck.

The variation of the compass a century ago was totally different to what it is at present; it is, therefore, impossible to follow the track of the vessel with anything like certainty. The probable amount of variation at the time (judging from the earliest observations on record) must have been about  $8^{\circ}$  or  $10^{\circ}$  W. Making this allowance, the course steered would lead into the vicinity of the Bird Islands.

The chief mate, who was one of the survivors, and from whose journal a narrative of the wreck is preserved, relates that he was asleep in his cabin at the time of the accident, and, having been awakened by the violence of the shock, he hurried on deck, where he found everything in the utmost confusion. The ship in a few moments became a total wreck, the greater part of her being under water, and completely shattered to pieces. In this dreadful situation, the land was discerned (the probable cause of its not having been seen before is to be attributed to the islands being very little higher than, and of nearly the same colour as, the surrounding breakers).

The men were swept overboard by the waves, which beat over the ship with overwhelming force; and the mate himself, whilst expecting every instant to meet with the same fate,

was stunned by a sea, which dashed him violently to the deck, and left him bruised and insensible till after daylight; when, on recovering, he found himself fixed to a plank by a nail, which had been forced into his shoulder. Seeing that several of the crew had managed to get on the rocks, which were near, he succeeded, also, after great pain and exertion, in freeing himself from the wreck and reaching the shore, very much bruised and benumbed. From the facts mentioned, it is evident that the ship must have been wrecked on the main island itself, and not on an outlying reef. Had she struck upon the Doddington Rock, as it is supposed she did, she could never have reached the island, but must have gone down immediately; for this rock (erroneously named after her) is a small peak, about a mile and a half distant from the island, nearly level with the sea, and surrounded, at its very edges, by from 10 to 15 fathoms water; whereas the narrative describes her as lying on her broadside in the surf near the rocks, "with the port-side highest out of water." In charts of Algoa Bay, a rock about six miles from the main island, bearing S.S.W. from the lighthouse, is even now laid down as the one on which the *Doddington* struck. During a recent survey of the islands by H.M.S. *Geyser*, soundings of 45 fathoms and a sandy bottom were found on this position, and it was proved that no rock exists there; the one intended being the rock before mentioned, which is on the same bearing from the lighthouse, but about four miles closer in.

But to return to the narrative:—On the island were now assembled 23 persons in all, the only survivors out of 220 that were on board when the ship struck. These unhappy few, although they had been fortunate enough to escape immediate destruction, found themselves cast away on a small, desolate, and unknown island, out of the reach of all aid, and likely to be destined to a more miserable fate than their brethren who had already perished. Their first care was to rescue whatever articles they could from the remains of the wreck. After diligent search, they were fortunate in finding a couple of gun-flints and a broken file, by means of which, and a little gunpowder, they contrived to kindle a fire. Round this the bruised and wounded collected, while the others dispersed themselves over the island, in search of further necessities, "without which the rock would have afforded them but a short respite from death." They succeeded in finding a box of candles, some brandy, and a cask of fresh water, which was of greater value to them, as no fresh water is procurable on the island, except what little is occasionally left by the rain in the crevices of the rocks. Towards



evening, they were successful also in finding a few more articles of provisions and securing some more casks of water.

This day of direful misery, which they had passed without food, now came to a close, and a miserable night was spent under shelter of some canvas which had been cast ashore, and had been rigged up in the form of a tent on the highest part of the island. To add to their distressing situation, the wind and rain, which continued with great violence throughout the night, scattered and extinguished their little fire, and exposed them to the bitter cold and discomfort of the elements. The next day presented to their minds all the realities of their miserable situation, and the stoutest seemed about to succumb to the horrors of despair. Hope had, however, not altogether deserted them, and while they sat down to their first meal (which consisted of some boiled pork), their attention was directed to devising some means of escape from the island; and, as there were fortunately a carpenter and smith amongst their number, some hopes were entertained that they might succeed in building, out of the fragments of the wreck, a small sloop that would carry them to the Cape or some neighbouring port. This project now engrossed all their energy and attention, and an eager search was made during the morning for more provisions and for materials for their intended vessel. They succeeded in securing some more casks of water, some spirits and flour, together with two quadrants, a few files and other tools, and a chest of treasure. While searching for articles washed from the wreck, a very touching incident occurred, which is recorded in the narrative of the mate, and one which shows that, even in the most desperate condition, the genuine sailor never loses those humane and generous impulses which characterise the class to which he belongs. There is a delicacy of feeling, too, displayed in this incident, which one hardly looks for under the distressing and overwhelming circumstances by which these men were encompassed.

“While searching about the beach, they found the body of a female, which was recognised as that of Mrs. Collett, the wife of the second mate, who was then himself at a little distance; and, knowing the mutual affection which subsisted between the couple, Mr. Jones (the chief mate) engaged Mr. Collett in conversation, and took him to the other side of the island, while his companions dug a grave, to which they committed the body, after reading the burial service from a French prayer-book, which had been washed ashore with the deceased. Having thus paid the last tribute to one of their unfortunate number, and concealed from their unhappy

messmate a sight which would have painfully, if not fatally, affected him, they found means in a few days to gradually disclose to him what they had done, and restore to him the wedding ring which they had taken from her finger.

“He received it with great emotion, and afterwards spent many days in raising a monument over her grave by piling up all the square stones he could find, and fixing a plank at the top, inscribed with her name and age, the time of her death, and some account of the fatal accident by which it was occasioned.”

The stones which marked this interesting spot are yet to be seen, but the sacrilegious hands of some treasure-seeking adventurers have not permitted the repose of the ashes of the dead. In hopes of finding there some of the treasure which tradition reports to be secreted on the island, the grave has been violated, and the pile of stones scattered carelessly around; but they still remain to testify, after the lapse of a century, that true affection ever triumphs over the buffetings of ill-fortune, and even outlives the direct strokes of fate.

A diligent search was continued, daily, for provisions and materials for their projected vessel; they were fortunate enough to secure some more water and pork, also some plank and cordage, and the “ring and nut of a bower anchor,” which served as an anvil for the smith. An old pair of bellows also proved a valuable acquisition. By the aid of it, the smith, having built a forge, was enabled to furnish the carpenter with nails, and the tools indispensable for his work, plenty of iron being obtainable out of fragments of the wreck washed ashore.

On the 24th, the carpenter commenced laying down the keel of the vessel, which it was decided should be a sloop of thirty feet long by twelve broad. The smith continued forging and supplying the requisite tools, nails, axes, chisels, &c., and all hands set to work with great energy and perseverance in aiding the artificers, and forwarding the completion of their little vessel.

The scanty pittance of stores and water which had been recovered from the wreck had, in the meantime, become so nearly exhausted, that it was necessary to restrict their daily individual allowance to two ounces of bread, as it was resolved to keep the pork as a sea-stock for their coming cruise. A precarious subsistence was derived from occasional supplies of fish, which they were successful in catching. When these failed, they were obliged to have recourse to the flesh of the gannet, which they found to be anything but palatable.

To their great joy, they discovered some more stores and a few casks of fresh water; the gannets also, which had for some time deserted the island, commenced settling on it again

in vast numbers, and for nearly three months furnished them with a constant and plentiful supply of eggs.

On the 3rd of September, after having been seven weeks on the island, three of the unfortunates set out in a small boat (which had been recovered from the wreck and patched up by the carpenter) on a voyage of discovery to the opposite main land (a distance of about five miles), in hopes of procuring assistance, a great smoke which had frequently attracted their attention having convinced them that it was inhabited.

They returned to the island, after three days' absence, in a very exhausted and distressing condition. In endeavouring to land, their boat had been upset, and one of their number unfortunately drowned in the surf; the remaining two succeeded in gaining the shore, and happily recovered the boat, which had not sustained material damage. After an unsuccessful attempt to launch it again, they were compelled to pass the night on shore, under shelter of their boat, which they turned bottom upwards, as a protection against the weather and the wild animals. Next morning, they were surprised by a visit from the natives, who at first threatened to kill them, but, fortunately, did them no greater injury than robbing them of their clothes; they afterwards proved more friendly, and gave their unfortunate visitors some food, such as roots, &c., and assisted them the next day in launching their boat, when, aided by an easterly wind, they succeeded in joining their companions on the island.

Provisions and other articles were still, occasionally, washed ashore. On Sunday, the 29th, after service, which was duly and regularly observed on the Sabbath, the officers discovered, to their amazement, that the chest of treasure had been broken open and robbed, nor could the perpetrators be discovered. "This may appear strange, that those whom danger had made religious should, at the same time, be guilty of theft, and that, too, in a situation in which the possession of gold could not contribute, in the slightest degree, to their subsistence or their means of escape; but it should be remembered," says the narrative, "that on a ship being lost, all the sailors lose their wages, and whatever is cast adrift is considered by the sailors as common property. The men, therefore, who ventured secretly to appropriate what they deemed their share of the treasure, were not conscious of acting dishonestly, but only designed to secure what they feared their officers would monopolise, and thus prevent disputes, which, in their circumstances, might terminate fatally." An unsuccessful attempt was made by the officers to discover the guilty parties and make them refund the valuables, but as they were not in a

condition to enforce their endeavours, the matter was suffered to rest, without further inquiry.

The carpenter and smith continued their work on the sloop with unremitting energy and assiduity, but an accident happened to the carpenter (on whom the lives of the company were now so dependent) which threw them all in great consternation. He unfortunately cut himself severely in the leg with an adze, and every one was in great apprehension of his bleeding to death. Luckily, however, this was stopped, after much difficulty, and he resumed his work, which he prosecuted with such diligence, that on the 14th of February, they were, to their unspeakable joy, enabled to launch their little vessel which they hopefully named "The Happy Deliverance."

Having put their remaining scanty supply of stores on board, they, on the 18th, set sail from the island, on which they had lived just seven months. At parting, they named it the Bird Island, on account of the quantities of sea-fowl which resorted to it.

Misfortune, however, seemed not yet to have left them, and for nearly a month they met with nothing but adversity. Contrary winds, currents, and want of provisions, compelled them to abandon their original design of making for the coast of Natal, and they resolved to alter their course for the Cape of Good Hope. After coasting about for some time,—during which they frequently succeeded in landing and obtaining provisions from the natives, in exchange for the trinkets they had with them,—they again shaped their course for their former destination, and anchored safely in Delagoa Bay on the 20th of May, 1756. Here they fortunately met with an English bark, in which (having sold the little sloop, to which they owed their deliverance, for 500 rupees) they obtained a passage to India.

The group which proved fatal to the *Doddington* is still dangerous to the navigation (now so rapidly on the increase) of that part of the coast, as the islets are low, and there are several outlying rocks and patches of foul ground in the neighbourhood. H.M.S. *Styx* had a miraculous escape when last on the Cape station. On the night of her departure from Port Elizabeth for the Buffalo, she suddenly found herself in the midst of breakers: letting go an anchor at once she brought up in five fathoms, and was thus preserved from certain destruction. In the morning, as soon as daylight discovered her true position to be between the reefs to the southward of Bird Island, and the Island itself, she was enabled to steam out clear of danger; but a sailing vessel would, under similar circumstances, have been critically situ-

ated. In consequence of this mishap, a light-house has been erected on the largest island, which serves to lessen the danger attendant upon the navigation of this part of the coast; but the light ought to be on a larger scale, to serve as well for general as for local purposes.

Upon the south side of Bird Island are yet to be seen a large anchor and an iron gun, both in a fair state of preservation. The former is minus its nut and ring, and is no doubt the identical one from which the smith of the *Doddington* obtained "the nut and ring of an anchor for an anvil."

During the visit of H.M.S. *Geyser*, in December, 1856, the debris from the forge was found, as well as several other relics of the wreck, such as iron hooks, decayed sheaves, &c.,—and upon a closer search several amber beads were found amongst the rocks. These are mentioned in the mate's narrative as having formed a part of the *Doddington's* freight.

Human bones are likewise found scattered about the beach, over which the roaring of the surf and the screaming of the sea-fowl combined, form a suitable and lasting requiem for the unfortunate crew of the ill-fated *Doddington*.

Two old-fashioned and time-worn anchors are to be seen on the southern side of Stag Island (one of this group), which, to judge from appearances, as contrasted with the anchor of the *Doddington*, must have lain there two or three centuries. May not these be the relics of some of the early Portuguese navigators, whose adventurous voyage had been here brought to an unhappy close, without a line or record of any kind save them, to bear witness to their courage and devotion in exploring the great and then unknown southern world?

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## ON THE SILK CULTURE.

(CONTINUED.)

ON the spinning or reeling off the silk from the cocoons the quality of the silk entirely depends. In countries where the silk culture is on an extensive scale, this is done by persons who make a profession of it, as by the uniformity and softness of the thread, the quality of the silk is valued.

This labour greatly enhances the expense of the silk culture. In a colony where labourers are scarce, and the price of labour high, it will be more profitable to export the cocoons, than to go to the expense of reeling them off, and exporting the silk in skeins.

In the first week after hatching, a single person will be able to attend and feed 100,000 worms; the next week two



labourers will be required; the third week, three, and the fourth week, four labourers. This service I consider may, by preference, be performed by females,—one man, who can handle the garden shears, being sufficient on the establishment to supply the daily food of some hundreds of thousands of worms.

The proprietors of such an establishment will find it their interest to encourage the rearing of silk-worms among all classes, and to buy the cocoons for a reasonable price, even if not more than an ounce weight of cocoons is offered them for sale. Young children, boys and girls, are frequently found rearing these worms, and I have seen as fine and well-formed cocoons produced by them as could be produced in any large establishment. As they do not, however, derive any benefit from it, they rarely continue this amusement above two or three years, and then drop it: hence the propriety of encouraging them by purchasing their cocoons.

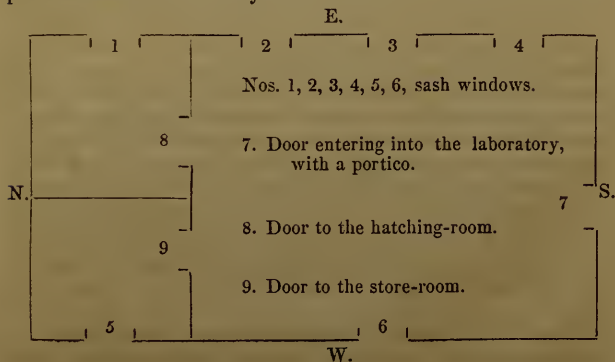
In an article published in the *Commercial Advertiser and Cape Town Mail*, of the 21st February last, signed by Mr. Alexander Werner, who gives a very correct description of the cultivation of the mulberry tree, in connection with the rearing of silk-worms, I observe that he considers the planting of the mulberry trees in the form of hedges as very objectionable. The writer of this article reared these worms, as already stated, for several years, and during three years on a large scale, for the purpose of showing to others the proper manner in which this work is to be performed; and in no instance used any other leaves than from mulberry trees planted in hedges; and connoisseurs considered the cocoons thus produced as good and fine as those of any other country. Few persons in the colony will be inclined, or are able, to lay out a capital for five or six years, which is the time required by Mr. Werner's description, before the trees are fit for feeding the worms, without getting a return. The method pointed out in this article, and founded on experience, will, the writer believes, be more readily adopted in the colony. Mr. Werner is unacquainted with the soil in this part of Africa, as there are very few localities in which the nutritive soil runs to the depth of ten or twelve feet; in general, the upper stratum, or fertile soil, is only from one or two, to five or six feet in depth. The subsoil is generally a stiff clay (*Pothlei*) or coarse gravel, or round stones mixed with clay or sand, or decomposed or pure rock.

At the foot, and along the slope of the mountain ranges, the deepest nutritive soil is to be found. Garden ground is very valuable in this colony. If, then, the mulberry trees

are to be planted, as recommended, at a distance of twenty-five feet in the rows, 600 trees, which would not form a large growth for an extensive establishment, would occupy a space of 14,000 square feet.

The produce of this large space, occupied by mulberry trees, would not nearly equal the return which the ground would yield from other sources, as two, and occasionally three crops may be gathered from the same soil in the course of twelve months, where irrigation can be obtained.

An apartment, or laboratory for rearing silk-worms ought to face the east, to be of the length of thirty feet, twenty-two feet broad, and twelve feet high, ceiled and floored, having in its front four sash windows, so that the upper and lower parts can be let down or raised, at pleasure. To each sash window a venetian blind is to be attached, so as to admit or exclude the sun's rays, as may be required. In the wall facing the west, a single sash window may be placed in the centre, and a venetian blind attached to it, to give the laboratory a thorough ventilation. The door to the laboratory should be placed in the south gable wall, with a portico, to prevent a sudden gust of wind entering the room when the door is opened. To the north gable wall, a small apartment of eight feet broad and twenty-two feet long should be attached, divided into two apartments, one of eight by eight feet, the other of eight by fourteen feet. In the smallest apartment a stove should be placed, for the purpose of hatching the eggs by an artificial warmth, as before mentioned; the other apartment is to serve as a store-room for the mulberry leaves, baskets, and other things required for the establishment. The annexed sketch will show the ground plan for such a laboratory :—



Along the wall, on the west side, shelves are to be placed of two feet broad; the first shelf a foot and a half from the floor—the others two feet from each other, till they attain a height which may be conveniently reached by the hands. On these shelves the boxes containing the worms are to be placed. Along the north and south walls, shelves of the same breadth are placed, bored with holes into which to place the reed bundles, before mentioned, for the worms to spin in. In the centre of the laboratory, a long table of three feet broad is to be placed, on which the work is performed of feeding the worms and cleaning the boxes, which, as I before observed, is highly requisite, in order to keep the worms in a healthy state. These boxes should be three feet long, two feet broad, and about two inches deep,—one of the ends should be made in such a manner, that it may slide up and down for the sake of convenience when the boxes are to be cleaned. This is done in the following way: put a clean box next to one containing worms; in the former mulberry leaves are placed, to which the worms then creep for feeding,—by this means, the other box becomes clear of them, and can then be emptied of its contents, cleaned, and put outside to dry. This cleaning of the boxes should take place on the second day after they have cast their skins for the third time, and are then quite greedy. The cleaning of the boxes is very necessary, as their droppings accumulate, and with the residue of the leaves not consumed by them soon begin to ferment, causing an unusual heat and an unpleasant smell, which is very injurious to the health of the worms, and infecting the whole laboratory. The less the worms are handled the better they grow, and their removal to the place prepared for them to spin in, should be made with great caution. I may add that the building erected for a laboratory is only required for four months during the year, and may, during the remaining months, be used by the proprietor for any other purpose.

In concluding these remarks, which I hope may induce others to write on this interesting subject, I would observe that silk-worms were known and reared in France and Italy, as a mere amusement, centuries before they were considered as producing an article of manufacture. In Italy, the silk culture is, at present, on such an enlarged scale, that the Count Dandolo, who has published an elaborate work on the subject, considers that it would be a national calamity if it failed one single year.

If any new variety of mulberry trees—as I have seen mentioned in the *Argus* of the 25th February—has been

introduced into this colony, on which the worms feed as well as on the kind at present propagated, and produce as good a quality of silk, or even better, it is not by keeping such variety as a curiosity in a botanical garden, but by distributing slips thereof at the proper season, wherever persons inclined to propagate them reside, that real good can be effected. Few persons are inclined, and fewer have the means, of making experiments; but the luxuriant growth, and useful quality, of such a variety being shown, persons would soon be induced to propagate it. Mankind, in such matters, are better instructed by example than by precept.

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## SKETCHES OF ST. HELENA.

BY AN IMMIGRANT.

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### No. 1.

THE Island of St. Helena, situated in the South Atlantic, said to have been discovered by the Dutch in 1502, is one of peculiar interest. Viewed from the sea, as approaching it, there is nothing inviting in its appearance;—one huge mass of rock, with deep ravines running down into the sea, divested, apparently, of all vegetation, and presenting inaccessible rugged cliffs, some of great height, is all at first that the eye beholds; but as one nears the shore, in the interior, at certain places, may be seen, peeping from out the rock, a few trees, to tell that all is not barrenness within.

That it is of volcanic origin seems to be universally admitted; in fact, the existence of lava, so generally dispersed throughout the island, leaves no doubt on the subject. Ascension, which is about a week's sail from St. Helena, is by some supposed to have been at one time attached to it: this, however, is more conjecture. Ships entering the harbour approach it on the eastern side of the Island to windward, and may sail with safety close in shore, the water being very deep. Signal or look-out posts are observable on the heights, and give immediate notice when a vessel is approaching; these posts are kept, principally, at the expense of the trading part of the community. The place of anchorage is opposite a rather pretty little town, and vessels may ride at anchor at all times with the most perfect safety, there rarely being any wind so strong, or sea so violent, as to endanger their security, —although, in the year 1846, an extraordinary phenomenon

happened, owing, no doubt, to some volcanic action beneath the water, when the roadstead, for nearly a mile out, almost suddenly became greatly agitated, a huge swell, similar to what are known as storm waves, surged in, and several boats, and some small slavers lying at anchor, were thrown on shore, and much damage was done to property in the neighbourhood of the wharfs. An officer of the customs boards every vessel as soon as she anchors, until which time no pratique is permitted, under a heavy penalty.

The road from the jetty extends over a drawbridge, and within a low fortification, upon which are mounted a number of heavy guns. Near this place is the Custom House, a dirty-looking room or two, where one or two officials are stationed, who are very particular as to what is landed, and charge for every article brought on shore, however trifling. The town is situated in a long narrow valley, about a mile in extent; the houses are built of stone and mortar, generally, and appear to be very substantial edifices. About one-third of the distance up the town, is a bridge, built over a run of water passing through the centre of the town, which seems to be the limit of respectability, for beyond, for the most part, are a number of low, dirty buildings, occupied by the poor of the island, and some of the most degraded of society. The town has only two streets. The public buildings are, the Castle, which is the town residence of the Governor, and in which are the principal public offices, the Sessions House, Magistrate's Court, Commissariat Stores (which were formerly the stores of the E. I. Company), a library, situate within a piece of cultivated ground, in which—the ground, not the library—are attempted to be grown, plants of various sorts, but which, with few exceptions, for want of botanical knowledge or industry, or perhaps both, are, generally speaking, going to decay. There is a monument here, erected by the officers and crew of H. M. brig *Waterwitch*, to the memory of their shipmates, who died while serving on the coast in 1839. The library takes in a fair proportion of English newspapers and new publications, considering its very limited number of subscribers and its small means; it contains about 2,000 volumes, many of which were the gift of the East India Company. The native inhabitants have not the reputation of being very great readers. A tavern faces the Sessions House (a square being between), where good accommodation may be had, and for which one may expect to pay rather exorbitantly. A church, which was built by the East India Company, and altered of late, to suit the wishes of the Bishop of Cape Town, into a rather gloomy building, almost adjoins the



tavern. A jail, in an out-of-the-way corner, is also one of the buildings in this square, but there are but few prisoners ever kept in it,—a new iron jail having been recently sent out from England, and erected at a place called Ruperts, about two miles from the town. At nearly the extreme end of the town is a military hospital, and a hospital for the inhabitants and seamen who are left at the Island sick on their homeward passage, or by whalers, many of which vessels frequently touch here for supplies. About the middle of what may be designated the respectable portion of the town, may be seen a large, heavy building, of antique appearance, with a heavy verandah in front: this is called the “mess house,” and is, in fact, the place where, in days of yore, when John Company reigned supreme, the officers of the garrison used to meet and dine together, where now Her Majesty’s officers meet to—talk and play at billiards, at least, so ’tis said; for most of the officers of the garrison now, being married, need, perhaps, no mess, beyond the matrimonial *mess* they have got into.

There is also an officers’ barrack about midway up the town, affording very excellent accommodation, and also a spacious barrack for the troops. A local regiment is stationed here, consisting of 350 men. And here one is induced to remark upon the wisdom and economy of Her Majesty’s Government, in having disbanded, on taking possession of the Island in 1836, two as fine corps, one of artillery and the other of infantry, as were, at the time, out of England, and burdening the treasury with a considerable addition to the pension list, by having to make provision for the officers, when these corps might have been continued as local corps, in the pay of Her Majesty,—and it was not very long after this piece of blundering that the present regiment was raised. At the extreme end of the town are a few very pretty fruit and vegetable gardens, particularly one, possessed by the widow of an officer, formerly of the East India Company’s service, where may be seen fruits from almost every part of the world. At the termination of James’ Valley is a waterfall, beneath which is a beautiful spring, from whence all the water for the supply of the town and shipping comes. This water is particularly clear and good, and for this, and an excellent and abundant supply of water-cresses (much in demand by the shipping), and good fish, St. Helena has always been celebrated. It is calculated that upwards of seven thousand tons of water are daily discharged into the sea. The total number of springs on the island is said to exceed two hundred.

On each side of the town is a road leading to the interior. Ascending a hill, called Ladder Hill, which is six hundred

feet above the level of the sea, on the western side, the traveller has to make his way along a steep road, cut out of the rocky mountain, so narrow as only, at certain parts, to admit of two small vehicles to pass each other, and having above overhanging rocks, leading one to fear a crash at times. Beneath this road is a high wall. There is also an inclined plane, by ascending the numerous steps of which, this height may be reached; but it is a laborious undertaking for persons unaccustomed to it. The rocks from this mountain frequently, during the rainy season, roll into the town beneath, and many instances are recorded of roofs of houses being broken in, and the inmates killed. At the top of Ladder Hill, which will take about a quarter of an hour to arrive at, is a very strong fortification, where a company of artillery is stationed. Perhaps, next to Gibraltar, this is one of the most formidable batteries we have anywhere. There are good barracks here for officers and men, and on a rising ground above is an observatory, built by the East India Company, and in charge, for many years, of a Lieut. Johnson, of their service, now the astronomer at Oxford. At a considerable elevation above this is another fortification, where is also a signal post. This place having a number of fine trees growing about it, contrasted with the barrenness of all beneath, has a very pretty appearance, particularly when viewed from the shipping. About three quarters of an hour's ride brings the traveller to the country seat of the Governor of the Island, called Plantation House, a very comfortable and roomy mansion, situate within a valley, surrounded by fir, oak, and various other trees, and which may be considered the garden of the Island. During the time the East India Company owned this property, neither labour nor expense were spared in beautifying it. It was here that Sir Hudson Lowe resided, when in charge of Napoleon, who, it is said, was very anxious to occupy it, but it was not deemed a place where he could be kept with safety. Not far from this is the parish church, which has been recently built, and will contain about four hundred persons. Much cannot be said for its architectural beauty, although it was erected at a very considerable expense to the parishioners.

The Bishop of Cape Town who selected the site, has given great offence to the inhabitants in having had the ground, granted by the Government, transferred to the See of Cape Town, instead of the parish, and the consequence was that, on a late visit, his Lordship did not find himself so welcomed at this gem of his diocese as he had anticipated. A tolerably good road runs from this throughout the island, and leads to some very pretty country seats, and small farms, and fields

well clothed with a rich-looking grass; but cultivation does not seem generally to be carried on to that extent which the place would seem to admit of; owing, it is said, to the difficulty, and at times impossibility, of disposing of the produce.

Vegetables of every variety grown in England are produced here in great perfection, without much trouble or expense; the ground almost throughout is a dark rich loam, and needing but little manure. On some farms, a succession of crops of potatoes are grown, giving a good yield, without any manure. A great deal of rain falls during the year, particularly on the highest parts of the island, where in some situations it rains eight months out of the twelve; such parts are also visited by frequent fogs. Trees of all sorts grow well in the interior, where may be seen together in some places, the oak, chesnut, peach, pear, apple, and other trees of Europe; the bamboo, roseapple, loquat, camellia japonica, which, at one place, the property of Colonel Sampson, reaches the height of forty feet; and here, also, the beautiful fuschia, so delicate in our gardens, runs perfectly wild, with the blackberry, and branches may be seen upwards of thirty feet long; and the tea of China, and the coffee, bananna, and fig of the tropics, all growing luxuriantly. The lands do not support so large a number of cattle or sheep as they would if properly cleared of the furze and blackberry which have spread themselves over a very large portion of the best pasturage; consequently, the numbers reared not being sufficient to meet the demand for the inhabitants and shipping, a large proportion of the fresh meat consumed here is obtained from the Cape. Barley, oats, and oat-hay are brought from the Cape, and sold at a profit, although the island might itself produce all the quantity required for its own consumption, if proper industry were exerted. Labour is abundant, but there seems to be a lamentable degree of idleness pervading the place, and a want of energy, which appears almost innate. The dark people, many of whom were formerly slaves, appear to be taking the place of the whites, and establishing themselves in some of the best parts of the island, and seem to be realising the saying of an old inhabitant many years since, "that the blacks and rats would ultimately possess the island."

Since the transfer of the Island to Her Majesty's Government, by the East India Company, it has been gradually descending from its once prosperous state to its present condition of poverty. The Government then was kept up at an expense of upwards of £60,000 a year: now it is reduced to about £16,000. Formerly, there were few or no taxes,—

not even custom dues,—excepting for one or two articles, such as spirits; now everything is taxed, and custom dues are exacted upon every article imported.

The Island produces no article of export, although it might be brought to produce several things if there were capital available for the purpose; and the day, perhaps, is not far distant when some enterprising individuals, with means, may be induced to turn their attention to the growth of such things as tobacco (which is indigenous, and grows in many parts), tea and coffee, the latter quite equal to Mocha, the original plants being introduced by the East India Company, to be cultivated for the use of the inhabitants, a great many years since; and the whole Island is eminently fitted for goats, these animals having been found running wild on it when first discovered. The introduction of the Angora goat would at once afford an exportable article in its hair and skin. Wheat has been recently cultivated in several parts of the Island, and does well; but by some, the seasons are thought to be too irregular, and the atmosphere at the time of harvesting to contain too much moisture generally, to admit of success at all times, and that it must be considered a rather doubtful crop, and one which the farmer will do well not to place too much confidence in. Time alone, however, must determine this question. I have seen some beautiful crops at Longwood, the residence of Napoleon, belonging to a very enterprising agriculturist, a Mr. Moss, comprising upwards of fifty acres, the ear of which was quite equal to any grown at the Cape.

Farms are generally cultivated with the spade, which seems to be considered preferable to the plough; but in most cases I am disposed to believe it is because they have not the means of ploughing. St. Helena, for very many years, was celebrated for its fine potatoes; but within the last four or five years the potato crops have failed, in consequence of the rot having attacked them, and blight, caused, it is thought, by unusually heavy, damp fogs. This has brought many families to poverty, the potato being considered the staple article of the Island, and the shipping, formerly, when they could be had at a reasonable rate, were large purchasers. Now, in consequence of the high price, about 12s. 6d. the common bushel, they take but few. The horses bred here are rather small, but active, and are, generally speaking, ill-shaped; but are, notwithstanding, admirably suited for the place, although if they had more shoulder they would travel more agreeably, particularly when descending some of the very steep roads. Some folks here think nothing of a horse falling, and I once



heard a gentleman, boasting of the strength of his horse, say that he knew him to be strong and active, because when he fell with him (a man about 16 stone), he would get up again without his dismounting, and that few Island horses could do that. Donkeys abound throughout the length and breadth of the land—I mean veritable jackasses,—and are very useful and indispensable animals, kept by the poor as well as the rich, for carrying loads, principally wood; and sometimes, in a narrow part of a most precipitous road, a drove of them may be met, threatening to upset man and horse, and were it not that the driver, as he sees you approaching, takes the precaution to beat them to one side of the road, there would be every probability of a collision. And I regret to be obliged here to give my testimony to the ill-usage which many of these poor creatures receive at the hands of their drivers. Like Balaam's ass of old, it is asserted, and positively believed by some, that an ass on one occasion spoke to his driver, and reproached him for his cruelty. The only game on the Island are pheasants, partridges, and rabbits,—the former are supposed to have been introduced by the East India Company from China; the male bird is somewhat like the pheasant of England, but has a much richer plumage, and a white ring round its neck; the hen is dark-brown. The partridge nearly resembles the common French partridge, slate colour with red legs; it is a plump bird, and strong on the wing. I heard a gentleman say that he had met with the same bird at the Bolan Pass, in India, from which place, in all probability, it may have been originally brought. Rabbits are scarce. The government issue licences to shoot during three months in the year, the arrival of which period, in such a dreary, monotonous place, is looked forward to with much anxiety and pleasure. There is also a small bird here called the wire bird, resembling in colour and make the sand lark, but it is a bird peculiar to the place, and was one of the very few animals found on the first discovery of the Island. It is exceedingly shy, and seldom more than two are found together, and that in a barren, unfrequented place: its egg, which is of a dark hue, is deposited under a piece of dry cow-dung. The other common birds are the dove, canary, a verdevat, java sparrow, cardinal, and minor. The only venomous reptiles are the scorpion and centipede, and they are rarely seen away from old buildings. Rats, mice, and cockroaches are numerous; and the former, if properly cured, might perhaps answer for the Chinese market, as it is said the celestials luxuriate in such a dainty. Some of the negroes landed here from slavery have been known to devour them greedily.



## RESEARCHES INTO THE RELATIONS BETWEEN THE HOTTENTOT AND KAFIR RACES.

BY W. H. I. BLEEK, PH.D., M.O.O.S.T.

### PART II.

IT seems strange to us that among any of the natives of South Africa some articles of food should be forbidden to the men, though allowed to the women, and *vice versa*. Among the Hottentots, according to Kolbe, a woman particularly, might not eat the pure blood of animals, nor moles; and the men were compelled to abstain from the flesh of hares or rabbits, and were not allowed to drink any sheep's milk. That the Kafirs know of similar nice distinctions, has not fallen under my personal observation. It may, however, be the case. As to moles, I do not think that they eat them at all; and of sheep's milk I never saw or heard that they make any use. Another peculiar custom among the Zulus and kindred tribes is, that the men are not allowed to drink any amasi or thick sour milk from a kraal of which they may think of courting a girl; or, more strictly speaking, they are not allowed to pay their addresses to a girl belonging to a kraal from which they may have drunk amasi. The consequence is, that (except when, in travelling far from home, they fall in with kraals which they have no idea of visiting again) they are very careful not to touch any of that commodity that does not come either from their own or their nearest relatives' kraals. Their being allowed to drink this beverage from the kraal of any relative is on account of their being extremely particular not to marry any one with whom they can trace out the slightest degree of consanguinity.

From what superstitious or other reasons this custom may have arisen, I am at a loss to say; perhaps it originates only in some sort of proper delicacy, against not taking the most substantial daily food from those among whom they go on matrimonial expeditions; yet there are as many things, even in our own manners and customs, for which we cannot give any other reason than that we inherit them from our forefathers.

With regard to food, for instance, there is no doubt that we are prejudiced against many diets, which are not only very wholesome, but even positively good. In general, we may say that the more enlightened and civilized a nation is, the more it throws off such prejudices. The Kafirs regard with disgust much of what we consider rather choice bits, whilst

there is scarcely one of their dishes (except the carrion of cattle) which a white man would object to. Thus they disdain the meat of all animals which do not pick up their food by grazing. Of domestic animal food, therefore, they eat only beef, mutton, and goat's flesh,—whilst they would not on any account touch pork. In this respect they agree not only with the Jews and Egyptians, but also with the Hottentots. All wild animals are accordingly, by the Zulus, divided into two classes,—game (*i'Nyamazane*), and wild beasts (*i'Silwanyane*). *Nyamazane* (from *i'nyama*, meat) are all sorts of antelopes, hares, the buffalo, the wild pig, and such birds as they consider good to eat. The term *i'Silwanyane* (from *silo*, wild beast, generally applied to the tiger *inywe*) comprises, besides all carnivorous animals and birds, also other not eatable species, as the sea-cow (or hippopotamus) and the elephant, although they may eat a little of the latter animal's flesh. Even the tiger, although being the *i'Silo* par excellence, is sometimes eaten by the warriors, in order to give them courage and ferocity; and on the authority of two ladies, wife and sister to a clergyman, who once happened to try such a dish, I may state that it has a very good taste.

As *i'Silwanyane* the Zulus further regard all sorts of amphibious animals and fish, and among the birds also, fowls. They look with particular disgust upon eggs; and as for milk, they do not consider it good for consumption before it has coagulated and turned sour. Yet one may not unfrequently see in their kraals, boys milking the cows into their own mouth, a process which they call *x'hleza*, with a combination of click and aspirated lingual sound that makes it nearly impossible for a European tongue to pronounce. But children may be said to be exempted from all such rules, and they are indeed often too glad to get anything to eat at all.

It is true, as before mentioned, that Hottentots eat fish, but, according to Kolbe, they make that nice distinction that they abhor those fish which have no scales, such as eels, &c.

That the Bushmen eat many things from which Kafirs, Hottentots, and white men would all turn away with disgust, is not to be wondered at; since famine and privation have, at times, driven people of almost every nation to eat anything, even their own kind; and it speaks rather in favour of the Bushmen, that with all their crimes and vices, and notwithstanding the utmost degree of destitution and starvation which they often experience, we have not yet one case on record where they have turned cannibals.

Still some of their dishes, though strange to us, might be quite palatable, if we could only get over our imbibed

prejudices.\* However, I dare say that neither the gentle reader nor the humble writer of these researches could easily be prevailed upon by any philosophical consideration to give them a trial.

That there are any religious ideas connected with this Kafir and Hottentot practice of abstaining from certain descriptions of food does not appear, though, in some instances, this may, at least, originally have been the case.

It is not uninteresting to compare here the regulations on this head in the Mosaic law (Exod. xi, Deuter. xiv), which I shall allow the reader to do for himself, and to draw his own inferences. I may only remark that, apparently, the Hottentots in this agree better with the Old Testament code than the Kafirs do.

That among the Hottentots the men do not eat hares, they explain themselves by the following legend, which is taken from Knudsen's *Gross-Namaqualand*, Barmen 1848, 8vo, p. 27:—

“The moon dies, and rises to life again. The moon said to the hare: ‘Go thou to the men, and tell them,—Like as I die, and rise to life again, so you shall die, also, and rise to life again.’ The hare went to the men, and said,—‘Like as I die, and do not rise to life again, so you shall also die, and not rise to life again.’ When he returned, the moon asked him, ‘What hast thou said?’ ‘I have told them,—Like as I die, and do not rise to life again, so you shall also die, and not rise to life again.’ ‘What,’ said the moon, ‘hast thou said that?’ And he took a stick and beat him on his mouth, which by the blow got slit. The hare fled, and is still fleeing.”

“We are now angry with the hare,” say the old Namaquas, “because he brought so bad a message, and therefore we disdain to eat his flesh.” Probably the hare does not find much fault with this sort of punishment.

I think I cannot do better than, without further comment on this Hottentot tale, add the Zulu tradition on the origin of death, which is in some way analogous, though in its particulars quite different.

The inhlamvu say: “Umkulunkulu arose from beneath†, he came out of the reed;‡ he created all nations, all living animals, and all things on earth. He then sent the chameleon, and told it: ‘Go! tell thou the men that they shall not die.’ The chameleon went, but it walked slowly, forgot its errand

\* How contradictory, sometimes, the preconceived ideas existing in this respect are, may be seen from the Zulus rejecting, as poisonous, mushrooms, whilst they eat some other species of fungus, which our prejudice considers as unwholesome.

† The spiritual world appears to the Zulu to be beneath.

‡ Reed is said to signify origin, beginning.

on the road, and began to eat a shrub called bukwebezane. Then Umkulunkulu sent the i'ntulwa (a species of lizard) after the chameleon, and ordered him to make haste and tell the men that they must die. The i'ntulwa went on his way with his message, outran the chameleon, and arriving first where the men were, told them that they must die." This is the origin of death on earth, and for this reason the Zulus hate both animals,—the i'ntulwa for the bad news he brought, and the chameleon for the good message he was too slow to deliver in time. But I do not think that the Zulus have any idea that their not eating these creatures is a mode of punishing them.

Their notion of *Umkulunkulu* is no doubt that which, in the comprehension of the Zulu nation, comes nearest to the idea of God. That it is not of modern date, and recently introduced among them, is shown from a comparison with the traditions of some of the kindred nations in Africa, who, though separate from them since many centuries, and living now as far distant as Damaraland, Zanzibar, and even Sierra Leone, have substantially the same name for God. Along the whole eastern coast, as far as the tribes akin to the Kafirs are found, we have quite the same form, only in a more or less contracted shape; for, as in general, in their language the Zulus have shown their eminently conservative character, also, in deviating only slightly from the original form *Mukulunkulu*. Not much altered is this in the dialect of Inhambane, where they call God *Mulungúlu*. Further contractions are *Mulúngu*, found in the Ki-hiau, Ki-kamba, and Kinika dialects. *Mlúngu* at Cape Delgado; *Mulúgo*, *Muluko*, or *Mulúku*, in the Makua language, at Mosambique and Quillemane; *Murungu*, at Sofala; *Murungo*, at Sena; *Murungo*, at Tette (Nyurigwe); *Múngu*, in Ki-Snaheli; and *Múngo*, in the Ki-Pokomo. Of course, it would have been rather bold to maintain that this *Múngo* is identical with the Zulu *Umkulunkulu*, if we were not enabled to trace the course of its transformation by means of the intermediate forms. The frontier Kafirs are said not to know *Umkulunkulu*. How far this is the case I cannot say; but this is certainly to be ascribed to the much larger extent of Hottentot notions they have imbibed. However, I am told that some tribes know him under the name of *Umkulungwane*, a word formed from the same root, *kulu*, great, of which *Umkulunkulu* appears to be a reduplication. The simple form, without reduplication, appears in the Herero name for God,—viz.: *Mukuru*; to which I may add that the Timnehs, at Sierra Leone, a tribe of the Kafir kindred, call God *Kuruh*.

It is true, there is little worship done to *Umkulunkulu*,—and they seldom pray to any but to the *a'Mahlozi*, or spirits of their departed great people. But it need not be explained that there is no doubt in their mind that *Umkulunkulu* is above, and superior to the *a'Mahlozi*; and whenever they say anything contrary to this, it would be only just like the Zulus pretending that their king had created the world.

What position in general the *a'Mahlozi* take, how they are worshipped, and what influence they exert over the nation, I intend to explain on another occasion. And now let us turn from the Kafir religious ideas, for a moment, to those of the Hottentots.

Their tradition about the origin of death does not prove by itself that the Hottentots worshipped the moon. It makes this, however, somewhat possible; and from Kolbe's statement we know, positively, that they used at least to do so. It may here be worth noticing that the most ancient form of heathen religion throughout Northern Africa and Western Asia, was sidereal worship, and that the old Arabian, Babylonian, Indian, Greek, German, and other mythologies, have their origin in such a culte. The moon especially was extensively venerated, and even not rarely, for instance, among some Arabian tribes as the chief god or goddess. Among the South African tribes of the Kafir kindred, on the contrary, we find nowhere even the slightest trace of such a worship. This makes us naturally inquire, how it comes that the Hottentots in this and other peculiarities, which we have mentioned, most evidently agree with the characteristics of the North African nations. It is a pity that our knowledge of the Hottentots is too scanty to allow of a fuller comparison of their habits, manners, and customs. On this head I have therefore only to add two further remarks.

A most distinctive feature of the Hottentot and Bushman tribes in opposition to the black races of South Africa is, that they use bows and arrows. With how many nations they coincide in this, I need not explain. We know that with the Egyptians and Greeks the bow was the favourite weapon. The musical taste, and even talent, of the Hottentots, are generally acknowledged; and this, together with the Bushman pictures, in which artistic talent is said to be perceptible, shows an inclination to the fine arts in these tribes, of which the Kafirs and their kindred have not the least conception. This artistical faculty, insignificant as it is, can yet serve to make us more inclined to inquire whether these coincidences are merely accidentals, or true evidences that this germ of



artistic productivity, under more favourable circumstances, was able to produce such monuments as those with which Egypt, Western and Middle Asia, and Europe abound; or, to speak in plainer words, whether the Hottentots are akin to the Egyptians and other nations of the highest civilization. This question, which our former statements did not enable us to answer decidedly, has been solved on a different field of research. It has been shown that as the Hottentots, in appearance, manners, and customs, differ from the Kafirs, so also the structure of the language is unlike that of the Kafir language, but so evidently similar to most North African languages (as the Egyptian, Coptic, and the Semitic dialects, with their kindred the Galla, Tuarick, Haussa, &c.,) that there does not remain the slightest doubt that it is of common descent with them.

It is unnecessary to indicate what importance and interest such a fact must assign to the study of the Hottentot language, especially as in its seclusion it has most faithfully preserved the ancient and original structure, from which all these before-mentioned languages derive their forms. To explain how this is the case, and on what principles the languages of Africa are to be classified in general, must be reserved for another paper.

Finally, I wish to remark that I have often promiscuously spoken of the Hottentot and Bushmen tribes, for, on the whole, they are the same race, though they may and probably have been separate nations for many centuries. Not only does their language seem to prove this, but they have also most characteristics, in manners, customs, traditions, &c., in common with each other. I may mention the mode of sleeping in holes scratched into the ground of the hut, as a sort of bed. That this is not only Bushman but also Hottentot custom, is evident from Kolbe's description. The Kafirs, on the contrary, sleep always on their mats, spread upon the flat floor, with a wooden pillow under their head.

Hottentot and Bushmen women cut off a joint from their little finger, as a mark of mourning, on certain occasions. There is further common to both nations, the worship of an insect, a species of mantis, which the Bushmen, according to Arbusset, call *'ngo*. As another common feature, I may add the custom of burying the dead, wrapt in their karosses or mats, with a heap of stones, &c., on the top of the grave, to which every passer-by religiously adds his contribution, with a prayer to the departed spirit. The Bushmen are even said to embalm their dead in some way, before they bury them. The Kafirs, on the contrary, seem, originally at least, to have

merely thrown away the dead bodies, barely sheltering them, even from immediate attacks of wild animals, by overlaid thorn bushes; and if they can help it, they will not approach any such places where corpses may be laying.

That the Hottentots have family names in addition to those for single individuals, we have learnt from the Rev. H. Tindall's interesting lectures. My inquiries among the Bushmen at Robben Island render it, at least, very probable that these people likewise distinguish themselves by family names. Among the Kafirs we have nothing to compare to this.

As regards language, it is curious to notice that the Bushman tongue apparently agrees most, of all the Hottentot dialects, with that of the Cape, and next to it, with that of the Korannas,—the latter being, in many respects, the connecting link between the Cape dialect and that of the Namaquas, in which the fullest and most original form of the Hottentot language has been preserved. But we must not forget here, that what materials for a knowledge of the Bushmen tongue are at hand, are as yet limited to vocabularies of one dialect, viz.,—that of the district of the Winterveldt, from the vicinity of Colesberg and Burghersdorp.\*

Other Bushman dialects may be widely different, nor is it impossible that many so-called Bushmen are of quite different origin. However this may be, these Bushmen from the Winterveldt have decidedly been distinct from the Hottentots, as a nation, for many centuries; for their language presents more than dialectical differences from that of the Hottentots. There are, indeed, many Bushman words similar to those in use among the Hottentots,—and in the general features of their structure both languages agree together. But the grammatical forms which my vocabularies of the Bushman tongue contain are peculiar,—and also the construction of sentences appears to be different from that of the Hottentot language.

But the space that can be devoted, in this *Magazine*, to these researches is too limited to allow us to dwell upon all the points of similarity and dissimilarity between Bushmen, Hottentots, and Kafirs. Suffice it to repeat, in a few words, the main results of our inquiries:—

1. In most features in which the Kafirs agree with the Hottentots, they are at variance with their nearest kin,

\* Lichtenstein does not mention in what district he collected his Bushman vocabulary. It agrees, on the whole, very well with the statements of the Bush people at Robben Island, whom I examined, and who came from the above mentioned parts. I think, as far it goes, Lichtenstein's vocabulary may well be relied upon.

whilst these points are generally common to most or all Hottentot tribes. Therefore, that here a foreign influence on the Kafir tribes is visible, cannot be doubted.

2. The peculiar characteristics which distinguish the Hottentots and Bushmen from the other South African nations, are such as range them with the nations of Northern Africa and Western Asia, as the Egyptians, the Semitic tribes, and their wide-spread North African relations (e.g., the Tuarick. Galla, &c.), and probably also the Indo-European or Arian nations.

3. This implies that the Hottentots were cut off from their northern relations by the intrusion of the tribes of the Kafir kindred, who probably came from the west, and drove the Hottentots, on the eastern side of Africa, southward before them.

4. Since the Hottentots and Bushmen have in general retained, most faithfully, the primitive and original state of their race, in customs, manners, language, &c., a study of their peculiarities must be regarded as eminently important, nay, indispensable for attaining a knowledge of the pre-historical condition and unrecorded history of their kindred nations; and as these comprise, in many cases, some of the most advanced and civilized nations, should we not be entitled to infer, that such researches, if once properly made, will prove of great interest for the history of mankind in general?

## IRRIGATION.

BY THE HON. F. W. REITZ.

(CONTINUED.)

### VII.—*Cost of Water, and general information as to Profit and Expense.*

“A net income of £662 is all the Austrian Government receives from this great canal (*Muzza*), which has increased the rental of the districts through which it flows by at least £100,000 a year, and in reality, I believe, by a much larger sum,—while the value, in capital, of the waters is equal, according to the current rate, to little less than half a million sterling (p. 256). At a very moderate estimate, the increased return from the land throughout the Milanese may be estimated at £270,000, and in the other irrigated provinces at £290,000 per annum,—representing a capital value of full fourteen millions sterling, due to the employment of water in the agriculture of this fertile region” (p. 297)

Speaking of the Valley of the Po:—

"The mass of water utilized is nearly 24,000 cubic feet per second, the value of which in capital, at £250 per cubic foot per second, amounts to four millions sterling; and the increased rental due to its employment is, at a very moderate estimate, £830,000" (p. 299).

Speaking of the neighbourhood of the canal of *Ivrea*, Capt. Smith says:—

"The average price of water is eight shillings per acre, or £21 per cubic foot of discharge; when the water can be used only for the irrigation of Indian corn, the price is only £16 or £17 annually per cubic foot of continued discharge; for rice, at a rate of from about ten to sixteen shillings an acre" (p. 125).

"From the canal *Gattinara*, two and a half miles in length, 1,250 acres of meadow land are irrigated, with a volume of water 22½ cubic feet per second" (p. 136).

"Again, in the neighbourhood of the *Raggia Mora*, the price is £31 10s. per cubic foot per second, or £14 to £15 per acre" (p. 136).

"Other localities are mentioned at the following rates:—£42 per annum, or twenty shillings an acre (p. 148); 627½ cubic feet per second, irrigating 41,338·78 acres for rice crops, water meadows, and other products" (p. 140); and so on.

"The various charges for water at present are:—

Purchase in absolute property of one cubic foot per second .....	£291 10 0
Annual rent, in perpetuity, of one foot continued discharge, summer and winter.....	13 5 0
Ditto one cubic foot for summer irrigation ...	12 10 0
Ditto taken from year to year .....	7 3 6
Ditto for winter irrigation .....	1 5 0
(p. 227); or, cost of irrigation per acre with water purchased or rented in perpetuity .....	0 4 3
Ditto temporal .....	0 4 0
Ditto for Marcite or winter meadows at the rate of 1·66 acres per cubic foot .....	0 17 0

"The rates thus shown for summer irrigation, of permanent or temporary meadows, rice lands, &c., are extremely moderate and favourable to the cultivators. The *Marcite*, or winter meadows, are an exceptional kind of cultivation, but as they give ordinarily three crops during the winter, in the neighbourhood of Milan, a cutting every forty or forty-five days, they can bear easily the higher price of water shown here" (p. 228).

"The excess of rent due to irrigation is estimated at twelve shillings per acre" (p. 117).

"On the *Caluso*, water costs three shillings per acre" (p. 118).

"The canal of *Ivrea* gives to the State a net income of £4,420; what the capital invested in the canal was, I was unable to discover;

but I was informed that no canals in Piedmont returned more than 4 per cent. on the money sunk in their construction. As the area of irrigation from the canal of *Ivrea* amounts to 30,000 acres, the indirect returns from increase of rent, within the district under its influence, may be estimated at about £18,000 per annum" (p. 127).

"The *Cigliano* net income to Government, £5,205; indirect benefit, £20,000 (p. 129). The price of water on this canal, as on the *Ivrea*, eight shillings per acre; for rice land, ten to sixteen (p. 129). Total quantity of water utilised throughout Piedmont, 8290·54 cubic feet per second; addition to the rental approximates to £290,000 per annum; rental, only £25,000" (p. 158).

"From the two latter outlets (taxed and let) Government derives three shillings per acre,—about twenty times less than its value" (p. 254).

It will appear very evident that the data which the above extracts furnish us are very unsatisfactory; and although the author's main object was to examine the engineering works as well as the system of regulating distribution, guarding against abuses, the mode of collecting the revenue, and of effecting the annual repairs, we find him every now and then expressing his regret that he could not ascertain, with anything like accuracy, what the actual capital sunk in the different works amounted to, or what the relative cost of water for different crops really was.

Most of the canals having been built, as much, if not more, with a view to navigation, and many of them producing a revenue from that source, as well as from numerous mills of various descriptions, which latter abound wherever a sufficient fall can be obtained, the question as to actual cost for irrigation purposes only becomes still more complicated.

The profit derived by Government is no criterion whatever. The canal of Pavia does not appear to bring in two per cent.,—and although it is next to impossible to ascertain what the capital invested really is, because it has been expended during the course of ages, and because large grants have from time to time been made to private families,—still our author, who never makes any vague guesses, estimates that the greatest net income does not exceed 4 per cent. At page 127, as above quoted, say £4000 is the interest at 4 per cent., £18,000 must amount to 18 per cent.; which, added to 4 per cent., would make the direct benefit to the country 22 per cent.; and this in a country where land costs about £50 per acre, and does not let, unirrigated, for more than £2, or 4 per cent. on the capital invested.

The question which we are most interested in can only be answered in a superficial manner,—I mean, what it would actually cost per acre to establish a system of canals, derived



from our more or less permanent rivers; but from what we read here, and from what is stated further on, when speaking of irrigation in India, with all the drawbacks and some disadvantages, it cannot but be important to investigate, through the agency of men of science and leisure, aided by men of practical experience, in how far a system, which in its results has produced so great a revolution in Italy, could be partially introduced into our colony.

I have said that railroads are not to be compared to the effects of irrigation; and I believe, if profits only are to be taken into consideration, it will be found that, valuable to a nation as the introduction of railways is, as mere speculations, they have not, on the whole, been directly profitable to those engaged in them.

If the Government in Italy derives even two per cent. on the outlay, by letting water for the irrigation of meadow and rice land, at say 5s. an acre, it would bring in eight per cent. to let the same quantity at the rate of 20s.; and if such crops as we want irrigation most for require one fourth the quantity of water, it follows that 5s. an acre would pay both seller and purchaser very well indeed; for there is no doubt that on the same land, I do not even mean of the best description, it is a very moderate calculation when we say that, instead of £5 sterling worth of wheat per acre, you could raise double that value; which, after deducting cost of additional manual labour in irrigating, would amply pay the water rent. But I admit these are not the calculations that rational men should commence to work upon, although I contend there is inducement enough in what we have read to prompt us to preliminary examination and inquiry as to detail.

#### VIII.—*Marcite*.

“The *Marcite* or winter meadows of Northern Italy, restricted to the plains of Lombardy and Piedmont; twice a year they are abundantly manured, as much of the *humus* is carried off by the irrigation; as a rule, five crops of grass are obtained during the year. Net value of an acre of *Marcite* £6 (p. 38). It is supposed that the manure of three pigs suffice for an acre of *Marcite* (vol. 2, p. 95). The quantity of water for *Marcite* enormous, one cubic foot for  $3\frac{1}{2}$  acres only” (p. 96).

“It appears that over this area (one acre), there passes in twenty-four hours, the enormous mass of 86,400 cubic feet, or nearly 390 tons, or 14,400 gallons of water (p. 7). In five cuttings, total per acre during the year, 477·75 cwt., or nearly 24 tons of grass (p. 98). Those near Milan give twice that quantity, (being more richly manured), or even three times, on extraordinary

occasions. Of the ordinary Marcite meadows it is considered that 35 acres supply grass and hay sufficient for the maintenance, during the year, of 50 cows, stall-fed" (p. 98)

I shall give no further extracts on this subject, as they are not likely to interest the Cape agriculturist much; yet as these are *winter* meadows, and the water is used when we are supposed not to require it for other crops, a Cape farmer living near a town or large village, might like to know that fifty fatherland cows could be kept in good condition, stall-fed, from 17 morgen of land! Indeed, the more I consider that we require irrigation for wheat, and other cereals, from May to October,—for leguminous crops, Indian corn, vines, fruit trees, &c., between November and March, the more I am convinced that water stopped on its way to the ocean must be serviceable at all times. Who knows but the superabundant supply of our winter months, after irrigating the wheat, barley, and oats, may partly be used for meadow land. Butter has not been so cheap here, for some years past, as it is in Italy; and if this breakwater succeeds, we shall want fresh butter for the supply of the enormous additional quantity of shipping.

My principal reason, however, for introducing the subject of *Marcite meadows* was to show how difficult it is to make a comparative calculation of the quantity of water required for each separate vegetable variety cultivated, as the land in Italy appears to be laid down in different descriptions of crops, and the water is paid for at so much per cubic inch.

#### IX.—*Laws affecting Irrigation (Vol. 2).*

"The unwritten laws of irrigation in the region (Milan) are, therefore, considered to be fragments of the Roman jurisprudence and which have survived, by right of their utility and adaptation to the wants of the people (p. 118). These principles are briefly these:—

1. Right of passage.
2. Its limitation to lines of least inconvenience.
3. Payment for the land occupied, one quarter in excess of its value.
4. Compensation for damages limited to twice the value of the damaged property."
5. Obligation to maintain the works.
6. Obligation to maintain the channel free" (p. 120).

"During the reign of Maria Theresa, great improvements were effected; proprietors irrigating from the different canals and rivers were formed into associations, with power to elect representatives, to whom the internal management of the works was committed" (p. 129).

“The right of passage was held from the beginning to be a simple servitude (*servitu*)” (p. 149).

“I have had under my observation, Count Cavour remarks, an example of the abuses which Article 560 of the new code is designed to prevent. In 1832 the Marquis de St. G——, farmer of the canals of the Vercellese, having quarrelled with his neighbour, the Marquis Pal——, persisted, during eight consecutive years, in throwing into the river Po, two *ruote* (about 24 cubic feet per second) of water, for which the Marquis Pal—— offered to pay him 12,000 francs a year. To satisfy a personal antipathy, M. de St. G—— consented to sacrifice nearly £4000, causing at the same time a loss to the agriculture of his country, of triple this amount at least. The new code puts an end to a state of things so deplorable. It required, however, a decision of the senate of Turin, based on Article 560 of the new code, to compel the Marquis de St. G—— to have his revenue increased by £500 a year.”

“I think few will dissent from M. de Cavour’s conclusion, ‘for if it is ever necessary that a man should not have full power to do what he likes with his own, or that the duties of property shall be enforced equally with its rights, surely it is when the very sources of agriculture are concerned’” (p. 258).

“I believe that stealing water should be stamped as much a felonious act as stealing money” (p. 353).

I warned the reader that I should not have much to say on the laws of irrigation. We have *Dunnups* and other lawyer critics among the contributors to “the Monthly,” and I own I stand in awe of them; or I should talk of the state of our legislation concerning rights of water, and enlarge upon the text at page 353. One thing is certain, however, that nothing can be more dangerous than hasty legislation on such matters as right of water. Then again, I have myself come round very much to the opinion that, if experience has shown that in Italy, during ages, different communes could force each other to keep their watercourses in proper order, as, in 1764, even *Austria* and *Venice* managed to do, it may be possible to work a similar system with regard to divisional roads, in which several districts may have interests of various degrees. But I am on dangerous ground—I am verging on a branch of our colonial politics.

#### X.—*Indian and Italian Irrigation compared.*

“In Northern India, 1s. 8d. is the cost of water (p. 118) They (the Italians) are under the impression that the *Muzza* is the largest canal in existence. That west of the *Jumma* has a volume equal to the *Muzza*, a length ten times greater, area of irrigation five times that of the *Muzza*; it gives rental, instead of £1400, £30,000. Of the *Ganges* canal the volume is *thrice* that of the

*Muzza*, area of irrigation *eight times*, its length *thirty times*, its estimated annual income *one hundred times* greater (p. 257). The grand Ganges canal volume twenty times that of *Caluso*, half its cost per mile; the western Jumma eight times the volume, 1s. 8d. the cost per mile; the eastern Jumma twice the volume, the cost 1s. 3d." (p. 115).

"The entire cost of the works west of the Jumma, up to the present time, amounts only to £119,474; so that the returns of the year 1837—1838, in land and water rent, have covered the whole expenditure, leaving a surplus of nearly £26,800" (p. 320).

"£1,500,000 was saved in agricultural produce by the canals in the district of Delhi, of which one tenth, £150,000, was paid to Government" (p. 319).

"As regards the cost of these works, a general rate of about 7d. per acre, per annum, covers all expenses of maintaining the lines; while it is found that their original construction has been effected at a cost, to the proprietors, of five shillings per acre. The Milanese, therefore, pays back sixty times more for his minor works of irrigation, than his Indian brother of the Doab" (p. 339).

"Hence the total increase of the produce would amount to £1,500,000 per annum, a sum nearly equal to the total capital invested in the canal (p. 382). It has been shown that it will add to the revenue of the Government a sum of £350,000 per annum,—that it will protect from the risk of famine a tract of country containing upwards of 11,000,000 of acres, inhabited by nearly 6½ millions of souls,—and paying to the State an annual land revenue of nearly £1,800,000" (p. 384).

Speaking of tanks in *Ajmeen*, and describing, at length, the best means of forming embankments for these tanks or *dams* (as we call them here), we read at p. 418:—

"By closing this narrow gap with a strong barrier of masonry and earth, a beautiful lake has been formed, securing 250 acres of cultivation, giving food and occupation to 59 families, and amply repaying the State's outlay (p. 418). In this manner, by a system of tanks, connected by successive weirs, a sheet of cultivation, of varying breadth, has been carried, in one instance, for an unbroken distance of 26 miles" (p. 420).

I have, in a previous section, had occasion to call attention to the assertion, that the works in India cost one tenth of what they do in Italy, and here we find it calculated that for the canals of a certain class, they pay sixty times as much in Italy as they do in India. I confess, however, that it is most difficult to arrive at anything like a rule for our own guidance from the facts as to profit and loss brought forward in the work before us. The enormous profits on the undertakings, as given in the above extracts, would be incredible, if they did not come from a man like the author, who as far as

we can see, though sanguine, never goes beyond the bounds of probability, in his figures. If, therefore, we take one fourth of what he states as the real sums cleared, the profits are still astonishing. I find the average of profits to the Government, on these Indian canals, put down at from 20 to 25 per cent., in some cases as high as 36 per cent., but in this calculation enters the enhanced value of landrent. However, if we suppose that the profit to the cultivator is double that which is derived by the Government, the amount of gross saving would nearly come to the enormous sums above calculated.

The tanks mentioned in p. 420 present many features most interesting to our Cape agriculturists. I find that, by the expenditure of capital to the amount of £2 per acre, ample irrigation is secured, and barren jungles made to produce abundant crops. Now, if we could obtain sufficient water for irrigation on good ground here, £4 additional per morgen would be a trifle, compared to what the land could be made to produce.

In concluding these extracts and notes, I feel somewhat dissatisfied with the manner in which I have performed my task. I am sure that, with more leisure and more time for practical experiments, or more experience on an irrigating farm in the colony, I could have offered a much more interesting article. I trust, notwithstanding, that in bestowing the little spare time I had, on the consideration of this subject,—and in endeavouring, by the inducement of an abbreviation of Capt. Smith's work, to draw attention to the whole question,—I may ultimately find that my labour has not been quite in vain. My object was, to make our Government, our Legislature, our engineers and land surveyors, landed proprietors, merchants, and others, ponder over the question—Whether anything can be done by the Government, or by public companies, to introduce irrigation on a comparatively extensive scale into our colony?

Afraid lest I should extend this paper to a greater length than I had any right to,—I denied myself the pleasure of expatiating on the history of irrigation in other countries, and, among the rest, merely mentioned Ceylon; but, since commencing these pages, I have received a copy of the *Athenæum*, of Nov. 29, 1856, and found the temptation to make the following extract too strong to overcome: with it I shall conclude this. From a general minute by Governor Sir H. G. Ward, read before the Asiatic Society, Nov. 15:—“The *Padiivil Colum* (tank), the most gigantic work of all, the bank of which is 11 miles long and 70 feet high, 30 feet broad at the summit, and 180 at the base. This tank was



constructed in the 62nd year of the Christian era." And again: "Capt. Simins' report on the tank was annexed, from which it appears that it presents an area of 15 square miles in the rainy season."

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## ART AT THE CAPE.

BY AN ARTIST.

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"Art is the blossom of man's mind, as virtue is the fruit."—MRS. JAMESON.

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It is asserted by Goethe that "man cannot live without art." The truth of this aphorism is self-evident, at least to those who reflect on these matters, and in proof of it we need not go beyond our own homes. In the drawing-room, library, even the kitchen, on every pitcher, basin, cup, or dish, art has, more or less, contributed to our gratification; even the common willow pattern, wretched as it is, exhibits its influence. But a better day for crockery art is coming, nay, it has even come. The pottery furnishes articles, for ordinary use, possessing beauty of form, with ornament based upon the beautiful in Nature, and enriched by harmonious colours.

A great, but silent revolution has been stealing over us, in the production and reproduction of works of art, or rather in works bearing the impress of art, for some time past. In fact, the whole tendency of modern invention is, to facilitate the multiplication of copies, and accuracy in copying. These inventions and discoveries have wrought a wondrous change on the tastes and habits of the people in their power of appreciating works of art; carving by machinery, the reproduction of the works of the most celebrated ancient and modern sculptors, in Parian, porcelain, bronze, or plaster of Paris,—busts of popular characters in the same materials are largely purchased,—each and all being suggestive of thought, supplying the place of—

"The broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,  
Placed o'er the chimney, glistened in a row."

Lithography and steel engraving have produced still more marked and happy results. We all must recollect the paltry engravings, detestably coloured, such as now-a-days would suit the taste of Macomo, Panda, or the aborigines of Kamtschatka. In Goldsmith's day, the rural cottage decorations were "The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose." These have happily been cast aside by the improvement of public taste.

That which has, in this colony, most contributed to the improvement of our taste, is traceable to the extension of the operations of the Art-Unions of London and Glasgow, the Illustrated London News, and, foremost, the Art Journal,—all of which have met with a large share of public patronage. The engravings distributed to the subscribers to the Art-Unions, together with paintings, bronzes, statuettes, medals, vases, &c., as prizes, bearing as they do the impress of genius, create a feeling for the good and beautiful :

“ A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.”

The Illustrated London News records in the languages of form and words, incidents, important and interesting, that daily occur in every part of the world :

“ The pencil speaks the language of every nation.”

The Art-Journal, as an art-educator, stands pre-eminent. Since its establishment, in 1839, its value has been great, and steadily increasing as a medium through which art was advocated, by its able articles, and the excellent engravings in wood and line, which so profusely illustrate its pages. Besides this, it has furnished us with first-class engravings from the pictures bequeathed to the British nation by the late Mr. Vernon, accompanied by criticisms, and, in most instances, the history of the work, and the circumstances under which the picture was commissioned. Of the value of this series of engravings the writer of this can speak with confidence, as through them he became so thoroughly acquainted with all the subjects comprised in this interesting collection, that on his visit to that gallery in 1854, he found himself fully prepared to enjoy, in the highest degree, this noble gathering of modern art.

The pictures in the Royal Collection are now in the course of publication, and will be followed by those extraordinary works of the late J. M. W. Turner, whose powers, as a painter of landscapes, have been so much questioned, although, in my humble opinion, he was the greatest painter of this or any other age or country, and we certainly owe Mr. Ruskin much for having, at least in a considerable degree, established his fame.

It would be interesting to trace the history of a people from barbarism to artistic refinement,—but this is not my object. It may, however, be as well to take a retrospective view of art, at the time when the Royal Academy of London was first established, now nearly a century since.

In the first discourse on painting delivered at the Royal Academy by the President, Sir Joshua Reynolds, he said :

"There are at this time a greater number of excellent artists than were ever known before, at one period in this nation. There is a general desire among our nobility, to be distinguished as lovers and judges of art. There is a greater superfluity of wealth among the people to reward the professors; and above all, we are patronised by a monarch, who, knowing the value of science and of elegance, thinks every art worthy of his notice, that tends to soften and humanize the mind." All that was anticipated in this handsome eulogium was not, however, realised. Hogarth (whose name requires no panegyric) was compelled to dispose of his pictures by raffle, and poor Richard Wilson (the father of English landscape painting) was obliged to retire into Wales, from its affording cheaper living. It is only a few years since that the committee of the British Institution purchased a painting, by Gainsborough, for 1100 guineas, and placed it in the National Gallery,—and yet, this very subject hung for years in the painter's studio, seeking a purchaser, though the price was only 50 guineas.

It is amusing to find Dr. Johnson so insensible to the claims of art upon the public, as to write to his friend Barelli thus: "They" (meaning the artists) "please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise in reputation. This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists, and lovers of art." And then he adds, "Surely, life, if it be not too long, is tedious, since we are forced to call in the assistance of so many trifles to rid us of our time,—of that time which will never return." This was written with reference to the first Exhibition of Modern Art, held on the 21st April, 1760. Could this learned man have foreseen the large income derivable from exhibitions of art, the great trade which since then has arisen in the sale of prints,\* the enormous sums paid for copyrights, the numerous persons engaged in the occupation of print-selling, frame-making, the preparation of drawing materials, printing, the rise and progress of art-unions, and, above all, the humanizing influence of art upon society,—he would not have committed to paper an opinion so absurd and ungenerous. Johnson was not, however, at all singular at that time in entertaining a contemptuous idea of the value of art,—for the Dean of Gloucester, Dr. Tucker, observed to Reynolds, that a pin-maker was a more useful and valuable member of society than Raphael. "That," replied Sir

\* It was stated by a high authority, some years since, that upwards of £20,000 had been expended in the purchase of engraved portraits of Her Majesty, since her accession to the throne.

Joshua, "is an observation of a very narrow mind, a mind that is confined to the mere object of commerce, that sees with a microscopic eye but a small part of the great machine of the economy of life, and imagines that small part he sees to be the whole. Commerce is the means, not the end, of happiness or pleasure; the end is a rational enjoyment by means of arts and sciences." When Dr. Johnson became acquainted and intimate with Reynolds, he was induced to change his opinion, and to esteem highly the talents of Sir Joshua, as well as to admire the art he professed, and made amend for his former aspersions, by writing the preface to the catalogue of the exhibition of 1762.

To trace art from that period to the present time, would lengthen this article beyond all reasonable limits. It must, however, be admitted that, even to this day, there remains much to be hoped for, from the almost total want of knowledge of the essentials of fine art, in spite of all that has been done to improve the public taste. Upon no subject of general interest is so much nonsense either spoken or written; nor do we experience the least hesitation in many persons in giving their unqualified opinion on the matter, be it ever so intricate. The almost universal ignorance that exists, subjects the declaimer to little chance of an exposure of his ignorance. There are those, even here, that have to be delivered from the conceit of a superficial knowledge, and the glib use of technical terms.

I now proceed to consider art at the Cape,—painting, sculpture, and architecture. The last is soon disposed of, as, in this colony, and indeed in all new settlements, no architectural antiquities are to be met with, and our public buildings are not remarkable specimens of that branch of art; although, since the arrival of the Bishop of Cape Town, a decided improvement in ecclesiastical architecture is manifest. The churches of St. Paul, Rondebosch, St. Saviour's, Claremont, or St. John's, Cape Town, as well as others in various parts of the colony, are such as must be pleasing to any man of taste. The style is early English, and the material of which they are built is stone. I believe that the members of the Independent church in Cape Town have decided upon the erection of a remarkably tasteful building in the same style of architecture with a spire of the height of 125 feet.

Of sculpture we have many fine examples from the hand of one of whom but little is known. Although he lived within the last half-century, yet it is difficult, if not impossible, to obtain any information regarding his history, and there is always considerable disappointment arising from the

impossibility of collecting information concerning men whose works are their only monuments; and it is a thankless attempt, as well, when the existing inhabitants think so little about the past greatness of those who sighed out their toilsome days and restless nights in their scantily furnished and comfortless dwellings. Such was the fate of Arneith, the designer and carver of the pulpits in the Dutch Reformed and Lutheran churches in Cape Town, of some of the finest specimens of ornamental carving, scarcely inferior to those of Grimburg Gibbons, as well as some splendid bas-reliefs. Some of these are deserving of especial mention; a bacchanalian scene over the entrance to the wine store of Mr. Cloete, at Constantia, and many others by this accomplished artist. However, I am credibly informed that he managed with difficulty to live, though temperate and frugal in his habits, and wrought incessantly with peneil, chisel, or modelling tools.

In the old Dutch cemetery there is a tomb, an early work of the late Sir Francis Chantrey erected to the memory of the wife of F. Warden, Esquire, chief secretary to the Bengal Government, who died here in 1814. It is of white marble, elegantly designed, and enriched by some ornamental carving of great beauty, besides, having in bas-relief, the portrait of the deceased.

Of paintings we have reason to be proud. The exhibitions of fine art held in Cape Town, in 1851 and 1852, brought together an amount of art treasure that surprised every one. There were amongst the collection, pictures by the two presidents of the royal academy, Sir Thomas Lawrence and Sir Martin Shee; many admirable portraits by Sir Watson Gordon, a small work by Gainsborough, portraits by J. Jackson and Phillips, and a landscape by Sir Augustus Callcot. Of living artists, we had fine specimens of Harding, Downing, T. C. Dibden, Robins, Stephanhoff, R. P. Noble, Kendrick, Carnichael, Naysmith, and Kidd; and some of the beautiful miniatures by Kenneth Mailey, of Edinburgh, whose works many think surpass those of Sir Wm. Ross, or Thornburn. Of the old masters, we rejoice in a good specimen of Vandyke, the property of the Public Library, and some by Sir Godfrey Kneller. There are also two valuable pictures belonging to the Dutch Reformed Church, in the lumber-room over the Sexton's house in Adderley-street: Christ healing the Sick, by Nicolas Poussin, and Dead Game, by Snyders. These are pictures of great value; and for the credit of all concerned, they ought at once to be rescued from their present hazardous position.

I had almost forgotten to mention the portrait of Van



Riebeeck in the Town Hall. The artist's name is, I believe, not known; it is, however, a very good picture, but the colours have so sunk into the background, that it is hardly possible to make out the lower part of the figure. A copy of this interesting picture should be secured, before it is entirely lost. In the Commercial Rooms there is a life-size, full-length portrait of the late Sir Lowry Cole, placed there by the public, as a mark of their approbation of his government of this colony. It was painted by Wm. Dyce, R.A., and is an excellent specimen of this very popular and talented artist. He is brother to Dr. Dyce, who for many years resided in this colony.

It may be matter of surprise to many that art, independent of higher sentiment, is, as it were, intruding upon us here. The fact is, a taste for it is inherent in man, so that after the first years of colonial struggle are over, he begins to feel that the walls of his house are bare, that they require some adornment; that it would afford himself and family pleasure if this deficiency were supplied. He therefore determines to fill up this vacuum he feels in his mind, by purchasing paintings or engravings, which, if valuable, are to be obtained here much cheaper than in Europe.

It is impossible that art can be understood and appreciated, unless a knowledge of it be acquired,—the first step towards which is to study its principles progressively, so that theory and practice advance side by side. This is the only course for the student who wishes to climb the ladder of knowledge, and that, too, by successive steps from the base.

For achieving real progress in art instruction, little dependence should be placed on the common, but absurd practice of blindly copying the works of others, however excellent they may be. The copying of drawings is a sheer waste of time, unless at the same the student receive instruction in the principles of art, as well as in the manipulation of the materials. Copying a picture makes no call on the intellectual faculties; it merges only in imitation. The truth seems to be forgotten, or but little understood, that to instruct the eye, to cultivate the powers of vision, through the medium of observation and reflection, is the proper object of education in art.

Even yet our skies and scenery wait the artist who can—

“Hold the mirror up to nature;”

our beautiful mountain ranges, magnificent wooded valleys, the foliage of which is varied in the highest degree of form and colour,—from the rich brown red, through orange and yellow, into the most tender green. The mellow amber tints

of the morning, the rich golden and yellow hues of the evening, blending as they do with the pure azure overhead, produce those extraordinary rich skies, to which those who inhabit northern latitudes are utter strangers; the clear atmosphere throughout the day, more especially in the winter, is so pure and serene, that the eye is absorbed, as it were, in the azure of the extreme distance. Our foregrounds furnish all that can be desired,—masses of rock, herbage, and foliage; miles covered with the most beautiful ornamental shrubs and flowers. All this, and much more, is to be wooed and won by some future Salvator Rosa or Turner. In no part of the world can the artist meet with finer scenery than that on our coast from Camp's Bay to Cape Point, or that to be met with in Table Valley, Rondebosch, Wynberg, Protea, or Newlands.

Some writer has said that "A traveller's best and most interesting journal is a well-filled sketch-book." And who can question it? since the pencil places before us features, miles asunder, in a language which leaps the barrier of every tongue, and speaks what is intelligible to all. What a fine subject for canvas is here presented, in the following stanza, by our poet, Pringle—

"The sultry summer's noon is past,  
And mellow evening comes at last,  
With a faint and languid breeze,  
Fanning the mimosa trees."

And who could read this with more pleasing sensations than the painter of our own scenery?

## A DISSERTATION ON MILLERS' DAUGHTERS.

It is one of the weaknesses of man, worried it might be supposed with proper and more important matters of his own, to waste time and many an hour of his brief life, in the discussion of subjects unproductive of either rational instruction or real amusement.

To your true philosopher, what does it boot whether Boothia Felix be an island or a peninsula. Who cares whether it was Sandracotus Torus, or Ram Jow Jam who built the Kuttub Minnar? Who is made happier by learning that a new species has been added to the family of cheese mites or blow flies? Yet pamphlets, yea books, illustrated with pictures, have been written with the blackest compound of stern iron and bitter gall on these subjects. Away with such idle trifles—such acrimonious triflers. "The proper study of

mankind is man ;" aye, and woman too. On such an investigation, thought and labour may be well bestowed. But do not mistake me. Much as I doat upon the languishing blue or sparkling black eyes of my love (for the time being), I should be bored to death with a mere ethnographical essay upon the causes which make Julia a brunette, or Emily a blonde. Trojan or Tyrian, either is dear to me,—while I care not a fig for the darling's granddam. Yet are there some studies worthy of encouragement. I am not utterly incurious of investigation, on causes or pursuits which tend to important modifications in the human form divine, or to elicit dormant peculiarities.

To speak candidly, I have myself pursued researches into some of these abstruse subjects, not altogether without success. Many apparent inconsistencies have I reconciled to my own satisfaction, and cause and effect have I often followed to their source. Others, again, I am by no means confident that I have solved; while a third class have wholly defied my poor abilities. As an example of the first class, I may mention the well-known fact that no Scotchman—though ever talking patriotically of Auld Reekie—ever cares to return to his "own romantic town." Among the second class or doubtful questions which have much puzzled me, is the snobbish respect paid to that defunct coin, the guinea. There is not a gent but considers it "more genteel" to subscribe his "guinea" instead of his pound. And the world supports the imposition. In subscription lists, Mr. John Smith subscribes £1, but Jno. Smyth, Esq., is sure to be down for £1 1s.; and the fashionable physician, and Mr. Briefless, would equally reject the piece of "braid red goold," if not accompanied by the humble and unsplendid shilling. The third or insoluble class of problems, involve much that is worthy of grave consideration. Why? has been asked—and I reiterate the much vexed query—Why do dustmen and coal-heavers persist in wearing corduroy knee-breeches? No one knows. No one ever will know. It is one of those historic mysteries which must lie for ever in the dark, like the pedigree of Manco Capac, or the purport of the hieroglyphics which are said to have once covered the exterior of the pyramids. I could enumerate a series of these psychological, physiological, and conventional problems and peculiarities, as unaccounted for as unaccountable,—but a tall folio would not suffice for the briefest lucubration. Amongst the many well-established, indisputable facts which have attracted my attention is that which forms the topic of this inquiry. Why are millers' daughters always good-

looking? Just and impartial reader! lay down this book—pass in review, before your mind's eye, all the daughters of the hopper whom it has been your good hap to know, and tell me whether I speak not truly. If the fact has not occurred to you before, go on your way rejoicing, for a new light hath been cast upon you. The fact is, indeed, certain, but the reason,—aye, there's the rub,—the reason, like the Play, is “the thing.” And it is the more surprising, when we consider the nature and character of the paternal grindstone whence these lovely flowers spring, (the paronomasia, as Johnson would say, is accidental)—the miller himself—owns but a scurvy reputation on this earth. Miller and rogue are, in the language of man, convertible terms. The miller's toll is a bottomless pit; and his unconscionable thumb is supposed to gather, in the long run, more than was ever grasped by the five digitals, and palm to boot, of attorney. Ali Baba and his forty thieves are as dust in the balance to the Miller and his Men. “If thou be’est a miller,” said sturdy Gurth to that worthy member of Locksley's fraternity, “thou art doubly a thief!” And, verily, the world has endorsed the sentiment.

It is wonderful how public opinion, local proverbs, and ballad literature—that true exponent of the feelings of the people—combine against the man of flour. I doubt much whether Sir John Cockle, of Mansfield, Knight, is not the only miller of whom honourable mention is made. In proportion, however, as the miller is befouled in every ballad, play, and tale, his fair progeny—bright as the jewel extracted from the toad's head—is exalted above women, forms the burden of many an elegiac and jovial rhyme, and the heroine of many a narrative. The poet—from him crowned with laurel, down to the Grub-street bard who purveys irregular lines to the unsweet warblers of the pavement—delighteth to chant the fame of the Farinaeous Beauty, the Fair one with Powdered Locks—to laud her triumphs—to weep her mishaps. The sentimental songster, the student of Diprose and Catnach, wrings our hearts as he wails the untoward doom of the “Miller's lovely daughter,” who, whilom flourished on the “Banks of Allanwater.” The Maid of the Mill still sucks her full, like a leech, at the sympathies of a “British audience.” Was not the gallant cavalier, the accomplished euphuist, Sir Piercy Shafton, smitten to the heart, albeit fenced with velvet doublet and shirt of finest holland, by the dashing Mysie Happer? Hath not the present laureate—the vinous swan who swims in the annual butt of sherry—plucked his best quill wherewith to indite one of the sweetest

contributions to the all-conquering charms of "the subject of all verse?"

"It is the miller's daughter,  
And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
That I would be the jewel  
That trembles at her ear:  
For hid in ringlets day and night,  
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
About her dainty dainty waist,  
And her heart would beat against me,  
In sorrow and in rest:  
And I should know if it beat right,  
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
And all day long to fall and rise  
Upon her balmy bosom,  
With her laughter or her sighs:  
And I would lie so light, so light,  
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

But why multiply proofs—proofs not needed; for I might as well produce an analysis from Apothecaries' Hall to prove that vinegar is sour, or that cocculus indicus is poisonous, as call for further proofs of the undisputed fact that the flour of womankind is the miller's daughter, and that the rest are but "seconds, pollard, and bran." I wish to discover the causes of the fact itself. I confess no satisfactory solution presents itself to my mind—but many difficulties. For example, it by no means follows that the baker's daughter is included in the same category as one might, at first thought, not unnaturally suppose. I have been unable to find a single authority in favour of the baker's daughter, which the more surprises me, considering the medium of connection between them. Ophelia, indeed, affirms, with reference to public opinion in the kingdom of Denmark, that "they say the owl was a baker's daughter." But as the condition of mind of Ophelia was, at the moment she gave vent to this opinion, the reverse of sane, and the state of Denmark itself confessedly somewhat rotten, I should be sorry if any reader should rely on a mere assertion—the result, perhaps, of some private jealousy—so derogatory to the damsels—fresh as the loaves they dispense.

Beset on all sides by inconsistencies and perplexities, I have abandoned all attempts to trace the connection between the beauty of the miller's daughter, and the trade of her father. Some ingenious and observant reader may, happily, have his attention turned to the subject by the perusal of these observations, and clear the mysterious fact. Him shall the plaudits of man reward. Him shall Ceres and Venus crown with a garland of verdant myrtle, twined with golden-eared wheat.



## AN APPEAL TO SOUTH AFRICAN COLONISTS.

Brothers ! let's be up and doing,  
 For a mighty work is ours ;  
 Let us ever be renewing  
 All our efforts and our powers,  
 To extend our nation's name,  
 To advance her freedom's fame.

Not the fame of spurious glory,  
 Not the warrior's pomp and pride ;  
 'These grace but historic story,  
 Have no genuine worth beside.  
 No ! for such we've small desire,  
 'Tis for objects nobler, higher.

Look around, what blessings greet us,  
 Nature smiles on every hand ;  
 See how oft her bounties meet us  
 Thro' this long neglected land :  
 Ours the task then to restore,—  
 Afric' must recede no more.

Brothers ! let us not complain  
 That our progress is but slow,  
 Every nation has the same  
 Infancy to undergo :  
 Soon South Africa shall rise ;  
 See, her evil genius dies !

See the demon—Devastation,  
 By dread Nemesis sent forth,  
 Sweep with famine all the nation,  
 Scourge of our once helpless north.  
 Brothers ! see our foes expire,  
 On their retributive pyre.

Soon the world our prospects knowing,—  
 Would that they were felt before,—  
 Shall a stream of life, e'erflowing,  
 Pour on our rejoicing shore ;  
 And the country then shall be  
 Sealed with sure prosperity.

Let us cease all social striving,  
 Let us hand in hand unite,  
 Let us prove that we are living,  
 For the cause of truth and right.  
 Brothers ! raise our standard high,  
 Let our banner greet the sky.

'Tis the flag of sacred freedom ;  
 Liberty dwells mid the folds,  
 Peace and Justice rally round it,  
 Wisdom, too, its cause upholds.  
 If of these we be possest,  
 Then our country shall be blest.

Let us pour the stream of knowledge,  
 Into every house and home,—  
 Opening wide the School and College,  
 Bid our younger brethren come :  
 Shew our sons where they may find,  
 All the treasures of the mind.

Yes, our path is plain before us,  
 We must follow it aright ;  
 View ourselves as 't were explorers,  
 Mid uncivilised night.  
 Brothers ! forward, never pause  
 In this great, this noble cause.

D' Urban.

J.

## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

WE may remark, without any imputation of having departed from our original intention of refraining from introducing politics into this periodical, that the commercial interests of the colony are receiving careful, early, and business-like attention at the hands of the Parliament, and we hope to see the three great measures, Railroads, Immigration, and Harbour Improvements, not only discussed, but satisfactorily disposed of, during the present Session. A bill has been introduced, for levying wharfage dues on goods landed and shipped at Port Elizabeth, in which, with the exception of wool, the tariff is based entirely on an *ad valorem* scale. When the subject was before the Commercial Exchange of this city, great difference of opinion existed, whether wharfage should, in equity, be so computed, and no result was arrived at. Our friends at Algoa Bay have apparently come to their conclusion speedily; and yet, we may be sure, on good grounds.

There has been a steady trade doing during the month of April, although somewhat interfered with by the opening of Parliament and the Green Point races. We were glad to find that the Merchants' Purse had increased in weight since last meeting, as it is clearly their interest to encourage an improvement in the breed of horses, which have been for many years very profitable to exporters. The prices and terms offered by the East Indian Government for horses deliverable, and subject to approval, at the Presidencies, are not at the moment very tempting; but there is

still a good market with their officials, civil and military, who know the value of our horses. To Mauritius, a paying trade has been carried on.

In imports, we have to advise the arrival of about 1,600 tons coals from different ports. The consumption of this article is not very large,—the French Government Steamers having alone taken any quantity; the price has not transpired. The American ships, *Springbok* and *Quincy*, have brought us, among other articles from the United States, 2,300 barrels, and 200 half-barrels flour, and 2,500 bags oats; staves and lumber as usual. From Rio, 1,926 barrels, and 150 half barrels flour are also reported, whilst the Steamer *Clarendon* is said to have brought 1,000 to 1,100. Sales, we are informed, have been made @ 47s 6d., and upwards. We have only to announce the arrival of 300 bags of coffee from Rio. The few importations of this article lately, and other causes, have tended to render prices firmer, and we may expect an advance. By the *Labuan*, from Hongkong, 5,855 boxes, and 2,639 chests of tea have been received; but we have not heard of any sales. The news received from China, generally, give no hope of an immediate settlement of differences, so that prices here will probably be maintained. The British Government, by whomsoever administered, will have a difficulty in putting matters on a satisfactory footing with the Chinese, without making them imagine that we are the weak barbarians they are willing to believe.

From Mauritius we have one arrival, with 1,560 bags sugar, and 1,000 bags rice. The price of sugar on the island is excessively high, and may be said to be almost nominal, as there is but little of the crop left. It is reported that a great portion of the standing crop is sold; if so, the late advance here must be maintained, and will probably progress.

Our English news, per *Clarendon*, confirms the advance reported on cotton goods, iron, brandy, copper and brass-ware, and other articles suited for this market.

We quote imported articles as follows:—Brazil coffee, 62s. 6d. ₧ 100 lbs., moderate; Mauritius sugar, 30s. @ 36s. ₧ 100 lbs., moderate; white rice, 26s. ₧ bag, moderate; Caper tea (direct), 25s. @ 32s. ₧ 10 catty box, moderate; Caper tea (indirect), 28s. 6d. ₧ 10-catty box, moderate; coals (Cardiff), 47s. 6d. ₧ ton; brandy (Sazerac's), 18s. ₧ gallon, scarce; tobacco, 1s. 4d. ₧ lb.; gin, ₧ case of 15 flasks, 33s.

Advices from England are highly favourable to all exporters of produce. Wools sold at the commencement of the February series of sales had obtained an advance of 2d. ₧ lb., and the shipments from one of our western province merchants are said to have averaged 2s. ₧ lb.\* Cape wine is in good demand, and speculations are made already as to the probable vintage this year

\* It appears that the quantity of Cape wool offered for sale in February and March exceeds that from all the Australian colonies together.

in other countries. Shippers have the opportunity now, by careful preparation, to place this wine in such a position at home, as will ensure its consumption, even should the continental vines again yield their former quantity. Hides are in great request, the market being very bare, especially of Cape. Guano is quoted at £15. @ £17. ₣ ton, for Peruvian

Our principal exportable articles may be quoted thus:—Hides, 5½d. ₣ lb.; wine, £8 ₣ leaguer; gnano, £6 10s. ₣ ton; brandy, £21 10s. ₣ leaguer; wheat, 37s. 6d. ₣ muid; flour, 25s. 6d. @ 28s. 6d. ₣ 100 lbs.; oats, 16s. 6d. ₣ muid; barley, 19s. ₣ muid; meal, 37s. 6d. ₣ muid.

The freight market has declined since our last, and the rates ruling for London, for wool, are ¾d. @ ½d. ₣ lb.; wine, 20s. ₣ leaguer; copper ore, 20s. ₣ ton. Several chartered ships are on the berth here, and at Algoa Bay, and sailing ships do not know where to proceed for cargo. The wools from the western province are nearly all shipped, but exports from Port Elizabeth have been considerably delayed this season.

Money is easy, and local bills discountable. There are but few drafts on England in the market; the rate is about ½ ₣ cent. higher than when last quoted. The Commissariat has £50,000 specie per steamer *Clarendon*; private parties received per *Harbinger* about £6,000.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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MR. T. B. BAYLEY, IN REPLY TO MR. F. W. REITZ.

*To the Editors of the Cape Monthly Magazine.*

SIRS,—Apostolic assumptions come forth with a better grace when enforced by example as well as by precept. Mr. F. W. Reitz does not seem to recognise this axiom; at all events, he did not bear it in mind when he took me to task so strenuously in your last number. The tone of that discourse was strongly provocative of the “retort courteous,”—but from deference to your readers, and a desire to spare them the nuisance of witnessing that species of “*duello*” which Mr. Reitz says “can no longer be permitted,” but which he has himself, nevertheless, so unceremoniously commenced, I shall endeavour to avoid the contingency deprecated.

But in justice to myself, I must observe that Mr. Reitz has not quoted me fairly. The extracts from my paper of March on the Angora Goat, which he has separated from the context, and given in a distorted form, are denounced as bearing singly on the Swellendam Angora Goat Company. I confidently appeal to your readers if they are open to this charge.

My observations were general. I named various other public undertakings and associations, such as “Breakwaters, Halls of Science, Namaqualand Copper Mines,” &c., to which they would more or less apply, and gave my reasons briefly for coming to certain conclusions on the general issue. Beyond mentioning that the Goat Company had failed, and was “well-nigh forgotten,” (which I suppose will not be denied,) I made no particular allusion or reference to Swellendam; though if Mr. Reitz is very anxious to fit the cap on himself and company, I, for one, am not disposed to quarrel with his taste.

If any one has a right to feel aggrieved, it is I. Mr. Reitz has taken it upon himself to accuse me, personally, of motives which I never entertained, and of intentions which I entirely repudiate.

One great complaint urged against me by Mr. F. W. Reitz, is my having "kept back the claims of the Swellendam Agricultural Society to the gratitude of the public," with reference to the importation of the Angora Goat. Had I been aware that this Society was connected in any way with the Swellendam Angora Goat Company, I should assuredly have mentioned it; but that important fact, if it ever was known to me, had certainly quite escaped my memory. For all that I know to the contrary, I was myself then a member of the Swellendam Agricultural Society; and even had I ceased to be so, what possible motive could I have in keeping that patriotic institution from the full view of an admiring public.

The "claim of the Swellendam Agricultural Society, or Angora Goat Company"—or both combined—"upon the gratitude of the public," rests, according to Mr. F. W. Reitz, on the correspondence of that body with "Messrs. Southey and Hope (Acting Secretaries to Government), Lieut.-Governor Darling, the Duke of Newcastle and Sir J. Pakington (Colonial Ministers), and Prince Albert." We are informed also that along with "*these satisfactory and gratifying communications from the Government, the Swellendam Agricultural Society was honoured with a present from Prince Albert of several samples of Angora wool,*" and that "*the Consul-General at Constantinople generously admitted that the Secretary of the Swellendam Agricultural Society*" (that modest functionary, whose name the world should know, being Mr. F. W. Reitz himself) "*was correct,*" about something or other!

Well, if—in spite of all these excellent vouchers, and notwithstanding all the assistance given by the illustrious personages named—the Swellendam Goat Company proved, eventually, a failure, and the "great cry" produced "no wool," surely my hints regarding the "fatality" which has attended so many colonial corporate bodies of the same kind were not very wide of the mark.

With the cause or causes of the Swellendam failure I had nothing to do; in fact, I knew no more about the matter than what Mr. Mosenthal had told us in his paper of February last; and my suggestions respecting the impolicy of trusting to "lukewarm agencies abroad" had not, in the slightest degree, that personal application which Mr. Reitz evidently seeks to give them, by underscoring the words.

The "claim" of the Swellendam Agricultural Society, or Angora Goat Company, or both united, "on the gratitude of the public," rests, as far as we can see, on their *writings*. The "claim" of the Messrs. Mosenthal rests on their *acts*; or in other words, the Swellendam Company is entitled to praise for its attempts, and the Messrs. Mosenthal for their performances.

Both deserve credit; but the quantity assignable to each will hardly accord with Mr. Reitz's expectations; the fact being incontrovertible, that the difficulties which baffled the Swellendam Association were overcome by the Messrs. Mosenthal, and that the colony is indebted for the recent introduction of the Angora Goat to those gentlemen alone.

By personally visiting Asia Minor (*where the real difficulties of the affair only commenced*), and at no small risk, trouble, and expense, they secured,—and by such efforts alone could they have secured,—the animals required.

So much for this subject. There are other passages in Mr. Reitz's communication, which show that he is under some misconception regarding the working of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society; but as this is of no immediate consequence, I will not now venture to trespass further on your pages.

Yours faithfully,

April, 1857.

T. B. BAYLEY.

[The respected belligerents in this *duello* have both made their statements. The public will judge of the respective merits of the Swellendam Society and the Messrs. Mosenthal, and the correspondence on the subject will now be considered as closed.—EDS. C. M. M.]



## MR. LAYARD ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

To the Editors of the *Cape Monthly Magazine*.

South African Museum, April 29, 1857.

SIRS,—I eagerly avail myself of your kind offer, to make the *Cape Monthly Magazine* the medium whereby subscribers, and other frequenters of the S. A. Museum, can learn what is best worth looking at among the objects placed in that institution.

It would occupy too much of your space, and of my time, to attempt a description of those specimens which are *already* there. I shall, in consequence, only allude to them incidentally, and confine myself to such as may be newly exhibited during the month.

The most interesting donation of this month has, perhaps, been a collection of New Zealand and South Sea Islanders' Spears, and a New Zealand flax Mat, presented by Mr. J. R. Ross, who informs me that the latter he himself took from the shoulders of a friendly chief, called Tepuni, and that the former are ornamented with plaited women's hair. The feathers and other ornaments, of which the Maoris are very proud, have been unfortunately destroyed by moth and mice.

I am informed, on *excellent* authority, that these things are now becoming very rare; in fact, in a few years more, the flaxen mat of the savage will be entirely exchanged for a superfine suit from "Moses and Son."

These spears are a nice addition to the small group of similar weapons between the fourth and fifth windows in the lower room; and I would particularly direct the visitor's attention to the elaborately carved paddles, as examples of the patient industry of this savage race, whose most delicate tool was probably only a sharpened oyster-shell. The same group contains several curious featherless reed-arrows, used by the natives of New Caledonia for the purpose of shooting fish under water.

A Prayer-book, presented by ———, affords a curious illustration of the action of the waves upon paper and other bodies. It will be found in the miscellaneous case up stairs. It is supposed to have been lost in the *Kent*, which went ashore at Salt River last year. I know not how long it has been rescued from the water; it was quite dry when brought to the Museum, but from the manner it is rolled, and the edges worn, it must have been beating a considerable time amid the surf.

The huge mass of nearly pure native Iron, from Namaqualand, at the foot of the stairs, is exhibited by Mr. John Wild. I believe its ultimate destination is the British Museum; but I would far rather see it take up a position alongside its sister lump of Copper, presented by Messrs. Phillips & King, from the same locality. It weighs several hundred pounds.

In answer to numerous inquiries, I may inform your readers that the specimens procured by myself, in my late cruise in H.M.S. *Castor*, are now gradually filtering into their places.

A few birds have been mounted, and some of the gigantic *Achatina*, from the East Coast of Africa, will be found, for the present, in the unarranged shell-case in the lower room; but as soon as the sea shells, dredged by myself, or procured in exchange from Sir David Barclay and Mr. F. Robillard, of Mauritius, are mounted, the whole collection will be re-arranged and classed according to *genera*, and they will then be found in their proper place among the Land shells.

The living examples, which the colder climate of this country has spared, are now in the hot-house at the Botanical Gardens. Next summer they will be displayed under a wire cage.

While on this subject, I would also request permission to give one general answer to the numerous inquiries respecting the publication of an account of our cruise; and as you, Messrs. Editors, by your statement that you expected such an account at an early date, have raised these expectations, I hope you will allow me space for my reply.

Do you, or the public, suppose that an account of a six months' cruise, such as we have just had, can be written in a week, and be of any value; particularly when the writer has only his evenings,—and not all of them—at

his disposal? I am generally at the Museum by 7 o'clock in the morning, leave it at 9 o'clock for my breakfast, repair to the Colonial Office at 10 a.m., and leave at 4 p.m. for the workshop and the Museum again, where I remain till dark; and even after my dinner I often take in hand something for the Museum. I ask any of your readers to judge whether you and the public are *impatient*, or I *dilatory*.

Again, what books of reference have I here, wherewith to compare the specimens procured? If I describe as novelties, and with new names, specimens that have long been known to science, I do but lose my time and make "confusion worse confounded." Generously pay my expenses to England, take me a house in London, near the British Museum, that I may have the advantage of the unrivalled stores of books and specimens, and the advice of the kind and skilful friends that frequent there, and, above all, nothing to do but work at THE BOOK, and you shall have it in six months from my arrival there.

Yours faithfully,

E. L. LAYARD,  
Curator S. A. Museum.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

A press of other matter compels us again to defer our monthly literary review until next number. We can find room now only to insert the following brief catalogue of the principal books for the month, as announced in the *London Literary Circular*. Reviews of the most interesting of them will appear in next number:

"The most singular book of the month is a 'History of Sir Charles Napier's Campaign in the Baltic,' edited by Mr. Earp, who has had access to the original documents in the possession of the Admiral. Its angry statements have yet to be tested by the appeal to impartial history, but are interesting, in the meanwhile, as a present help to investigation, and for their political allusions.

"Our military readers will be more especially interested in the official 'Despatches and Papers,' relative to the Crimean War, compiled and arranged by Capt. Sayer; with plans of battle, authenticated at the office of the War Department. The Crimean Commission, and the Proceedings of the Chelsea Board are, at the same time, indignantly reviewed in a pamphlet by Colonel Tulloch, who is fully supported by the opinion of Sir John McNeill.

"Mr. St. John publishes a Biography of the Emperor Louis Napoleon, with honest criticisms upon his public character, while admitting all that can illustrate and render interesting his private life.

"The novelists of the month are Mr. Kingsley and Mrs. Oliphant, the author of 'Margaret Maitland.' The former, in 'Two Years Ago,' shows the man of the age earnestly at work in behalf of his suffering fellow-creatures. Mrs. Oliphant's novel, 'The Days of My Life,' is more individual in its character—indeed, very remarkably so; its characteristics are pathos and intense feeling, at length subjugated by a pure love and sense of duty. 'Lucy Aylmer' is a very superior novel, by the author of the 'Curate of Overton.'

"A somewhat remarkable book, under the guise of a novel, is entitled 'The Friends of Bohemia.' Its author is already known by his work on 'The Governing Classes;' his forte is the study of society in some of its most unamiable aspects.

"Among the more interesting items of literary intelligence, we learn that the late Princess de Lieven has left memoirs of her life for publication. Another rumour states that she has left only a mass of most interesting correspondence with the imperial family of Russia, the Duke of Wellington, Prince Metternich, Mr. Canning, and other political celebrities. These MSS. have been bequeathed to M. Guizot, with power to use them in any way he may judge most desirable.

"The admirers of M. Bunsen will be glad to learn that he is engaged at Heidelberg upon a new translation of the Bible for the people, with a complete Commentary, two volumes of which will appear this year, together with an introductory philosophical work, entitled 'God in History.' The first volume of this work has already been published in Germany, and is said to be creating a great sensation.

"A posthumous novel by Currer Bell is announced, in addition to her life, by Mrs. Gaskell. A new novel, by a politician, having some particular bearing on the great questions of the day, is mentioned under the ominous title of "Nightshade." Mrs. Trollope, Mrs. S. C. Hall, and Miss Jewsbury, are likewise numbered with the forthcoming avatars of fiction."

The principal works received at the Public Library are Kingsley's *Two Years Ago*, Mrs. Oliphant's *Days of My Life*, Wilkinson's *Egyptians in the Time of the Pharaohs*, *Memoirs of Sir Edward Parry*, *Memoirs of General Sir Charles Napier*, and Thornton's *Gazetteer of India*.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### ANSWERS.

VULTURES, I think, are directed to carrion more by the eye than the scent. I have often watched them, and where they abound,—have always observed them very shortly after an animal's death, and, certainly, before any smell from the carcase could be perceptible. I have also noticed, that on such occasions they do not make their appearance flying near the ground, but show themselves, one after the other, high up in the air, appearing at first like mere specks, but gradually becoming more distinct as they slowly wheel downwards. From this, it would seem that numbers of them must constantly be sailing about in the air, high up, beyond the reach of our comparatively feeble vision, whence, probably, they watch for carrion, which, at such a height, they are more likely to discover by means of their keen sight, than by the scent; for if dependent on the latter alone, they would, I conceive, have a better chance of success by remaining near the ground, than by going so high up. Further, when the wind blows, those to windward of the carrion will not be able to scent it; and still, no sooner is an animal dead, than they approach it from all points of the compass,—another reason, I think, that they are guided not by the scent but the eye.

Z.

REPLIES TO Σ.—The characteristic distinctions between the tiger (*Felis Tigris*) and the other two *Felidæ*, alluded to by Σ are very marked,—viz., its large size and *stripes*. Between the panther and the leopard, if they are really distinct, and not mere varieties of one animal, the differences are too minute to be described in a short paragraph. The identity or non-identity has been a bone of contention for many years. Let Σ consult Hamilton Smith, Swainson and other authors, and judge for himself.

The boers of this colony distinguish two kinds of leopards; one, they say, inhabits the *flats*, the other the *mountains*. Specimens of both are in the Museum. There are certainly differences, so there are between a black cat and a yellow one; but, I know of an instance in which a leopard, out of a litter of three kittens, had one entirely black, the others the usual yellow and spotted. The black leopard has been described as a distinct species.

Where does Σ find his quotation in Mr. Hall's papers on "Animal Life," and where is the article "Panther"? He should quote correctly or not at all.

What is it that directs the vulture to carrion? Again  $\Sigma$ , have you picked up another "bone;" if you have never read how Zoologists can pick each other to pieces, consult Swainson, Anderson, &c., and then go into the fields and judge for yourself; if you want my opinion you shall have it—I think they use all their senses, their eyes, their noses and their common sense.

AQUILA.

The following extract from a lecture delivered by Mr. A. G. Bain, in Graham's Town, some time since, and published in the April number of the *E. P. Magazine*, will prove a sufficiently satisfactory reply to the query of  $\Sigma$ , about the lignite remains of a presumed Phœnician wreck, imbedded about the cleventh mile stone on the Cape Flats:—

G.

"Mr. Darling, when out on a visit to Bain's Kloof, where I then resided, was pleased to request me to come to town for the purpose of examining and reporting upon the coal discovery. On our way thither, we drove a little out of our road, on the Cape Flats, for the purpose of examining portions of what was said to be the wreck of one of the Phœnician fleet that first doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and which was buried in a deep ditch ten miles from the nearest sea. I had frequently heard of this wreck, even forty years before, and was happy in thus having such a good opportunity of examining it. Solomon says, "there is nothing new under the sun;" so that if this was part of a Phœnician vessel, that leviathan steamer now building by Scott, Russell & Co. (which is without a name, as they cannot find one large enough for it) is 675 feet long; but by the mighty ribs of this jolly old Phœnician, plainly traceable, as she lies buried in the clay ten feet below the surface of the flats, I found she must have been upwards of a mile in length! Let Messrs. Scott Russell & Co. after this "hide their diminished heads," and be content to play second fiddle to the ancient Phœnicians. It does not say much for the love of science in the "far west" that this wonderful curiosity should have been known for at least forty years to have been buried within twelve miles of the capital, and never properly examined nor described; or that they should have allowed the Lieutenant-Governor of the colony to visit the spot for the purpose of viewing *in situ* what was supposed to be a Phœnician wreck, buried in middle of the *Cape Flats*, which at a glance I recognized to be merely a bed of lignite or brown coal, which, as will afterwards appear, is found all over the flats.

QUERY.

Can any of your readers furnish a circumstantial history of the mining operations, conducted under the auspices of the old Dutch Government in Simon's Berg, at Drakenstein, and at the back of Table Mountain, near Constantia. The ruins still existing at Simon's Berg, at the spot known as Zilvermyn, and the deep excavations which still exist, shew that the works undertaken there must have been on an extensive scale.

M. F.

## TRIAL OF THRASHING MACHINES.

REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE OF THE C. G. H. AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Although the prize of £10, given by the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society for the best thrashing machine, produced no competition (only one implement of that description having been exhibited on the day of trial), the committee of the Agricultural Society still consider it their duty, in order to prevent misconception from imperfect information on the subject, elsewhere published, to give the following details of the results obtained on March 11, 1857.

The one thrashing machine brought to Mr. Mostert's farm, at Mowbray, was the property of Mr. R. Hare, of Groenfontein, and was made by Garrett & Co. The machine was first tried with a load of wheat, and the horse-power consisted of eight mules, slowly driven. Five men were employed in feeding the machine from the wagon, and in clearing away the chaff and straw. In twenty minutes the wheat was all thrashed out, and in thirty more it was cleared from the chaff (by the use of riddles), and passed through the winnowing machine. The quantity so thrashed and cleaned in fifty minutes, was four and a half measured muids, perfectly clean and fit for the mill; and this under unfavourable circumstances, as the machine had suffered some damage in its transit along the Maitland road, and a cold damp wind from the N.W. was blowing all the time it was at work.

It may be safely assumed, therefore, that with a span of trained mules, and six men, fifty muids of wheat can be easily thrashed and cleaned in one day;—or with a double gang of men (so as to keep the thrashing and winnowing machine both going together) that 100 muids can be finished between sunrise and sunset.

After the wheat had been removed, a load of 450 oatsheaves was thrashed out, and in ten minutes was disposed of, leaving nine muids of clean oats, and the straw available for the services of a chaff-cutter.

All the farmers and others who witnessed this trial were entirely satisfied with its results. The grain was beaten clean out of the straw, and without being bruised. The short chaff was of the best quality for stable use, and the long straw was left comparatively uninjured.

By the colonial system of tramping out the corn with horses, and depending on the wind for cleaning it, fifty muids of wheat will require, on the average, six days, making allowances for occasional calms and wet weather, whilst it has been repeatedly proved that one hundred muids can be finished in one day by employing the thrashing and winnowing machines together.

Mr. Niekerk, of Joostenberg, informed the members of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society present on this occasion, that four hundred and twenty muids of his own wheat had been thrashed out in four days by the machine then under public trial, and it has been used with equal success in various parts of Zwartland during this season and the last.

The advantages to be derived from the use of these implements are—the saving of time and labour, both in men and horses, the certainty of securing large quantities of grain from damage in the stacks by bad weather and vermin, and the facilities obtained by the producer of bringing his grain to market at the most advantageous time.

With common care in adjusting the working gear, and common attention to its smooth action, a thrashing machine, such as Mr. Hare's, will last for many years. Mr. Hare's has been in service for four seasons; it has scarcely required any repairs during that time, and those repairs were made most effectively by Mr. Fyffe of Cape Town, who has notified to the public his readiness to construct implements exactly similar to Mr. Hare's, at the price they would cost if imported from England, besides giving a guarantee for their efficiency.

The Committee of the Cape of Good Hope Agricultural Society deem it their duty to publish this information, as it must be the desire of all who



are interested in Colonial Agriculture, to promote the establishment of Colonial manufactories and workshops capable of supplying farm machinery, suitable to our local requirements; and, therefore, ensuring their immediate repair at a moderate cost.

P. B. BORCHERDS, Chairman.

## GENERAL SUMMARY.

COLONIAL.—The fourth Session of the Cape Parliament was opened by His Excellency Sir George Grey, on the 7th ult., with the usual ceremonies. The speech, which was an exceedingly able one, is too lengthy to appear in our pages. He touched upon nearly every subject of deep colonial interest, submitting for the consideration of Parliament various schemes of importance, the promotion of Education, the Harbour of Refuge in Table Bay, Railways, &c. He congratulated the colony on its increased commercial prosperity, the exports having been doubled in two years, and concluded with a long and interesting statement respecting the Kafir question, and the measures he had adopted for securing the future peace of the colony.

PARLIAMENTARY.—Messrs. Proctor, Slater, and Caldecott have taken their oaths and seats in the House of Assembly, as members for the Paarl, Graham's Town, and Cradock.

Two new villages have been erected, the one, called "Sutherland," in the Division of Worcester, and the other "Dordrecht," in the Division of Albert.

H.M. St. *Hermes* left Simon's Bay on the 21st ult., for the purpose of surveying the Umzimvoobo, or St. John's River, the southern boundary of Natal.

The autumn meeting of the South African Turf Club commenced on the 18th ultimo. The show of horses was unusually large, and the races, altogether, very spirited.

Three additional vessels have been added to the colonial-owned shipping. The American bark *Springbok*, purchased by Mr. R. Granger; the American bark *Eutaw*, by Capt. Carrew, and re-named the *Hebe Augusta*; and the Hamburg bark *Maria*, by Mr. J. Jearey.

A French fleet, under the command of Admiral Reynard, consisting of a 50-gun frigate and nine steamers,—steam gun-boats and transports,—put into Table and Simon's Bays during the past month. They are all destined for China.

A very handsome fund having been raised for the sufferers by the *Joseph Somes*, they have, with the exception of four parties who wished to settle here, been enabled to proceed to Australia, their original destination.

BRITISH KAFFRARIA.—With the exception of a number of petty thefts, the country is very quiet. The greatest destitution, however, prevails amongst the Kafirs. Many are taking service in the colony, while no less than 1200 are being employed on public works. A German newspaper, called *Germania*, has been published at Mount Coke, under the patronage of Baron von Stutterheim. A column has been erected to the memory of the lamented Capt. Ohlsen, on the site of the tragic occurrence by which he lost his life.

NATAL.—Intelligence by the *Madagascar* reaches to the 9th ult. The all absorbing topic was the proceedings in the new Legislative Council, which

was opened with great state by His Excellency Lieutenant-Governor Scott, on the 23rd March. His speech was characterised by a very liberal and judicious spirit. In connexion with the several subjects it referred to, he caused to be laid before the council the following bills: 1. For the imposition of a land tax; 2. For giving validity to contracts of service, made out of the colony; 3. For regulating the native hut tax; 4. For the regulation and sale of firearms; and 5. For discouraging polygamy. The council had elected Mr. Donald Moodie, member for D'Urbau, and formerly Secretary to Government, as its speaker. Intelligence from the Zoolu county states that "the rivers are full, the country quiet, and the people remarkably civil to white men;" although the differences between Panda and his rebellious son Ketchwaya, do not appear to be quite settled.

ORANGE FREE STATE.—The excitement created by Mr. Pretorius' late visit has not yet subsided. The Volksraad had made a formal application to the Council of the South African Republic, to ascertain in how far they countenanced his proceedings. A Mr. G. Linde, the commandant of Bloemfontein district, had appeared on a charge of high treason, for some part he had taken in favour of Pretorius.

#### FOREIGN.

EUROPEAN.—R.M. St. *Clarendon* arrived on the 24th ultimo, with the mails of the 6th March. The English news is unusually interesting. The ministers have been defeated on the China question, and a dissolution of Parliament, it was announced by Lord Palmerston, would take place as soon as the state of public business would allow. The peace negotiations between England and Persia were nearly completed. Continental news is of little interest.

In the February wool sales, the Cape has again outstripped Australia,—the quantity produced from South Africa being more than that from all the other colonies put together. The number of bales was 37,034, of which 18,600 were Cape. There was also an advance in the prices of nearly 2d. a pound. Copper ore has also commanded very high rates, the advance being about £5 per ton.

#### ARRIVALS AT CAPE TOWN OF OFFICERS FROM ENGLAND.

Per Mail Steamer *Harbinger*:—Assistant-Surgeon Rose, 2nd Queen's, Ensign Allfrèy, 6th Regt., Major Boyle and Ensign Brownrigg, 89th Regt., Mr. D. Fitzgerald, Dep. Purveyor-in-Chief, Mr. T. O. Hagger, Purveyor to the Forces, Mr. W. R. Taylor and Mr. C. B. Hutchins, Purveyor's Clerks.

Per *Megara*:—Mr. McIntosh, Apothecary to the Forces.

Per Mail Steamer *Clarendon*:—Major James, 2nd Regt., Captain Tyler, 13th Regt., Major Butler and Lieut. Cubitt, 60th Rifles, Lieuts. Knatchbull, Robinson, Johnstone, Dowdeswell, and Assist.-Surgeon Bonnyman, 89th Regt., Dr. Hadaway, Dep.-Inspector-General, Rev. Wm. Sykes, Chaplain to the Forces.

#### EMBARKED AT CAPE TOWN.

Per *Madagascar*:—Capt. Atkinson, 89th Regt., for East London. Lieuts. Conington and James, 13th Regt., Algoa Bay. Lt. Gibaut, 73rd Regt., and Mr. Johnson, C. W. R. E. D., East London. Commst. Clerk Lane, Algoa Bay. Commst. Clerk Padmore, Port Natal.

Per *Harbinger* :—Col. Spence, 60th Rifles, England, via Mauritius and Aden. Dr. Williams, Dep. Inspector-General, Madras.

Per *Star of Peace* :—Asst. Surgeon Rose, 2nd Regt., Ensign Allfrey, 6th Regt., and Dep. Purv.-in-Ch. Fitzgerald : for Algoa Bay,

Per *Gloriana* :—Lieut. Lamont, 89th Regt., for England.

Per *Hebe Augusta* :—Purveyor Hagger; Clerks Taylor and Hutchins, for East London.

Per *Vulcan* :—Capt. Jones, 6th Regt., Capt. Smith, R. E., Staff-Surgeon McDonald, Asst. Com.-General Gardiner, Lieut. Bourke, C.M.R., for England.

Per *Megara* :—Dispr. of Medicine: C. H. Swaine, for Mauritius.

Per *Geyser* :—Dr. Hadaway, Dep. Insp.-General, Lieut. Dowdeswell, and Ensign Brownrigg, 89th Regt., for East London.

#### MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

Assist.-Surgeon Snell ordered to New Zealand to join the 65th Regt., to which he has been appointed.

The undermentioned Officers of the Purveying Department have been attached to the Army at the Cape of Good Hope, and are to be stationed as follows on their arrival:—

Deputy Purveyor-in-Chief, D. Fitzgerald, in general charge of the Department, to be stationed at Graham's Town. Purveyor, Selkirk Steuart; Clerks, R. Treadwell and W. Monk, to be stationed at Cape Town. Clerks, Cecil Howard, Robert Wright, and R. C. Baker, Graham's Town. Purveyor, T. O. Hagger; Clerks, C. B. Hutchins and W. R. Taylor, King William's Town. Purveyor's Clerk, H. Powell, Natal.

The Hon. Major Devereux's company of Royal Artillery to be relieved by Capt. Middleton's company. The men of Major D.'s company on the frontier will, very probably, come down by the *Geyser* on her return, as the company will have to be concentrated at Cape Town for embarkation. Those at Natal will, however, have to wait until replaced by men of the relieving company. Another company, 89th (there being only one company in Cape Town at present), will also, most probably, return in H. M. ship *Geyser*, to reinforce this garrison.

The single-breasted tunic will be issued to the army in April, with the exception of the regiments serving at the Cape of Good Hope, and their depots, which will continue wearing the double-breasted tunic.

Notice has been given that the lists are now in preparation for the award of salvage to H. M. S. *Penelope* and *Frolic*, for assistance rendered to the *Earl of Eglinton*, in Simon's Bay, in June, 1855.

#### CIVIL APPOINTMENTS, &c.

*April 2.*—Mr. E. A. A. Buyskes, to practise as a Notary Public.

*April 9.*—Mathew John Blake, Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for the District of Tulbagh.

*April 20.*—Fleetwood Churchill, Esq., to be Health Officer and District Surgeon at Simon's Town, pending a reference to the Lords of the Admiralty.

*April 23.*—Benjamin W. Hall, Esq., to be District Surgeon of Somerset, vice Cooper resigned. Johan R. G. Luttig Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for the District of Prince Albert. Mr. Andrew Melvill, to practise as a Government Land Surveyor.

# CAPE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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## NOTES ON PLANTING.

DR. ANDREW SMITH once reported that the whole of South Africa, with some few localities excepted, was a "sterile country!" The doctor is no mean authority on some things, but his judgment on the agricultural capabilities of the colony may be questioned. Admitting, however, for argument's sake, that South Africa is really sterile, as far as the absence of indigenous forests in some of the western districts can prove such a case, the inquiry then arises, from what cause does the want of native forests originate? A clever writer in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (article America) has inferred that indigenous forests depend on the annual amount of moisture. South Africa has an annual fall of about 24 inches of rain, and much of her soil is of a clayey nature, therefore retentive of moisture. Compare this with the annual fall of rain at Paris, Toulouse, and Gottingen, which is only about 21 inches, or Breda and Prague, in the very heart of Europe, where the annual fall in inches is under 16. Would Dr. Smith pronounce these quarters to be sterile? I believe not. However, it may be said that our rains are limited to some four or five months in the winter,—and, to some extent, such is the case in the western province; but the converse is found in the eastern. Australia, with a climate quite as unfavourable for the growth of native forests as this country, nevertheless abounds in forest land, not miserable starved specimens, but trees probably unsurpassed for size in any quarter of the globe. Let us take a very different case, that of *Terra del Fuego*, which is supposed to be clothed with forests more dense than any country known; while the Falkland Islands, only some 300 miles distant, in the same latitude, with climate, soil, and situation equally favourable (in fact, in all these particulars they are said to be nearly identical), have no trees. Bushes, only, grow there, and all attempts to introduce the trees of *Terra del Fuego* have signally failed.

There are two classes of writers on this subject, who require a passing notice. The first are those who seem to

argue, with some show of probability, that native forests are limited to the currents of damp winds. These have been quietly, but effectually, put down by Dr. Darwin, in his *Travels in South America*. The next class assert that extremely level countries are chiefly those deficient in native forests. Now South Africa is not a very level country; and I will endeavour to show that at least one portion of the western province was covered at one time with an indigenous forest. I allude to the large valley of the River Zonder End. Some years ago, I heard there was a tradition amongst the elder Hottentots, that the whole of this valley was once covered with large timber trees, and that it was laid waste with fire, during the wars of the early colonists with the natives. On examining the river banks, for some miles, the truth of this tale became apparent, as I found numbers of large stumps and roots protruding from the banks where the current of the river had washed away portions of the soil and laid them bare. A close inspection showed many of them to have been charred with fire. Those that I examined were principally yellow wood (*Podocarpus*), and assagai (*Curtisia*), with some others I could not identify. Many of them, when growing, must have been magnificent specimens. One piece of a trunk measured 16 feet in length, with a circumference of 5 feet. The whole of one side was charred its entire length, but the remainder was perfectly sound, and of a beautiful red colour.

The fires which occasioned this havoc must have happened far beyond the memory of any man now living,—unless a landslip occurred in that neighbourhood,—as a layer of clay and several feet of alluvial soil now cover the stumps of the trees just mentioned. But as they are all evergreens, it might have been expected that the roots would send up abundance of young shoots, to supply the place of the destroyed stems, and we may be sure that such did take place. At the same time, an abundance of rank grass and bushes would spring up, and the first “grass fire” that occurred in the vicinity would undoubtedly destroy the whole of the young plants. I can state this confidently, having seen a native forest of the same trees, and in this state, cut up three times in 10 years, by these “grass fires.” How long, under such circumstances, the roots will continue to send up shoots I cannot say. There can be no doubt that ultimately they must become exhausted, and cease to make further efforts, and, of course, to exist. In this latter case of the destroyed forest, there was good evidence of the loss of the greater part of a spring of fine water, as a little further



down the valley there is a large enclosed, but at present neglected, piece of ground, which, from numerous marks of old watercourses, had once been irrigated; and the present stream would not supply one-tenth of the enclosure.

But can we not rear forests in the room of those destroyed, or even where, it may be, trees never grew before? There can be no doubt that such can be done if our landowners would only be induced to try. In the valley of the River Zonder End, before mentioned, there is a place called *Elsejes Kloof*, where, judging from appearances, a single row of trees composed of firs, viz. *Pinus Pinaster*, *P. Pinea*, and *P. Halepensis*, was planted about thirty years ago. These few trees, by self-sowing, have become a good-sized plantation, and are at the present time a source of considerable profit to the proprietor. But the most significant fact connected with these trees is, that the proprietor had to plough up the ground to prevent them extending too far!

As the *Conifers* are used so much for planting in this colony, and embrace such a variety of ornamental and useful trees (numbers of which are scarcely known here yet), I shall now endeavour to give a brief description of the most valuable, especially of those which I know to be in the colony. In noticing those species already introduced, my remarks will be chiefly confined to the collection at the "Oaks," Caledon district, as it was in 1855. The success or failure of those already tried ought to be, in some respects, a guide to others interested in arboriculture either for profit or amusement.

*Frenela Australis*, the Oyster Bay Pine, from the east coast of Tasmania, attains a height of 60 to 70 feet. The wood is good, but difficult to work, as it splinters very much. It grows freely at the "Oaks," where are also one or two other New Holland species, doing equally well, but are apparently rather small trees.

*Libocedrus Chilensis*, the Chilian arbor vitæ. This small tree (30 to 40 feet), from the valley of the Andes, thrives at the "Oaks." The wood is beautifully grained.

*Libocedrus Doniana*, the Kowa of the New Zealanders, is not, I believe, yet introduced into the colony. There is no doubt of its hardy nature, and the wood is very valuable for furniture, being handsomely grained, dark, close, and heavy. The height of the tree is 60 to 70 feet.

*Cupressus Fastigiata* and *C. Horizontalis* are well known trees in Cape gardens.

*Cupressus Torulosa*, the hill cedar of Nepaul, on the Bhotan Alps, forms one of the most elegant and fast-growing trees

at the "Oaks;" where there is also a species or variety with the young shoots of a golden colour. Those who have seen it on its native hills describe it as almost rivaling the *Deodar* in size and beauty, and its timber is said to be little inferior to that of the *Deodar*.

*Cupressus Macrocarpa* is a fine tree and well worth introducing, as the wood is of the first order, and the tree in California grows to a great size—80 feet, with a circumference of 10 feet. In habit it bears some resemblance to *Cedrus Lebani*.

*Chamæcyparis Spheroidea*, the white cedar of America. This tree flourishes at the "Oaks." It attains the height of about 80 feet. The timber is light, fine-grained, and easily worked, and resists the alternations of drought and moisture longer than any other American tree. It requires a moist soil.

*Taxodium Distichum*, the deciduous cypress, is not yet, I believe, in the colony. Few trees could be introduced with greater advantage. A moist, damp soil is necessary to bring it to perfection. According to Capt. Madden (but from whom he derives his authority is not mentioned), "the timber of this tree is much used in building, being highly valued for its durability. It flourishes in the lowlands and swamps of Virginia, Louisiana, and Florida; also in Mexico, rising 120 feet in height and from 25 to 50 in circumference. It is this tree which gives name to the 'Cypress Swamps.' It has the curious habit of throwing up from the roots the hollow knobs called 'Cypress Knees,' as high as two feet, and four or five across at the base. At Chapultepec, in Mexico, there is said to exist a specimen of the deciduous cypress no less than 117 feet 10 inches in circumference, believed by De Candolle to be above 5000 years old. When the Canon Recupero was engaged in some researches on Etna, his ecclesiastical masters recommended him not to make his mountain older than Moses had done; and M. De Candolle has been reprehended for making his trees older than the deluge; his opponents overlooking the fact that if an olive tree survived that catastrophe, so might a cypress."

*Cryptomeria Japonica*, the Japan cedar. This tree, of which several plants have made their way into Cape gardens, has not succeeded quite as well as might have been expected, probably from not having been tried at a sufficient elevation above the sea. In Japan it grows very fast, and attains the height of 100 feet.

*Pinus Pinaster* or *Cluster Pine*, as it is very commonly called, from its cones being produced in star-like clusters,

grows with great rapidity, and of the whole pine genus is the best adapted for exposed situations, as it has a more decided tap-root, and is on this account seldom blown over by storms. To be grown in perfection, a loose sandy or very light, deep soil is required. A variety of this tree (*Maritima*) has been successfully employed in Europe on the sandy sea-shore. The wood is not of first-rate quality, although it is much used for flooring, and other inside house-work. Its great fault is want of strength, as compared with some other pines. It forms the shingles on the roofs of houses in Switzerland. *Pinus Pinaster* is a native of both shores of the Mediterranean, and its variety *P. Maritima* has been employed to cover immense districts of barren sand in France. One of these lies between Bordeaux and Bayonne, and these forests form the principal wealth of the inhabitants, who are mostly supported by the great quantities of resin and tar extracted from these trees.

*Pinus Pinea*, or Stone Pine, has perhaps the worst timber of any pine tree known. It is cultivated in France and Italy for its edible seeds. According to Sir George Stannton, the seed of this tree is greatly affected by the Chinese also. It abounds in Syria, and there is an immense forest of it at Ravenna, in Italy. On the whole, the Stone Pine can only be considered a pictorial tree. In this colony it may be useful for firewood, and but for little else.

*Pinus Halepensis*, the Aleppo pine, is not so generally known in this colony as it deserves to be. It possesses the power of growing on soil so thin and poor that in it no other tree, I know of, would live. I recollect seeing it planted along with some other kinds on a piece of pure pot-clay, from which every particle of surface had been previously removed. All the other trees speedily perished, and the Aleppo pines were stunted for two years, when they commenced to grow, and are now fine trees. It is to be borne in mind that this experiment was an extreme case. In Syria, the Aleppo pines may be seen growing in the crevices of bare rocks. This tree has a remarkably light and graceful appearance, so different from most other pines that the merest tyro in plants can be in no danger of mistaking it for another, after forming acquaintance with it. Although its native *habitat* is on mountains at a considerable elevation above the sea level, it possesses the rare quality of growing fast in low situations. Its wood is resinous and durable, and it has been in repute as a valuable timber tree since the earliest period of which we have any record. There is no doubt that this was one of the firs employed in building the temple of Jerusalem, and the palaces of David and Solomon. In the book of the

Prophet Ezekiel, ch. 27, it is stated the "ship boards" were all made of "fir trees of Senir." In the whole of this region we know of only three species of firs, viz.: *Pinus Halepensis*, *P. Sylvestris*, and *P. Pinea*. The wood of *P. Pinea* is worthless, and that of *P. Sylvestris* (Scotch pine), although much and deservedly esteemed in Europe, is inferior to *Halepensis*, except in very cold countries, where it grows slowly. Therefore, we have strong reasons for believing *Halepensis* to be the fir above alluded to. The *Pinus Abies*, which Lady Calcott and some other writers on the botany of Scripture, consider to be the "Fir of Senir," does not, and could not, exist in Palestine. Dr. Bowring mentions seeing the "Syrians" in the mountains cutting down firs of 100 to 150 feet in length. Unfortunately, he has omitted the specific names, but *Halepensis* would seem to have been one of them, as he adds they were rather knotty, but full of turpentine. This description is singularly applicable to the Aleppo pine in this colony. For the benefit of those who would wish to procure seed, I may add that hundreds of these trees were planted by Mr. Bayley at the "Oaks," and that they are now producing cones freely.

*Pinus Insignis* is a native of California, near Monterey, where it is frequently cut down above 100 feet in length of trunk. Little is known, for certain, of its value as a timber tree, but report speaks favourably of it. It has been well named *Insignis*, as its whole appearance as a pine is truly remarkable, the branches being few, short, and semi-upright, with short leaves of a rich grass-green colour. The trees at the "Oaks" are all grafted on stocks of the *P. Pinaster*, of which tree a large number were planted on the same day. No extra care was taken of the grafted ones, yet at the end of three years the *Pinasters* had only attained the height of 5 feet, and *Insignis* had reached to 18, with thickness in proportion! One of these grafted trees measured, eight years after being grafted,  $43\frac{1}{2}$  feet in height, and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  feet in circumference at 4 feet from the ground. This growth was not caused by the plants being crowded, "drawn up," as it is termed. The object kept in view in these plantations was quality of timber, not quantity, and for this purpose the trees were all planted about 6 feet apart. The soil is light, about 12 inches thick, resting on clay, and received neither cleaning, dressing, or other preparation. Two or three spades' full of earth were merely turned over where the plant was to stand. Should this tree prove tough of fibre, it will no doubt be a most valuable addition to our colonial timber, in the shape of ship-masts, yards, &c., as it grows quite upright, clean of stem, and tapers almost imperceptibly from the base. The



*Pinus Insignis* and many other valuable imported trees at the "Oaks" are now producing seed.

*Pinus Canariensis*, Canary Pine, a single specimen at the "Oaks" reached the height of 12 feet in 3 years, though planted in a poor, gravelly soil. It bears a strong resemblance to some of the more common pines; hence it has a great number of synonymes, and has been confounded with *P. Maritima*. In the Canaries and Teneriffe it attains an enormous size, and is remarkable for growing from the sea beach up to an elevation of 7000 feet (French). The wood is much sought after for all sorts of building purposes, and instances are given of its having remained sound for ages.

*Pinus Longifolia*, a native of Nepaul, in India, is another tree of great size, being cut down 100 feet in length. In the Journal of the Asiatic Society, the *Pinus Longifolia* is stated to afford "excellent timber like Memel deal. It has been extensively employed in the construction of the new barracks at Subathoo and Kussowlie, and when duly seasoned and protected from damp and wet, it seems to deserve the good character here given."—(Capt. E. Madden). At the "Oaks" it is a most robust grower. The bark when young is thick and spongy, and the leaves (as its name implies) being unusually large, and all hanging down, give the tree a remarkable appearance.

*Pinus Excelsa*, of the Himalaya mountains, "is a large spreading tree, with long horizontal boughs. The bark is smooth and the leaves are glaucous, or blueish green. In most particulars, the *Pinus Excelsa* approaches very closely to *Pinus Strobus*, which, though called the Weymouth Pine, is a native of Canada and the neighbouring United States, where it attains the height of 100 to 150 feet, and produces the clean, soft, but perishable timber imported from America under the name of 'pine' or 'white pine,' much used for masts, but giving a feeble hold to nails. Both the tree and the cones afford a great abundance of highly fragrant turpentine. The cones are so inflammable as to serve the same purpose in lighting fires as the bog or peat pine does in Ireland and Scotland."—(Capt. E. Madden).

The *Pinus Excelsa*, in growth, does not keep pace with many other pines at the "Oaks," which may be accounted for by the low elevation of that place. In its native country it is found in the highest perfection from 6500 to 9500 feet in Bootan, and to above 11,800 feet in Kumaon, whilst Col. Hodgson mentions it as occurring above the cedars with birch, towards Gungootree.

R. S.

(To be continued.)



# SKETCHES OF ST. HELENA.

BY AN IMMIGRANT.

## No. 2.

THE fish caught near the island are in great variety, consisting of upwards of sixty sorts, many of them of excellent flavour, particularly the coal-fish, which is extremely fat and delicate, and the yellow-tail, also a very superior fish. Neither of these, however, are common. There is also a very delicious little fish, called the five-fingers,—so named from having that number of stripes on each side. Mackerel and albicore (a large fish similar to the tunny-fish of the Mediterranean) are plentiful. These constitute the principal food of a considerable portion of the inhabitants, particularly the labouring classes, who subsist almost entirely upon fish, with the addition of rice. Turtle is sometimes caught, but not frequently; and Government have prohibited, under a penalty, the capturing of any which come on shore to deposit their eggs.

The native women, as well as men, are particularly fond of fishing from the rocks, not only as an amusement, but to procure food for themselves and families; and owing to the difficult and dangerous parts of the island which they have at times to traverse for such a purpose, often incur the risk of being killed. They have to travel along the face of a precipice, affording hardly foot-room for a goat, and where one false step would cause them to be dashed to atoms in some ravine beneath. The tropic birds, which build their nests in some of the most inaccessible parts of the island, are also, by these people, sought for as food; and the danger here is extreme. On one occasion, not long since, a man, in his endeavour to secure the young from one of these nests, had to stretch himself to his fullest height to obtain them, and with his hands on the edge of the nest, holding by the rock, and his toes resting on a small fragment of stone beneath, his feet slipped, when, fearful to relate, unable to recover his footing, and tired, after a short time, of holding by the rock, he was necessitated to release his grip, and was precipitated some hundreds of feet below, and killed upon the spot.

Limestone is very common in many parts of the island, and, for use, will admit of being mixed with a large portion of unwashed sea sand. The samphire (*barilla*) grows in most parts near the coast, and answers well for the manufacture of soap; although at present there is no such manufactory on the island.

It is worthy of remark, that although within the tropics, and the atmosphere at times extremely hot, the thermometer ranging as high as  $79^{\circ}$  in the shade, in some parts, and at times often greatly surcharged with moisture, yet, until within the last eight months, lightning was rarely visible at any time, and when seen at all, very indistinct; and thunder is almost unknown. About eight months since, it thundered and lightened excessively for a whole day, and a slight fall of hail also took place, for the first time in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

Slavery existed on the island until the year 1818, when the first step was taken to abolish it, by Government declaring that all children born after that year should be considered free; and in 1832, a general emancipation took place, by the East India Company purchasing the freedom of all slaves then on the island, amounting to 644, for the sum of £28,062. And it was doubtless a blessed and a happy day for many, when it was declared; for there were here, as in other slave countries, many cruel and tyrannical masters, and not a few who found pleasure in applying the lash, even for trifling offences; and, as in some parts of America at the present day, education was kept from the slave as much as possible, and religion considered a matter with which they had little or nothing to do.

For beauty of scenery, perhaps, few places surpass St. Helena, where, in many parts, views present themselves which cannot fail to impress the traveller with wonder and admiration. Longwood, the residence of Napoleon when in exile, at the eastern part of the island, is still resorted to by most strangers on their arrival. The house in which he lived is in a very dilapidated condition; and the room in which he laid in state after his decease has been converted into a barn, where may be seen heaps of corn, a threshing machine, and other farming implements. The walls are covered with the names of numerous individuals who have from time to time visited the place. The bed-rooms, including that in which Napoleon died, have been turned into a stable. The houses and grounds are let by Government to a gentleman, who charges two shillings for admittance to view the premises; and in permitting this, Government is surely much to blame,—for it would have been more creditable to them had the house been leased at a cheaper rate, with an understanding that no charge should be made for visitors. I need hardly say how obnoxious this is to many, particularly to the French, who at times express themselves very angrily on this subject. No blame, of course, can attach to the lessee, who, to pay a high rent, is obliged to

make the most he can out of the place. A Major Mason, who leased the house previous to the present proprietor, had a foal from one of his brood mares dropped on the very spot where Napoleon laid in state, and a Frenchman who visited the island a year or two after, purchased and took it to France with him. There are but few relics of Napoleon to be had now, the entire island having been thoroughly searched for everything which could be identified as having belonged to this renowned warrior. The house which General Count Bertrand, one of Napoleon's most attached followers, resided in, is still in a good habitable condition. It was at Longwood that the present General Bertrand was born, on the occasion of whose birth an anecdote is told of the nurse, a Mrs. Loudon, who said, on presenting the child to the Emperor, that she presented to him the first and only Frenchman who had ever been permitted to reside at Longwood, and come into the presence of the Emperor without the permission of Sir Hudson Lowe. Attached to Napoleon's residence there used to be a neat garden, where he occasionally amused himself, giving directions to a Chinese gardener. This has also disappeared. The new house erected by the English Government at a very considerable expense, but which Napoleon never occupied, is in a good state of preservation. It is a substantial, roomy building, and is now the residence of a Mr. Moss, who hires it.

Sir Hudson Lowe has been a good deal abused for the part he acted at St. Helena, when in charge of Napoleon; but those who were residing on the island at the time, most intimately acquainted with all that was going on during Napoleon's captivity, can testify, if they speak impartially, that Sir Hudson—who it must be acknowledged had a most disagreeable and unenviable duty to perform, for which, doubtless on account of his firmness and determination of character, he was selected by the Government—acted under all the circumstances with as much fairness and courtesy as could well be expected of any officer so peculiarly situated. For had he been less vigilant or not so constantly on the alert, it is not impossible but that Napoleon might have effected his escape, although much has been said and written to the contrary. On one occasion, the admiral on the station (it was said for a bet) undertook to have a vessel brought into the roadstead unperceived during some night, and have her anchored before daylight; to do which the vessel would have to pass a strong and formidable battery called Banks's. Accordingly, a very dark night being chosen for the occasion, the vessel stealthily approached with all the lights

extinguished, and not a word allowed to be uttered on board. The guard at the battery had long turned in to rest, excepting a solitary sentry who kept watch. The officer, a Lieut. Kennedy, more alert perhaps than usual, imagined that he heard from his quarters, a rustling on the water, and steadily gazing at what he conceived to be some object, saw it move. Upon which, supposing it to be a vessel, he hailed it, and not getting an immediate reply fired a shot, which passed through the vessel's rigging (as was afterwards discovered). Still no reply; and the object continuing to move a second shot was fired, which struck between wind and water what was found in reality to be a ship. Immediately she was brought to, and discovered to be one of H. M. cruisers.

At the removal of the fire-stove from Napoleon's library, shortly after his death, by direction of Sir H. Lowe, who sent it to England, part of a correspondence was discovered torn, and evidently intended for the fire, but which had been incautiously thrown behind the grate; and when taken to Sir Hudson, proved to him, by the mention of the name of a certain shopkeeper on the island, that that individual had been a channel through whom letters had been, contrary to express orders, and unknown to Sir Hudson, conveyed to Napoleon. Upon this he sent for the party implicated, and told him that it was fortunate for him that the discovery had not been made during Napoleon's lifetime, or he would certainly have hanged him as a traitor; which those who knew Sir Hudson's determination to punish any gross infringement of the law relating to Napoleon were of opinion he would have done. As a Governor, Sir Hudson Lowe was much respected by the inhabitants; and on his return from Mauritius, where he had been sent as Lieut-Governor, after leaving St. Helena, the inhabitants, in testimony of their regard, invited him to a public dinner.

It was not to the French alone that Sir Hudson found himself called upon to act a disagreeable, and sometimes apparently arbitrary part; the military at times, who were disposed to treat his orders with carelessness, felt the weight of his power. It was an order given to the officers of the garrison that the name of Napoleon should not be mentioned in conversation at any of the messes. On one occasion, however, a discussion took place, at the mess of the 20th regiment, regarding some matter connected with Napoleon. Sir Hudson that night got information of it, and at daylight the next morning, the officers who had transgressed were summoned into his presence, and to their surprise told of



their previous night's conversation, and dismissed with an order to prepare themselves to leave for England by the first opportunity, there to report themselves at the Horse Guards, which was tantamount to being placed on half-pay.

At a place called Deadwood, which is a continuation of Longwood, is a level piece of ground, measuring a couple of miles, where is a very good racecourse, and where, in Napoleon's time, the military and civil servants of the Government used frequently to race their horses. Occasionally, now, there is something of the sort attempted, but a mere apology for the thing, serving more as an excuse for drunkenness and other immoral practices among the lower classes. At the present time there are some acres of wheat growing here in great perfection. Leaving this part of the island, and proceeding in the direction of the town, the road is very good and level for about two miles. Diana's Peak, 2700 feet above the level of the sea, and the highest part of the island, shows itself about halfway between Longwood and the Tomb, covered with verdure, and thickly studded with trees, mostly indigenous. Amongst the varieties are, the cabbage tree, with a cluster of blossoms resembling a large cauliflower at a distance, and the dogwood and tree fern, which attain the height, in some places, of from ten to fifteen feet. This is a very pretty and romantic spot, held by the inhabitants in much repute as a place, above all others, most agreeable for pic-nics, which the St. Helenians are fond of, frequently making large parties for this purpose. From this height a view may be got of almost the entire island. The tomb of Napoleon is situated in a valley called Sane Valley, enclosed by an iron rail, and a few willows—which have sprung up since the body of Napoleon was exhumed,—are growing over the tomb. The willows which were formerly there were cut down, and taken away in pieces, as relics, when the body was removed. Here is also, still, the clear and beautiful spring of water which Napoleon so much admired, and from which he used to get his own supplies to drink.

It is said that Her Majesty's Government have recently entertained the idea that the Longwood house and the tomb, which is private property, would be a present worthy of the acceptance of the French Government, and accordingly the parties holding these properties have been requested to state the sums which would be taken for them. The French Government, it is said, are desirous to erect a Romish chapel at the tomb. At the exhumation of Napoleon, his body was, to all appearance, in a perfect state of preservation,



and his features were distinctly recognised by those of his old servants, and others present, who knew him when living. Some of the French who were not disposed to believe that the body had remained there, were taken by surprise, and with tears confessed their entire satisfaction. An old British soldier, now dead, who was for years in charge of the tomb, received a pension from Louis Napoleon; and since his death, a pension has been also granted to his widow. Many of the French who continue to visit the tomb, approach it with great solemnity, and many shed tears. Some descend into the tomb, and stretch themselves out at full length on the floor.

A little below the tomb is a dwelling-house, where, a short time ago, a most horrid murder was perpetrated by a negro man, in a fit of jealousy. A young woman, living in the same house—and a fellow-servant—refused to marry him. He murdered her by striking her with a heavy piece of wood, and when her master, who missed her at night, made enquiry for her, he very coolly protested he knew nothing about her, and indeed feigned surprise that she was absent from home; at the same time he had her (it was afterwards discovered from his own confession), tied up in a bundle, with her legs broken, watching a favourable opportunity to bury her: about the middle of the night, when all was quiet, and there was no fear of detection, the corpse was taken by him a short distance from the house, and interred. For many days, search was made for her, but in vain; at last, when decomposition began to take place, a dog following a man who was searching for the body, and attracted to the spot, commenced raking the earth. This naturally led the man to suspect that the body might be there, and accordingly, on examination, it was found. The wretched creature, who was an exceedingly fine-looking man, and who, strange to say, had been always noted for a mild and excellent temper, and gentle disposition, was sentenced to death, and in jail, to avoid being hanged, swallowed a piece of tin to destroy himself. In this, however, he failed, for it stuck in his throat, and the medical men being unable to extract it, he was hung with the tin in his throat.

Once more ascending the main road from the tomb, we proceed to town, and passing a place called the Alarm House, on a rising ground above, is a pretty cottage, the property of a gentleman formerly belonging to the E. I. C. Service, and which may also be seen from the harbour. There is an extremely pretty country seat called Prospect, near this also, the property of the Colonial

Treasurer of the island. There is a good deal of wood about here, principally fir, oak, and Botany Bay willow, a tree which bears a yellow flower, and when in full bloom, has a very gay, lively appearance. The bark of this tree is said to be good for tanning. It is no uncommon thing to see rats, which build their nests like birds in the tops of some of the trees, running along from branch to branch, in which way they are not unfrequently shot in numbers. The road from this to the town is very steep, stony, and bad; and after descending about a mile, a place called the Briars comes in view, celebrated as the dwelling-place of Napoleon on his first arrival at the island, where he resided for some time, until the Longwood house was ready for his reception; and although small, yet he appeared tolerably satisfied with it.

The property at this time belonged to a Mr. Balcombe; and it was here that, report says, Miss Balcombe, with whom Napoleon used to carry on a sort of flirtation, on one occasion drew his sword, and getting him into a corner of the drawing room, and thrusting the sword at him, said "I have now the greatest man in the world in my power," for which Napoleon, who was vexed, never forgave her.\* From this place he used occasionally to pay a visit to the house of an officer residing in the neighbourhood; and one morning he went there to breakfast, which, when Sir Hudson heard of, he was greatly displeased at, and requested the officer never again to entertain him. The lady of this officer remarked, from the apparent roughness and unceremonious manner of Napoleon, that "he was not a gentleman." This was told as an anecdote shortly after to George IV, then Prince of Wales, at a dinner at Carlton-house; and the idea of Napoleon not being considered "a gentleman" in the opinion of a St. Helena lady, it was said at the time, greatly amused His Royal Highness, and all present.

Ascending a hill at the back of the Briars, by a circuitous road cut through the rock, and from which there is some magnificent scenery to be viewed beneath, a level piece of ground is reached, called Frances' Plain. Cricket matches are played here; and it is here that the militia of the island (a corps consisting of about 400 men) assemble to drill some three or four times during the year. This corps, composed of natives and officered by Government servants and the principal gentry of the island, is well drilled, and in a very efficient state; and there is no doubt, from the excellent

\* The report referred to by our contributor is correct. Miss Balcombe mentions the circumstance related, in a work published by her after her return to England.—Eps.

practice it makes with ball, would, if its services were required for the defence of the island, do its work creditably. During Napoleon's time, H. M. 66th regiment was stationed here and lived in wooden barracks, the remains of which still exist.

The government of St. Helena, like that of most small places, seems rather despotic, and although not so much so as when the island was in possession of the East India Company, yet more than is altogether compatible with an Englishman's idea of liberty.

The Governor, who receives a salary of £2000 a year, appears to take matters very easy. It may be said there is little perhaps for him to do. Yet one cannot help thinking that if he exerted himself more in trying to develop the capabilities of the colony, and would strive to devise some means by which the revenues of the island might be increased, without having recourse to taxation to the extent at present inflicted upon the inhabitants,—if he would find some other means by which the revenue might be augmented, without being so dependent, as at present, upon the customs duties and licences upon wines and spirits, it would perhaps tend to the prosperity of the place, and reflect credit upon his government. It may with truth be affirmed that those who from their position in a community are called upon to check vice and immorality,—judge, magistrate, and clergy,—are paid here almost entirely with funds collected from taxation upon articles which have an immoral tendency. Wine and spirit shops are numerous, far more so than any one could expect to find in so small a place, and drunkenness is common. A council, consisting of the Governor, Secretary, Judge, and Senior Military Officer, meet occasionally, and frame laws for the island. They sit with closed doors, and none of the inhabitants are permitted to be present. An effort has been made to induce H. M. Government to consent to one or more of the principal inhabitants being added to this council, but without success.

There are some tolerably good schools in the town; one called an "upper school," intended for children of the *aristocracy*. This is divided from a school for the poor by a partition, and the play-ground also divided by a wooden fence, in order that the children should not mix, and those of the lower school contaminate the upper. These are both Government schools, for which Bishop Gray has the recommendation or nomination of the master. There is no lack of clergymen, either Episcopalians or Dissenters. A missionary of the Baptist persuasion, who has been on the island a few years,

seems to have done much good, particularly amongst the coloured inhabitants, and in stirring up to more active work the clergy of the Church of England.

A number of slavers used, a few years since, to be brought to the island, to be condemned by the Admiralty Court, at which the Judge presides. Few are brought now. One year upwards of fifty were condemned and broken up; all the rigging being cut and rendered unfit again for ship purposes, it having been discovered that agents were at one time employed to purchase the rigging of condemned vessels, which they forwarded to Rio, to be used in fitting out other slavers. Most of these condemned vessels being iron-fastened, were only fit for fuel, and as the law required that they should be broken up within a limited time, were occasionally sold for a very trifling sum. One instance occurred of a small vessel selling for only half-a-crown, and the Queen's Proctor, from whom I got the information, told me also that he lent the money for the purchase to a poor man, in order that the vessel might be got rid of. Most of the slaves landed, after being kept for a time, were drafted on to the West Indies, and there apprenticed. Besides the negroes brought by the slavers, there was also an insect, called the white ant, which has been discovered to be most destructive to the houses and furniture in the town, and will, ere long, cause some of the best buildings to be useless. In their mode of proceeding, these little creatures make a small perforation in the wood; whether it be in a door, window, or valuable article of furniture, seems immaterial, and as they work very rapidly, are out of sight very soon, and by applying a sort of gum the entrance is hid from view: then commences the work of destruction, which is, to eat away and entirely destroy whatever they may enter, and after awhile leave it a mere shell. At times the beams of a house are wholly eaten away, and lately it was necessary to replace the pillars of a verandah consumed by them; and within a month or two after, it was discovered that one of them was again destroyed, and required replacing. A valuable piece of furniture was purchased at an auction by a very knowing fellow, who thought he was making a good bargain, and to his great horror and surprise, when the article was about to be removed, it commenced crumbling to dust, the ants having eaten all but the outside.

The number of vessels which have touched at the island during the last three or four years, may be averaged at about 900 to 1000 annually: they make no long stay, nor do they generally take away any great quantity of supplies, in con-



sequence, it is said, of the merchants demanding such high prices. A few vegetables, a little fresh provisions, and water supplied from tanks, are what they most require. Each vessel, on anchoring, is charged a tonnage duty of a penny per ton, registered measurement, and for this all sick seamen are admitted into the civil hospital free of any charge, either to the vessel or the men. It is to be regretted that there is no "sailors' home," where seamen, when discharged from the hospital, may go until they re-ship, without being obliged to take up their abode at the common canteens (and common enough certainly), exposed to all the temptations of vice which such houses are as much celebrated for here, as, perhaps, in any part of the world. Government, therefore, in giving the seamen hospital treatment *alone*, seem to perform only a part of their duty.

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## STRANGE STORIES, AND THEIR PROBABLE ORIGIN.

BY E. L. LAYARD, ESQ.

"WHERE there is smoke there must be fire."—Is this true, applied as a proverb, as we often hear it? In many instances certainly, and in none more than as regards some of the strange stories connected with Zoology, a few of which I propose to illustrate here, and endeavour to trace to their true origin. Others, however, are quite beyond me, and in naming them, I wish to attract the attention of my readers, in order that they may, if in their power, offer some explanation upon them.

While in Ceylon, I frequently heard from the natives that the weaver-birds (*Ploceus*) brought fire-flies to their nests, and affixed them to the sides with mud, for the purpose of illuminating them by night. Not only was this mentioned by the Cingalese of the south country, about Colombo and Galle, but I found the same tale among the Tamuls, in the north. Any one conversant with the two races, would know at once that it is very unlikely that the story should have been passed from one to the other. The northern and southern portions of the island are separated by 200 miles of dense jungle; and so different are the races in habits and language, and so small the communication between them, that until of very late years, the sentence of transportation for life was carried out by removal from one district to another.



Finding, then, the same tale in both places, I applied myself to elucidating what I had at first treated as a fable. I wrote to Calcutta, to a zoological friend, to ask him if he had ever heard the like among his correspondents, and I made inquiry among those of many acquaintances, whom I knew to differ from the *profanum vulgus*, and actually walked about the world with their eyes and ears open. The result of all this was, that not only in Ceylon, in the northern, central, and southern districts, did the tale prevail, but all over the Bengal, Madras, and Bombay presidencies, as well; and, in course of my reading, I came upon a statement of a similar fable (?) being current among the natives of South America!!

Now here is smoke enough, where is the fire? Some of my witty readers, no doubt, suggest, in the fly's tail, and not in my tale; but we shall see. Of course, concurrent with my verbal investigations, I did not keep my eyes shut; and having visited nearly the whole of the island of Ceylon, I had opportunities of inspecting the nests of two different species of Ploceus,\* viz., *P. Philippinus* and *P. Manyar*.

Many a tree did I scale, and many a rent pair of "inexpressibles," and tattered jacket, were my meed. These cunning birds always seem to make their nests in the most thorny trees,—regular fish-hook ones, some have been. I remember once having to go up to rescue my horse-keeper, who had been caught in the toils, and so firmly fixed, as to be quite incapable of extricating himself. Many a nest did I bring down and cut open, and then (always the sign of a perfect nest), and just on each side of the rim of the oval, which forms the perch, what does the reader think I found? I found the fire of all this smoke—a lump of mud. Now what *can* this mud be used for? It is not used in the construction of the nest; there are seldom more than three or four little lumps stuck on to the fibres of which the nest is composed. I often found bits of insects' wings on the mud, but this was not a constant occurrence. I should also remind the reader that the bird belongs to a *granivorous*, or grain-eating genus, not an *insectivorous* one.

On my return to England, I mentioned the subject to the Head of the zoological department at the British Museum, and we at once proceeded to inspect the nests of this genus from many different countries. If my memory serve me

\* Perhaps some of my readers may not know what Weaver-birds are. I therefore may at once explain that they are the fabricators of the "hanging nests," which any one may see on the trees just out of the town, in going to Green Point.

right, the unrivalled stores of that vast treasury furnished nests from China, all parts of India, the Malayan Peninsula, and Indian Archipelago, Burmah, &c., &c.; besides many examples of similarly constructed nests from South America. In all of these we found the bit of fire,—mud I mean; still it was the *fire* I wanted.

Of course, as soon as I came to this country, and saw the hanging nests, I thought of the mud; but I have not found any in the nests from Green Point and Simon's Bay, which I examined. Perhaps I have not fallen on a finished nest, but I leave the subject to those of my readers who have a better opportunity than I now have of birds'-nesting.

It would be a curious fact if a similar tradition existed among the Kafir, or other native tribes of this country, and I hope this may be the means of attracting the notice of those who dwell on our frontier, and on the border, to this subject. Here we ought to look for the elucidation of the real meaning of this mud-sticking propensity, Africa being the stronghold of the Weaver-birds. I saw a variety of species in my late cruise; and at Kisiludini mission station, twenty-six miles inland from Mombas, I found a tree close to the mission-house, covered with nests of a beautiful mottled black and yellow species. After trying in vain to reach them with a long stick—to climb the tree was impossible,—I brought one down with a gun-shot, and found traces of mud on the shattered walls: the shot had, however, spoiled the structure, and prevented a satisfactory examination. I could not learn from the missionaries that any such tale existed among the natives of the Swali and Wanikas tribes. I cannot imagine that these birds are sufficiently advanced to use chandeliers in their houses. My impression is, that they stick the mud on their nests for the purpose of cleaning their bills thereon, as one sees a canary doing on his perch, or bit of sugar, after eating. Even if this is the purpose, it shows a high degree of civilization among the *Plocei*; and I should not wonder, if the world lasts long enough, that they get to finger-glasses and D'Oyleys at last.

There is another strange story connected with the Indian species of these birds, but it is a true one, nevertheless. Not content with building a nest for the hen bird to hatch in, each pair builds a nest for the cock bird to sit in, shaded from the sun and rain.

The generality of species I have met with, building the nests with the long gallery leading up to the inner chamber, wherein the eggs are hatched, construct a similar nest for the male, leaving out the gallery and *flooring* of the *nursery*,

—if I may so express it. This latter provision evidently shows the origin of the proverb—"It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest,"—the flooring being omitted to prevent the catastrophe here deprecated; so Mr. Ploceus sits comfortably and snug in shade and shelter, and sings lullabies to his family in the words of the old nursery ditty,—

"Hush-a-bye baby upon the tree top."

One species, however, is a curious exception to this rule. Instead of the usual shaped male nest, it builds one exactly resembling an inverted market-basket, the cock bird using the handle for a perch.

A few years ago, I remember seeing a wood-cut, representing this nest, in the *Illustrated London News*; it was copied from a work on the *Instincts of Animals*. The writer gravely asserted it was used as a "procreant cradle," and figured it upside down, with three or four beautiful eggs in it,—the handle being neatly hung on a branch. I do not think he said the hen carried it about with her over her arm, as a lady does her reticule; but he might as well have done so, and made the story perfect.

Now for another puff of smoke. There is an idea current here that snakes often enter native houses by night, and suckle the women who may be lying asleep on the ground. As for their attacks on the "milky mothers of the herd," these are too common to need a passing thought!! Now, wherever the fire may lurk in this case, the smoke is seen far and wide. See my old friend Zoophilus, in the *India Sporting Review*, new series, vol i. No. 3, p. 331. He quotes Capt. Williamson's *Oriental Field Sports*, where he says, "It is very remarkable that all large snakes are very fond of sucking cows, goats, &c., twining their bodies round the animals' hind legs, and drawing at the teats with great composure." Rather a cool assertion this of Capt. W.; I wonder if he ever saw it himself. However, here is the *smoke* in India, and, says Zoophilus, "this strange notion has found its way into many lands,"—Chili and the West India Isles, among others; though Zoophilus here knowingly hints at the *fire*; for he says "the idea is sily encouraged by the negroes, who accuse the snakes of having sucked what they themselves have stolen;" and he goes on to quote the Hon'ble Miss Murray, who, in her *Letters from the United States, Cuba, and Canada* (whew! how the smoke spreads), says, "Yesterday, a lady from Louisiana told me that a snake there milks the cows, and that it has the power of charming a cow, once milked, back to the same spot, where she will call the reptile as if it were her calf; a red appearance in the

milk left behind shows what has occurred."!!! In Byam's *Wanderings in America*, too, the following occurs,—“The country people living in small ranchos, in the north of Chili, constantly aver that snakes are in the habit of drawing the milk off from mothers (“womankind,” *apud* Monkbarns), in the night time, when they are asleep; and women themselves have often repeated the story to me. The herdsmen also say that they suck the cows when they are lying down.”

A Mr. J. Statham, too, has been “drawn” by my friend Zoophilus, and the milk—no *cream*—of his information is, that “a large black snake” in India does the same, and that some “ladies” were “personal sufferers from the reptile’s depredations.” It is the “black snake” that keeps a dairy here, too; but he is nothing to a lizard in the Zulu country. This fellow, who is called the “water chameleon,” has a telescopic tail, which he can adjust to any particular focus, and when a cow approaches the bank of the river, down in whose pellucid depths he lies, he stretches *the* tail, “full many a fathom long,” and twining it round the unsuspecting bovine,—belays it with two half hitches, as Jack would say,—and then comes up and sucks at its leisure. I am promised a portion of one of these dragons for the Museum. The brute was taken “red-handed,” or, rather, “red-tailed,”—caught in the very act. If any kind friend will send us a whole one, and prove the fact of cow-sucking, I hereby engage to have it stuffed, and placed in position with a cow.

Where, however, is the fire, which in this case has raised so much smoke? It is quite impossible that a snake or a saurian can suck a mammal; their mouths are not formed for it, and being furnished with rows of sharp-pointed teeth, or hard bony plates instead of teeth, the pain they would inflict would certainly prevent any animal from allowing such an act.

Perhaps the well-known fondness of snakes for milk has suggested the idea, and then the picture has been filled up by the touches of leg-encircling tails, &c., &c.

A story is prevalent throughout India and Ceylon, that the jackals of every district, if not every pack in a district, has a recognised king, or leader, who may be known by a horn in the centre of his forehead. When this horn is seen in a young animal, the elders of the flock immediately pay him kingly honours: they hunt for him,—bring him live animals that he may suck their blood,—and feed him up that he may acquire strength and ferocity; and when he is of an age to

lead them in their forays, they obey him implicitly, and still give him the best of everything captured.

In the wolf countries of Europe the same tradition exists (except that the *horn* part of the story is omitted); and I also heard a similar report during my wanderings in the back-woods of Canada.

Now let us dissect this story: in the first place, the horn we must reject altogether; it is impossible for an animal to be an *unicorn* in the true sense of the word; no horn can grow on the suture of the skull, that being the spot where the increase to the bony structure takes place. Some of my readers will doubtless call to mind the horn of the narwhal (*Monodon monoceros*) and rhinoceros; but the first-named is really a *bi-corned cetacean*, with one horn undeveloped, but always present and in reserve, in case of an accident to the other; the latter is not a real *horn*, so to speak; it is simply a mass of agglomerated hairs, attached to the skin of the head, not proceeding from the skull, but *moveable*,—which the horn of a cow, or antelope, or deer, is not. The fabulous unicorn no doubt arose from an ill-made drawing of an oryx (gemsbok), and had no prototype in nature.

The horn of the jackal, (*naricoomba* of the Tamuls), has, doubtless, been invented by the cupidity of some rascal, who employed it as a means of raising money. I saw one in Ceylon, and at once detected that it was nothing more than a portion of the phalange of a foot. It is supposed to have most wondrous powers, particularly as a love-philtre, and there is no wish that a person can conceive, that the possession of it will not ensure.

As far as one animal being the leader of the flock, I think the story very feasible; “might makes right” in the brute creation, and the fable that a particular animal had been carefully raised for this especial purpose may have originated from the fact of its being superior in size and strength, from some accidental cause, which would effectually enable it to acquire and maintain a pre-eminence among its fellows by dint of tooth and claw.

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## HINTS FOR THE FLOWER SHOW.

THE favourable result of the February Horticultural Exhibition, and the reported intention to repeat these shows at stated intervals, induce me to offer a few remarks, which I hope may be deemed worth consideration, and may, perhaps, be of service to some of those persons who, for the honour of



the thing, may be tempted to become competitors for the prizes offered,—their intrinsic value, in general, being hardly worth a thought.

It of course remains with the committees to determine what specimens are to be exhibited, and in what classes and manner they are to be exhibited. There are some species—the well-known *Dahlia* for instance—which are most conveniently shown as “cut blooms;” but it is certainly more desirable to see well-conditioned exemplars of other species in a growing state, evincing at once the assiduity of the grower, and the possibility of improvement by culture of several fine exotics, which, from their natural habit of growth, are considered as untractable stragglers, unworthy of the room they occupy, and are either treated with neglect or are cut and hacked by the hand of inexperienced growers, when, by judicious training, they would become objects of neatness, an essential in floriculture.

The competition ought not to be confined to exotic species only. Classes of many South African plants which attract so much notice in Europe, appearing in so many of the splendid exhibitions there, and gaining so many of the prizes, ought surely to obtain some attention here, and be to all a convincing proof of what can be accomplished by superior and judicious management. Take for example, the genus *Pelargonium*, and compare the imported fancy varieties with the original species which spring up spontaneously around us, and observe with attention what has already been effected, and consider what more may be done.

The more extensive genera of *Erica*, or heaths, and which for a long period baffled all attempts to grow and preserve an extensive collection in England, are now comparatively easy of management; and new varieties are produced, which, in the estimation of the florist, exceed in beauty the original species from which they have been reared.

Of the shrubby succulent plants, the order *Crassulaceæ* contains many interesting species, which for the brilliant colours and fragrance of their flowers, deserve more regard than they receive at present; and though a few of them appear in some of the Cape gardens, their value as ornamental plants are not so fully shown as might be.

In the order *Ficoideæ*, the *Mesembryanthemum* presents a numerous diversity of form in their foliage, and brilliancy of colour in their flowers: and being of easy culture, are eminently deserving of attention; and being met with in various soils and situations, even the most sandy, it would be impossible to fail in their culture.

Of the order *Compositæ Helichrysum*, &c., the well-known "seven years' bloem," or "everlasting flowers," are rarely seen in the Cape gardens, although so showy in appearance, and so often seen, in the dried state, in the parlours of the curious. Being easily reared from seed, or a few propagated by cuttings, a collection of them would be highly interesting.

Of the terrestrial *Orchideæ*, so very numerous and beautiful in South Africa, there is but one species (which sometimes finds a place in Cape gardens), known by the name of *Goude Travers*, formerly very plentiful on the Cape Flats. It is now rarely to be found in the Cape district, having shared the fate of many other plants, by the enclosing of those lands. Had improved cultivation accompanied this measure, the destruction of the indigenous plants would be the less regretted; but the general appearance of those allotments present but few signs of industry amongst the inhabitants. Many of the other species of *Orchideæ*, and yet plentiful, would, if properly prepared, yield a nutritious *salep*, equal to what is produced in other countries.

South Africa abounds with many fine genera of the *Irideæ*, varying in form and colour. A few of those are frequent in the Cape gardens, and generally known by the names of *Afrihaanders*, *Bavyantjes*, &c. But there exist, in their native habitat, several fine species well worth cultivation, and superior in splendour to many of those generally found in gardens. The facility with which new varieties can be raised from seed makes this order a favourite in Europe, and has already been productive of varieties surpassing in beauty the original species.

In the order *Amaryllidæ* there is much to admire, from the minute and delicate *Hessea* to the comparatively gigantic *Crinum*, &c., &c., the species frequently rivalling those of the tropics in many respects, and forming a remarkable link in the chain of the vegetable productions of the old and of the new world.

It would occupy too much time and space to enumerate individually the thousands of native plants deserving the notice of the amateur. But it would be unpardonable to omit, generally, the order *Asphodeleæ*, so replete with species possessed of form and colour, sufficient to attract the attention of the most incurious. The extensive, though imperfectly known, genera, *Lachenalia*, will be a good exemplar. Nor must the order *Oxalidæ* be passed by, the species of which are so numerous, and so widely spread, as to court attention in every soil and situation, whether arid sands,

rocky mountainous heights, or the deeply shaded recesses of the glen and the forest.

It may appear strange to some persons to recommend any of the *Bucho* family as desirable objects for garden culture; but the attractive beauty of *Diosma uniflora*, *D. speciosa*, and *D. fragrans*, and, more especially, the agreeable perfume of the last species, will, without doubt, cause it to become a special favourite with those who may take it into favour.

Having in the foregoing brief notes named a few of the South African plants worthy of culture as ornamental decorations to the flower garden, it is necessary to add some few remarks to guide the amateur in his operations.

In general, a light loamy, or friable soil, with a portion of well-rotted leaves, and, in some cases, a little two-year-old cow-dung, well mixed with the earth, will be found to agree with most plants in cultivation. For the *Erica*, any light sandy soil, with decayed vegetable matter, is suitable for the majority of the species, but any application of animal manure is injurious, and not unlikely to prove destructive to the plants. For any quick-growing annual plants, such as balsams, &c., a rich compost of loam, decayed leaves, and old dung is requisite.

Whatever soil is used, it should, if possible, be taken from the surface, not deeper than about twelve inches, broken small, and mixed with the requisite manure, and placed in a heap under shelter, guarding it against rains; every two or three months the heap must be turned over to incorporate the mixture thoroughly. It ought not to be brought into use until twelvemonths after the first mixing.

For the sowing of seeds, a light soil, rather sandy, should be preferred; as soon as the plants are fit for removal, the compost best suited to their nature must be used.

Most plants from cuttings, strike roots more quickly in pure sand; such is the nature of the *Erica*; while others, as *Pelargonium*, &c., will strike readily in any common garden soil.

The best vessels to grow plants in, are the common unglazed earthen pots, well burnt. Unfortunately, those made at the Cape are unfit for the purpose; owing to the large portion of sand in their composition, they are too porous; hence no plant can be kept alive in them for any long time. If glazed pots are made use of, it is necessary to drain them well, that the water pass off freely; and at all times avoid giving too much water, as there can be no evaporation from the sides of the pots.

It is, perhaps, necessary to observe that the smaller bulbs,

such as *Ixia*, require pots only about five or six inches wide, and about seven or eight inches deep. Plant six or seven bulbs in each pot, covering the bulbs with about two inches of earth, and be sure to allow from half an inch to a little more below the rim of the pot for the holding of water. Any sandy soil will do for this tribe. Many of the *Orchideæ* will require pots of larger dimensions, and to be planted singly, —i.e., one in each pot. During the growth of the bulbous rooted tribe, a plentiful supply of water is necessary; but to them, as well as all other plants, water, as soon as drawn from the well, or spring, should not be given; otherwise, if of colder temperature than the earth in the pots, it chills, and checks the roots so much, that the whole plant may be injured. Water, in general, should be exposed to the atmosphere for twelve hours, that it may be of nearly the same temperature with the soil in which the plant is growing.

HORTULANUS.

N.B.—As there are many persons at the Cape who are unacquainted with the extensive genera of *Erica*, they will do well to examine the volumes of *Andrews' Heathy*, and the first volume of *Loudon's Gardeners' Magazine*. Both these works are in the Public Library.

H.

## VERSES.

O! how I love to wander  
 'Mid dark and leafy shades,  
 Or where bright streams meander  
 Adown the woodland glades.

I love the rustic tangle,  
 I love the forest green,  
 Where pearly dew-drops spangle  
 The flowers with silver sheen.

And I love the brilliant glow  
 Of morning's joyous beam,  
 As, from rock to brake below,  
 It sheds its roseate stream.

But when even's dew is falling,  
 When day 's gone to the west,  
 When nightingales are calling,  
 'Tis then I love earth best.

A.

## THE CAPE FLATS AND HOW THEY MAY BE IMPROVED.

### PART II.

CAPILLARY attraction is so rapid and powerful in sand that it is usually adopted as an illustration of this natural operation; and although the somewhat rude experiment which we will now detail, carried on with the view of ascertaining the extent and rapidity of the capillary action, failed in its object, it still leads to one or two conclusions which may not be uninteresting.

About a muid of dry sand from the Flats was put into a tub, two feet eight inches in diameter, and formed into a cone, with a scale placed in the centre, graduated to tenths of inches, the intention being to raise the cone to the height of from two to three feet, and, by pouring in water at the base, to ascertain how much water the sand would absorb, and the time taken by capillary attraction to convey it to the summit of the cone. But it was found that the sand would not lie on a surface with a greater elevation than thirty degrees, and consequently with so small a base a cone could not be got a foot in height. A circle of rough stones was then placed around the outer edge of the circle of sand of about four inches in thickness, and by this means the cone was raised to a height of sixteen inches. Water was then poured in at the base, and was absorbed with rapidity to the extent of four American buckets of about two gallons each: the whole of the cone was wet by it within half an inch of the top; or, in other words, a slight covering of dry sand, about half an inch in thickness, remained around the top of the cone. A dry southeast wind set in in the evening, and blew until after midnight; the remainder of the night was calm, clear, and comparatively cool, and in the morning the whole surface of the cone was so thoroughly saturated, that portions of it had slipped from the increased weight of so much moisture. The experiment, so far as exhibiting the extent and rapidity of capillary attraction, failed, from its too limited extent. It illustrates a few facts, however, which may be useful.

1st. That the sand will not lie on a slope with a greater elevation than thirty degrees.

2nd. That it absorbs water to the extent of nearly half its own bulk, and that this water is, by capillary action, conveyed upwards towards the surface with great rapidity, and held in suspension for the use of plants.

This peculiarity of the sand, in not resting on a surface with a greater elevation than thirty degrees, is remarkable, and may afford some useful hints in the formation of an undulating surface. It differs from results obtained by Professor Barlow, M. Rondelet, and Lieut. Hope, R. E., who were able to attain an



elevation of thirty degrees, thirty minutes, and Mr. G. Rainier, who attained an elevation of forty degrees. Perhaps the greater elevation is due, in some measure, to a coarser and larger-grained sand, and also to a more perfect mode of experiment.

The formation of the sand into an undulating surface, by the laying down of obstructions, such as clumps of bushes, is perfectly practicable, and, indeed, easy, as is shown in the case of the mound formed in 1848, before alluded to. But as that mound was intended to resist the force of the wind for three years,—the time considered necessary to cover it,—it was erected of a corresponding strength; but a few south-east winds covered it.

The plan most suitable, and, perhaps, economical, for forming an undulating surface, is to lay down clumps of and rows of the commonest kinds of brushwood, sufficiently thick to afford shelter, and secured well to the ground by stakes; they should be laid down at the end of the winter,—September and October,—and they would be covered completely in the course of the summer, and would be ready for planting with the first rains. They should be so placed with respect to the inclination of the ground as to check the flow of water. The clay which would by the formation of these mounds be laid bare, being then drained by a slight surface drainage, by filling up the small pools, and giving the ground a suitable inclination, might be made to discharge its whole supply of water into the bases of the elevated mounds, which would be of sufficient height to prevent the evils of excessive moisture in winter, and excessive drought, from evaporation, in summer; and by capillary action, the water would be conveyed upwards, and these mounds would become reservoirs of water for the use of the plants. The success of this practice is sufficiently attested by the state of the mound before alluded to.

The kind of firs suitable for planting may at present admit of some doubt, and would be best learned from those practical botanists who have good colonial experience; and perhaps the remarkably intelligent man now in charge of that part of the sands under the management of the Central Board of Roads is, in this respect, second to none, and his information may be fully relied on. But we advocate a change in the form of surface as essential to success. From this we expect a sufficient depth of soil, a more equable diffusion of moisture throughout the year, and shelter for the young trees; and anything short of this will fail in securing a growth of trees in these shallow sands.

The practice followed on the west coast of France with sands having a littoral origin, and in a climate with less annual rain, and a higher average annual temperature than that of the white sands of the Cape isthmus, has been so successful as to hold out to us the greatest encouragement, and to impress us strongly with the conviction that we have only to secure similar conditions of surface to guarantee equally good results. The following details are worthy of the greatest attention in carrying out this project.

"In the department of Gironde, the Landes, or sandy heaths, of which only a small part has been brought into cultivation, occupy nearly half of the department, extending from the sea to the valley of the Garonne. The sands of the downs along the sea-shore, driven inland by the winds, gradually overspread a considerable tract of country, encroaching yearly from seventy to eighty feet along the whole extent of coast. In the district of Medoc, north-west of Bordeaux, many houses have been destroyed; near the canal of Furness, a church has been so completely buried that the steeple alone is visible; and naked boughs, rising eight or ten feet above the surface, are all that can be seen of a forest near the bay of Arachan, which has been overwhelmed in like manner.

"The increasing devastation has, however, been checked by carrying out the suggestions of the engineer, M. Bermontier, by fixing the sands by covering with a vegetation suited to the soil." And for this purpose, the cluster pine (*Pinus Pinaster*) and *Pinus Maritimus* of Linnæus have been principally used.

*Pinus Pinaster* is a noble species, inhabiting the most sandy plains, especially along the coast. Its timber is soft, light, coarse, and only fit for common purposes; but it affords a large quantity of resin and tar, and is much consumed in the manufacture of lamp-black.

"It is this species that has been so successfully employed in fixing the loose drifting sands of the barren plains of some parts of France.

"In some parts of the Landes, the soil, composed of an ash-coloured sand, is too unproductive even for sheep-walks. Forests of pine occupy a vast extent of country. The pine (*Pinus Maritimus*) acquires in the sandy, and else unproductive wastes, a height beyond that which it attains in other parts of France. It yields turpentine, pitch, and charcoal, as well as timber for building, and masts for the shipping."\*

*Pinus Pinaster*, the cluster pine, grows well at the Cape. *Pinus Maritimus* has, we believe, scarcely been introduced; but if they grow side by side on the barren wastes from Bayonne to Bordeaux, there seems no reason why they should not grow equally well at the Cape of Good Hope, if we can procure the same conditions of soil and climate.

The average quantity of rain falling annually in the vicinity of the sands is twenty-three inches; that which falls in the west of France varies from twenty-four to twenty-one inches. The mean summer temperature in the vicinity of the sands, for the six months from November to April, inclusive, exceeds sixty-six degrees.† The summer temperature at Bordeaux exceeds seventy degrees.

\* This information is extracted principally from the articles "Gironde" and "Landes," *Penny Cyclopædia*.

† White sands, sixty-six deg., fourteen min.; Bordeaux, seventy deg., three min.

By this, it will be seen that the white sands at the Cape have as great a quantity of rain in the year as the west coast of France. This, however, is probably counterbalanced by a greater prevalence of dry winds in summer, promoting a more speedy evaporation.

There is one condition of the sands on the coast of France which those in the Flats do not always possess,—that is depth. We see by the above extracts that they have covered houses, and a church, and a forest; and if the remnant of the sands now in positions in the Flats suitable for planting, are of insufficient depth for the growth of trees, we must seek a remedy in an undulating surface. By this means, as before stated, we shall secure a sufficient depth of soil, prevention from excess of moisture in winter, and by a surface drainage, a partial irrigation, so far as the supply of water will allow, in summer, and shelter for the plants.

It has been stated above, that the sands, when submerged in water, acquire a scum on their surface, which, when exposed to the summer sun, becomes quite hard. We are neither chemists nor geologists, and therefore cannot explain the cause of this. It is, however, a very interesting subject, and worthy of inquiry, viz, whether the water, when, by long standing on the bed of clay, it becomes impregnated with oxide of iron and nitre, and exposed to the atmosphere, has not the power of dissolving the silica, or flinty particles of sand, which being deposited in the form of a paste, and exposed to the sun's rays, becomes indurated. We merely state the question, as one deserving of analysis by the geologist and chemist. Of the fact of those hard surfaces being found in this way there can be no doubt, and they are sometimes mistaken for the surface of iron-stone gravel, until a few blows with a pick show their true nature.

When speaking of capillary action as a powerful agent in the distribution of water through mounds of sand, we must bear in mind that if the mounds were very high, it is possible, under great pressure, that the sand would form a compact indurated mass, and capillary action cease; but the mounds for planting should not be higher than twelve feet, and indeed need not exceed eight or ten feet.

If we wish to form a mound ten feet high, as the sand will not lie on a greater inclination than thirty degrees, such a mound would, in section (if perfect in form), represent an isosceles triangle, with a perpendicular height of ten feet, and a base of thirty feet; its two slopes would be each about eighteen feet;\* and if the

\* The mounds, in the first instance assume the form of an isosceles triangle; but from the resistance which the mass offers to the sand cloud, when blown with the wind, a large deposit of sand takes place at the foot of the mound, and the base becomes greatly elongated to windward, forming a somewhat curved surface, thus :—



mound were one hundred feet in length, it would occupy a surface of three thousand superficial feet. Now, if we conceive this isosceles triangle to be divided by the perpendicular into two right-angled triangles, which are equal to each other, and conceive the one turned over on the other, and joined by their longest line (hypotenuse), they will represent a paralelogram, whose height is ten and breadth fifteen feet, the area of which would be one hundred and fifty feet; and if the mound were a hundred feet long, it would contain fifteen thousand cubic feet of sand. But we have before seen that the superficial area of the base of the mound is three thousand feet, which deducted from fifteen thousand (the cubical contents of the mound) leave twelve thousand feet in the upper part. The three thousand feet in the base, assuming the sand to be twelve inches in depth, retains its original position, whilst the twelve thousand feet of the upper part has been collected by the wind, and has laid bare twelve thousand feet of clay, which by a slight surface drainage will be formed into water-sheds, and made to discharge their whole contents into the bases of the mounds, to be raised by capillary attraction, and held in suspension for the use of the plants. And as loose sand never discharges rain water from its surface, according to the rain-table given in a preceding page, we should have, in addition to more than half-an-inch monthly fall, four times that quantity conveyed by surface drainage to the bases of the mounds, to be disposed of by irrigation, as above stated. This, however, supposes the sand to form, by the wind, mounds of the above shape; but, in practice, this rarely, if ever, takes place, and the mounds are usually greatly elongated in the base, in proportion to their height, and, therefore, they need not be so high as ten feet,—and, probably, six or eight feet would be sufficient. The size or form of the mounds does not affect the principle of an undulating surface. The calculations above given have no pretensions to precision, and are only approximations, made use of to illustrate a principle.

These mounds would give sufficient depth of sand for the growth of large trees, except at the edge, and here, where the sand is shallow, sugar-bush would grow in abundance, and probably *M. Cordifolia*; but this latter may be doubtful, as our own experience leads us to the conclusion that it is a plant which will not thrive when removed from its littoral habitat.

In conclusion, we shall point out what we conceive to be the necessity for planting.

By the extract given from Burchell, in the former part of this paper, it will be seen that, in 1811, when the population was small compared with what it is at present, there was a scarcity of firewood, which caused the destruction of the Flats. Since that time, by the improvement of the roads, and the opening up of large tracts of indigenous forests around the base of Table Mountain, and the arrival at maturity of large tracts of fir plantation growing on fertile land, and planted at a time when

labour was comparatively more abundant and cheaper than it is at present, a supply of timber and of firewood has been kept up quite equal to the wants of an increased population. But when we look around us and see the wanton destruction by fire, every year, of whole tracts of indigenous forest, amounting to hundreds of acres, denuded of their fine trees, old and young, by acts of insane or reckless folly, we may well ask ourselves the question, is the present growth of timber sufficient to meet the increasing wants of society, even supposing the increase of population to be moderate?

If a breakwater should be built in Table Bay, such as that proposed, converting it into a harbour of refuge, it is impossible to overrate its importance to Cape Town. As from its favourable situation it has not, and indeed cannot have, any rival port, it will become the emporium of commerce to the whole southern hemisphere, and the increase to its population will be immense, so much so, indeed, that it is no very fanciful stretch of imagination to say that should the breakwater go on successfully, in twenty years from its commencement the European population of Cape Town will be double that of its whole population at present. Table Bay will probably become the head quarters for the navy. The port and harbour must be refortified, and from the great value of property at stake, will require a strong military and naval force for its protection. We may well then ask, as a matter of judicious, provident prudence, whether the present growth of timber is sufficient to meet the increasing wants of society. We assume, as a matter of course, that wood is the fuel most suitable to this climate, and that coal will never come into general use.

But this is not all. There is yet another question of more immediate importance, connected with our social, commercial, and agricultural progress, which cannot for a moment leave any doubt on our minds as to the insufficiency of the present growth of timber to supply the coming wants of the colony.

We are now about projecting a railroad, which, if it succeeds, will probably take its course from Cape Town to Wynberg, with a branch to Muizenberg; from Wynberg to Stellenbosch, Paarl, Wellington, and Wagonmakers' Valley, the main trunk following the course of the Berg River, with offsets of single rails and sidings to the different wine-growing localities, and corn-growing districts of Zwartland and Piquetberg; and probably the whole would not contain less than two hundred miles of rail. For laying down two hundred miles of rail, a large quantity of timber would be required. It would probably be decided to lay down the rails on sleepers laid longitudinally, on what is termed the bridge rail, as it appears to have many advantages. These sleepers are fourteen by seven inches in section, and braced together by cross pieces at every ten or fifteen feet. If we suppose a full-grown tree to yield timber of the above size for thirty feet of its length (a large tree) then if we divide two hundred miles by thirty feet, we shall get the number of trees required for this purpose; and if the cross pieces



are five feet three inches in length, which is the gauge now most generally approved, when the companies are unfettered by connection with previously constructed lines, a tree of thirty-one feet six inches would make twelve such pieces, and as they are laid down at fifteen feet, and at ten feet, apart, the former on the straight line and the latter on curves, if we take twelve feet as the mean distance, a tree of the above dimensions would cover one hundred and forty-four feet of road; and by dividing two hundred miles by this number, we shall get the number of trees required for this purpose, In the first case it will be . . . 35,200

And in the latter, . . . 7,333

Making a total of . . . 42,533

But of the trees cut for this purpose, not one half of them—perhaps not one fourth—would cut timber of the above dimensions; and very few trees will be got large enough to yield more than one sleeper; and it would be necessary to increase this number at least fifty per cent., which would increase it to sixty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine full-grown trees. If we add to this a number which does not admit of calculation, and must depend, in a great measure, on the nature of the work, in the construction of the railroad, for piles, for construction of bridges, viaducts, tunnels, &c., and for embankments, and various other purposes, as well as for small railroads to and from the quarries, and for other purposes in the construction of the breakwater, twenty thousand trees, perhaps, would be not more than sufficient to meet this consumption. It does not, however, admit of calculation, but it is a conclusion which any one who has been engaged in extensive public works will readily admit; and admitting this view of the subject as a correct one, we should require eighty-three thousand seven hundred and ninety-nine trees, most of them of very large growth, for these works.

The sleepers for the railroad would probably last in this climate about fifteen years, at the end of which the whole would have to be renewed; and supposing the line not to have extended beyond the Cape Flats and that part of the valley of the Berg River which, in its primitive extent, it is intended to embrace, we should require some sixty thousand more trees of large dimensions for re-laying the rails. It therefore becomes a duty to consider whether our present growth of timber will be sufficient, with an increasing consumption, to meet this demand likewise. We have not the slightest hesitation in saying that, with trees of such large dimensions, it certainly is not; but with trees of a smaller growth, probably it is. Its effects, however, will be to exhaust our whole growth of timber; it will enrich those proprietors who are so fortunate as to have a good growth of fir forest, and it will release a considerable quantity of good lands for the purposes of agriculture, and gardens,—to which purpose it will be applied, because it is more valuable when so applied than when under a growth of timber, and its value will be much increased by the increase of population.

It is, however, difficult to suppose that a railroad once commenced on the banks of the Berg River can possibly stop short of its mouth, as it will completely open up the fine corn countries of the Cold Bokkeveld, Tulbagh, Piquetberg, and Clanwilliam, and the Lower Oliphant River on the one side, and Zwartland on the other, and will bring to the agriculturists of that part of the country a market within three days of them, which they cannot now obtain in less than from six to twelve days to Cape Town, or something less to the comparatively desert outlets of the sea-coast. This fine stream is well suited for the sites of towns, and the support of a numerous population. This it would soon acquire by a railroad running on its margin, and it would become the life-giving stream of commercial activity to the best corn districts of the colony.

We have heard it proposed to import timber from England for a railroad. We shall not attempt any illustrations of the disadvantages of this, but shall merely remark that it would be as unreasonable as to import granite for buildings, or wheat for the support of our population, whilst we have as much of the former and ought to have such an abundance of the latter as would enable us to supply the wants of the whole city of London.

We have also heard it said that the forests in the district of George would give an inexhaustible supply of timber for a railroad. This proposal being nearer home, and within the colony, deserves a little analysis. It seems plausible, and to a casual observer presents no more formidable difficulties than does the purchase and transport of such timber from the Highlands of Scotland to some parts of England.

But if we take the market prices of a good merchantable timber in the district of George, and compare it with the market price of the same timber, being equally merchantable, in Cape Town, the difference in price will be the cost of land carriage, and the profits of the speculators in the coasting trade. We may take stinkwood as a specimen to illustrate our position,—not as a description of timber suitable for railways, but as an article equally merchantable at both places. We find, then, that stinkwood is sold in the forests of George at 3s. per cubic foot;\* and we find that stinkwood sells in Cape Town at 6s. 6d. per cubic foot, and the difference between this and the price at George—3s. 6d. per cubic foot—is due to the transport. Now, in order to take as favourable a view of the subject as possible, on behalf of the George forests, we will suppose that the quantity of timber required for the railroads would be so considerable as to give rise to a regular course of trade for some time, and that by competition the expense of transport by sea was considerably reduced, and that by landing the timber in False Bay, instead of Table Bay, a further reduction would be made. All this we can suppose, and readily grant, and would therefore make a set-off of 6d. per cubic foot reduction on this account. We should still have 3s. per cubic foot, or 100 per cent., as the cost of transport. This 100 per cent., it is true,

\* See *Government Gazette*, 10th February, 1857.

would go into the pockets of our merchants in the coasting trade, but we should prefer seeing it disposed of as a direct encouragement to agricultural enterprise, as it is on our agricultural resources that we must principally rely for internal strength. The discovery of the precious metals, or the opening of a copper mine, may enrich an individual or a company, but the internal strength and wealth of the colony, its support of an industrious and rising population, must be drawn from its corn-fields, its pastures, its vineyards, its forests, and its fisheries.

We have now to consider the administrative part, and to make a few concluding remarks. It is not disparaging to governments to say that improvements which in any way tend to individual profit, succeed better in the hands of individuals or of companies than they do in the hands of governments. Profit is not the object which a government has in view; and in the hands of individuals or companies, there is a more intense concentration of interest than the machinery of a government can possess. But individual labour and industry must be limited to comparatively narrow spheres. As the limited extent of capital and labour, and in a country where comparatively good land is plentiful and cheap, and the operation of planting the sands aims at a public improvement as well as profit, few individuals (except those who have leisure and capital to spare) would be got to undertake it until the experiment has been tried and proved to be successful and profitable. If, however, individuals could be got to undertake portions of it, perhaps the best method would be for the agricultural society to give rewards (an annual prize) for the greatest number of healthy plants of a given age reared by any one man, making about three acres or five thousand plants their minimum number, below which no prize should be given. The prize should be valuable, and rendered honourable by the mode of conferring it, and in a few years it would perhaps be unnecessary.

Why the course of the sand-hills from Table Bay should for ages have passed over the isthmus in one direction, then have ceased, probably for ages, and now be in the course of passing over it again in a line further eastward is a question of some difficulty, which may never be solved; nor is it perhaps of any importance to inquire why it is so: but of the fact of this eccentric and irregular course, we have very strong assurances, indications of it appearing in all directions. The pages of Mr. Burchell as quoted above, though too long for extract, are worthy of perusal. He describes the sands (1811), when he stood at the second windmill beyond Salt River, as a heath of sand, but he also describes it as formed into hills, describes their formation in the first instance around tufts of grass or the stunted bushes that grew on them, with their immensely long and large roots, such in fact as they are now found in the less exposed and less frequented parts about Blueberg. He describes also the mode of destruction by the poorer people of Cape Town (and he might have added by outspan parties). Yet

there is not now a sandhill within miles of where he stood, except the one formed in 1848, before alluded to.

The sand on the shores of Table Bay receives its first motion from a south-east wind, and passes in the direction of Table Mountain. A few years since, a mass of it advanced with such rapidity as to threaten the safety of the road in the vicinity of Diep River, and a fence was erected to check its progress. It did not, however, advance so far as to cover the fence, and as it has made very little if any progress for some years past, it has probably reached its limits in that direction. This, as it appears to us, is easily explained from natural causes. The lower current of the south-east wind, checked by the huge perpendicular mass of Table Mountain, receives an impulse to the eastward until its force is neutralised in that direction by the south-east current, and it becomes a southerly wind through the valley, and carries the sand-cloud in a direction somewhat east of north until it has passed Table Mountain, and receives a similar but much smaller check from the Tigerberg range, when it acquires a westerly course and passes into the sea at Blueberg.

The body of sand on the shores of Table Bay is now in motion considerably to the eastward of the former line, and we have been informed, by an authority which we have not the slightest reason to doubt, is in width from two to three miles, and in hills of from fifteen to thirty feet in height. Those who have been passing over the hills, at the third milestone, for the last twelve or fifteen years, and who look in the direction of Cape Hanglip, will probably recollect that in the early part of the period of which we speak, on the left of this line, the tops of sand-hills were seen on the shores of False Bay, but now they are seen much nearer in well-defined masses, exhibiting hills in full contour. This mass of sand is advancing at a rapid rate. It however excites no immediate alarm from the fact, probably, of the property in its immediate contact being of little value, and from long habit having reconciled us to it as a thing that has become chronic and incurable. We have been assured that the old wagon-tracks which formed the roads to Cape Town, before the construction of the new line of roads, are now covered by a mile or a mile and a half of these high sand-hills; and that the whole mass is advancing at probably, a quarter of a mile per annum, but irregularly, as the seasons are more or less windy. The distance in a direct line from the main road is probably not more than seven miles, and this distance will be passed over in less than thirty years, supposing its progress to be steady. It is not, however, steady; and unless observations be made, it is impossible to say what that progress is. Its direction, however, across the Flats, will probably be slightly east of north, until it crosses the new line of road between the eighth and twelfth milestones. But the south-east wind, receiving a check from the mass of the Tigerberg-hills, rushes with increased velocity around its southern end. The effects on the sand cloud will be to drive it westward, and disperse it over the Flats until it passes into the sea.



Or should it continue further eastward and northward along the base of the hills, a great portion of it will find resting places in the gullies and depressions of those hills, while a part will advance farther northward, and pass into the sea at Blueberg.

The object of the writer in preparing this paper is to promote inquiry. If it should elicit any remarks from others, which shall point out a better plan of effecting a successful mode of planting and reclaiming the Flats which form so great an obstacle in the approaches to this city, his whole purpose will be gained; bearing in mind, always, that a friction of opinions, however discordant they may be, has a tendency to bring out the truth, and to brighten that which may before have been dim.

It is a principle universal in animal life, and by which man, in common with the lower animals, is guided, when the necessaries of life are the objects sought,—that they invariably fix their habitat in localities where support is easiest attainable. This may furnish us with a useful hint in reference to the scarcity of labour and a sparse population, that the most effectual method to secure a supply of local labour is to promote local improvements. It is an extremely difficult matter to get men to settle for twelve months in a locality in which employment and support is not to be obtained more than half that time.

We cannot, we regret to say, give any precise information of the number of people finding partial employment and support in the manufacture of charcoal, lampblack, tar, pitch, rosin, turpentine, &c., in the Landes, on the French coast from Bayonne to Bordeaux. We have heard it stated at fourteen thousand; but that it is considerable there is no doubt, as most of these articles form no inconsiderable item of exports from those ports. The following extract seems worthy of attention:—

“The population of the wilds is scanty; the peasantry live in solitary cabins; the head of the family engages in the cultivation of the soil, where its sterility is diminished by nature, or counteracted by abundance of manure; the younger branches, perhaps go twenty miles, to make charcoal in the forests, or to attend on their flocks.”

Now if we could adopt a similar plan in the Cape Flats, we have reason to look forward to similar results, except that in our case, the results in labour-power would be reversed, the head of the family would find occupation, partial or entire, in the forests, whilst the sons and daughters would be the domestic servants, the wagoners, ploughmen, shepherds, and vine-dressers of the neighbouring farmers. We have a climate with a lower temperature, and as great an average annual fall of rain; and the effect of such local improvements would be beneficial to the community in all respects, and would do more towards reclaiming the native races from their erratic habits than all the summary laws in the statute-book.

J. S. H.



## THE LAKE.

FROM LAMARTINE'S MEDITATIONS POETIQUES, No. 13.

[THERE is a refinement of taste, delicacy of sentiment, and harmony of versification in Lamartine's poetry, superior to any other modern French writer. He may be truly called "the poet of feeling." The following is a close translation of one of his sweetest lyrics.]

Towards shores unknown before, for ever cast,  
 To endless night borne powerlessly away,  
 Can we not on Time's ocean of the past  
     Anchor but for *one* day?  
 Fair lake, the year's full course had scarcely flown,  
 When near thy wave she long'd again to see;  
 Behold me seated on this rock alone,  
     Where she has sat by thee!  
 Then were thy waters' mournful tones, as now,  
 On the sharp sides of these steep rocks outpour'd,—  
 Then, too, their spray borne as the breeze might blow,  
     Sprinkled her feet ador'd.  
 Rememberest thou one night, when all was still,  
 As gliding o'er thy tide, and 'neath thy skies,  
 Hearing the distant rower's measur'd trill  
     Harmoniously arise,  
 That suddenly some sound to earth unknown,  
 Th' enchanted shore's soft echoes sweetly woke,  
 And as the wave to that dear voice's tone  
     Seem'd listening, thus it spoke:—  
 "Oh, Time, thy spoils desist,—ye prosperous hours  
     Suspend awhile your flight,  
 And of our happiest days bestow the powers  
     To taste their swift delight.  
 There are unhappy ones enough below  
     Imploring this bequest,  
 Take with their days their heart's consuming woe,  
     But, oh, forget the bless'd!  
 Yet vainly I demand the short delay,—  
     Time flies on, and evades,—  
 Run slower night, I ask, and morning's ray  
     Will soon dispel these shades.  
 Love we now,—love we! Of life's fleeting span  
     Haste,—seize enjoyment's day;  
 No shore has Time,—no haven here for man,  
     With it, we pass away."  
 Oh, envious Time! must then those raptures sweet,  
 Which fond love lavishes on happiness,  
 Flee afar from us, with a speed as fleet  
     As days of our distress?

And can we not, at least, engrave their trace?  
What, lost for ever? What, entirely gone?  
This *Time*, who gave and can so soon efface,  
Will he restore us, none?  
Eternity,—the past,—dark gulphs of doom,  
What do ye with the moments ye have shorn?  
Speak, will you ne'er those ecstasies relume  
Which from us you have torn?  
Oh, lake,—mute rocks,—grottoes, and forests drear,  
Ye that *Time* spares, or can again revive;  
And thou, fair Nature, let this night so dear  
In memory still live.  
In calm, or storm, oh let it still entwine  
Itself, fair lake, around thy lovely shore,  
With each rude rock and every bending pine  
Thy waters darkling o'er,  
Let it attune the passing zephyr's sighs,  
With murmuring echoes stir thy banks around,  
And light each star which on thy bosom lies  
Reflected,—silver-crown'd.  
The wind that moans,—the whispering reeds,—the air,  
Whose balmy fragrance sweetest odours feed;  
All that we see, hear, breathe, let all declare,  
“Yes, they have lov'd indeed!”

G. L

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## SKETCHES AND RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT NAMAQUALAND.

BY KU'EEP.

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No. I.

GREAT Namaqualand, as everybody knows, extends its coast line from the mouth of the Orange or Gariep River on the south, to Walwich Bay on the north; its breadth from east to west appears to be very uncertain, but may be reckoned about four hundred miles. This great tract of country is generally believed by the colonists to be a howling wilderness, and was for long regarded by the Boers as a sort of *Ultima Thule*. When the then government of the colony ordered the Boers of Kamiesberg and Little Namaqualand to accompany Captain Alexander to the Orange River, in 1835 or '36, there was a most impressive farewell taken of those left behind, and a general crying match; the expedition being regarded as “exceeding perilous.” At the present time, a solitary individual thinks nothing of going over the

same ground, with only a hammer and prismatic compass, in search of "indications."

The idea of the barrenness of Great Namaqualand must have taken its rise at first from the band or track of schistose hills, extending from the Orange River to Bethany, better than three days' journey, and which is certainly a picture of desolation, although there exist many beautiful spots among the hills, which are only known to a few Namaquas or the wandering Bushmen.

The country beyond Bethany gradually improves, and by the time the parallel of Walwich Bay is reached, the capabilities for grazing are equal to those possessed by any country in the world. I am certain that no part of the north-western portion of the colony is to be at all compared to the northern portions of Great Namaqualand. Of course, I except the belt of sand and rock skirting the coast, which is very barren.

The country inland, from Walwich Bay and Sandwich Harbour, is capable of supporting innumerable herds of cattle as far up as the Nosop River, and beyond it. It is pretty well watered, and the grass is without limit; indeed it stands above one's knees for hundreds of square miles on a stretch. No better proof of the eligibility of Great Namaqualand as a grazing country can be adduced than the fact known to most farmers in the western districts that the greater part of the wagon oxen now used are from that country, brought yearly by traders. Indeed, it is a common saying among the boers that there is a hole in Great Namaqualand through which the oxen came out of the ground, otherwise the country could not produce or provide sustenance for the immense herds which have been brought up so many years to the colony.

I trust and hope that before many years have passed, we shall see Great Namaqualand producing and exporting wool alone by the million pounds yearly; and if the colonial Government at some future time should extend its protection over it, an immense and valuable trade would immediately spring up with the hordes to the northward and eastward, and for which Walwich Bay would form a centre.

## No. II.

The Namaquas are described as having no knowledge of a God. I can vouch that the Bushmen at a distance from the missions are perfectly ignorant of such a Being. I have frequently questioned the most intelligent I could meet with, and received one unvarying answer, "As master says so, it

must be true, but I never saw the thing." One old Bushman gravely told me that such a being did not exist in Namaqualand, for he had seen every living thing in it, but he would not dispute its existence in the country to the north-east, as he had heard there were many curious animals there. They have many superstitions, however, and the most prominent are those relating to Hygie Ibib, who appears to be a compound of Hercules and Robin Goodfellow, but more especially delighting in the latter character. His pranks, as related by the Namaquas, are endless, and generally connected with some animal, which is invariably endowed for the occasion with the gift of speech. All over the country you may find large heaps of stones mingled with bits of wood: these are called Hygie Ibib's heaps, and every Bushman, when he passes, throws his offering on the top, either a stone, a piece of wood, a broken arrow, or a rag, and says, "Give me success in hunting," or whatever his wish may be for the time being.

Their belief in conjuring is very amusing sometimes. An old skinny Bushman, blind of one eye, and very lazy, managed to impress the rest of the tribe with the belief that he was "not canny," and under that belief, the old rascal managed to come in for a good share of everything the others procured.

Having left the place where the conjurer resided a few days ago, one of my Bushmen was attacked with a severe whitlow; sitting round the fire in the evening, a council was held as to how the whitlow could have originated, but without success. At last the suffering individual himself declared he could solve the mystery, which he did in nearly the following words:—"It is that old knave, Harrisip," meaning the respectable conjurer before alluded to. "It is that old rascal. When I shook hands with him, he only took hold of my three fingers, and left the little one out, and looked at me with his one eye so angry-like, and ever since, that little finger is sore. If ever that old villain looks again at me with his cursed eye, I shall throw a handful of sand in it, and shall keep it ready on purpose."

On another occasion, having expressed my regret that I should not be able to go on an expedition I had arranged for the following morning, in consequence of a very high wind then blowing, an old Bushwoman immediately said that that was very easily remedied, and added that she would do it immediately. She squatted down, and began cutting her toe nails with an old knife, put the parings into a sheep's hoof, and put the whole in the centre of the fire. As soon

as the smoke began to ascend from it, she began slowly to move to windward, looking at the same time over her shoulder, until no more smoke appeared. When she returned, and after asking for some tobacco, she assured me that there would be no wind to-morrow morning. The prediction was not verified. Every Bushman has a charm, which he evidently regards as a sort of deity. Each wears a thong, or riem, round his neck, and generally a piece of wood is suspended from it over his breast. That is the most precious charm. The first one I got into my hand I examined very carefully, thinking, from the enumeration of many virtues, it might be some potent medicine; but it was but a piece of common wood. Its owner, however, averred that a scrap or two from it, taken in water, would cure fever, dysentery, and all the common diseases of the country; that by rubbing his dog with it down his back, he would be protected from receiving hurt in the chase; and that water in which it had been dipped was sovereign for wounds and bruises. I afterwards found that all these valuable qualities were imparted to any piece of wood by the simple will and belief of the owner of the stick.

Another superstition prevalent is, that the rooting up or destroying one of the plants of the aloe, which stands generally on the summits of hills and rocky eminences, and looks at a distance like men, will produce strong wind and storms. This belief is not confined to the ruder natives, but extends to those partially civilized.

There is a singular belief, which is universal among the Namaquas, that some individuals possess the power of curing pains in any part of the body, and that this power is in the possession of some of the servile races, Hill Damaras or Bushmen. I have been assured, by a knowing old chief, that a Damara slave-woman pointed out to me had cured him of a severe stitch in the side by wrapping a caross round him, and rubbing some stuff on the place, by means of which she was enabled to draw out a piece of jagged wood, about a foot long. I asked him how thick the wood was, he said, about four fingers, and hacked at the edges. I merely remarked that it must have made a great hole in his side, and then, for the first time, the absurdity of the affair struck him. He hung down his head, and said, he had never thought of that, but she cured him, he said.

I have heard wild and dark tales of sorcery. A sheep being sacrificed by thrusting a spike up its nostril at midnight, and sundry and occult ceremonies performed, after which, portions of the carcass were put about the



houses of the parties, to be operated upon when untold ills were sure to follow. The Namaquas, generally, are very unwilling to speak on their old superstitions, for fear of being laughed at.

There is also a belief among them that any one who is in possession of "Doepa," or Gum Benzoin, can work with and tame the best oxen. This, however, is not confined to the Namaquas, but is common among the remote coloured population of the colony.

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## MODERN DISCOVERIES IN SOUTH-EASTERN AFRICA.

*To the Editors of the Cape Monthly Magazine.*

SIRS,—We in South Africa have been so accustomed to hear our paltry little Lake N'gami styled the Great Lake, that in order to set public opinion right on that subject, I send you a translation of a memoir of Herr Erhardt, a German missionary on the east, describing the really great lake of Uniamesi, or Nyassi, to which he ascribes a length of seven hundred, and a width of three hundred miles. It is in shape like an enormous stomach and pylorus. This, doubtless, is the great water, the traditions of which have reached even as far south as the Kafir nations. Further information and discussion on this subject, between Messrs. Cooley, Petermann, and others, who controvert the worthy missionary's views, will be found in the *Athenæum* and *Geographical Society's Minutes* of 1856. The want of a map, of course, deprives the memoir of much of its interest.

H. H.

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MEMOIR on the great inland sea of Uniamesi, or Nyassi, situated between the Equator and 10th degree of south latitude, and the countries adjacent to it: by J. Erhardt. Translated from *Mittheilungen aus Justus Perthe's Geographischer Aultalt* for January, 1856: by Mr. H. Hall.

Africa, and particularly Central Africa, has been for many years an object of universal attention for geographers, as well as for those religious societies who have at heart the eternal welfare of the poor sons of Ham. In the absence of true and authentic information on the physical circumstances of the unvisited regions of the African continent, hypothesis on hypothesis has been offered; and of no other part of the world have so many different and contradictory conjectures been made as of Central Africa, south of the Equator.

For the missionaries of the Church Mission Society in East Africa, in particular, the physical formation of the eastern and central parts of that continent was a subject of particular interest. There lay the countries through which, by their means, the gospel of peace was to be preached. Some of them pretended to the characters of scientific travellers; but all endeavoured as much as they were able, in their journeys, and in their intercourse with the natives, to investigate carefully and make known to the world everything new or remarkable which they saw or heard.

During the journeys of the missionaries into the interior, which are as yet but partially made public, the farther they advanced to the westward the more striking was the contrast they perceived between the actual physical formation of the country, and the ideas which many learned and scientific men had, *a priori*, formed of it.

The most mistaken hypothesis is plainly that a sort of Abyssinian Alpine terrace stretches away to the south, and over which travellers, journeying westward, have to cross, and from whose third and highest plateau those peaks rise into the region of everlasting snow, which are known as Kilimandsharo, Kingnea, and Doengo Engui.

Contradicting this hypothesis, is the fact that not only from the personal observations of the missionaries themselves, but from the testimony of hundreds of natives, either going to or returning from the interior, it appears clearly proved that when a certain distance from the coast is reached (about two degrees of longitude), the country begins to decline towards the west.

Mountains there certainly are; but these mountains are not crossed over, but generally passed round, and the waters, following the inclination of the great plains, flow to the west into a great inland sea (Bahr, Bahui), whose actual extent from north to south is unknown even to the native tribes who live along its shores. Elevated mountain-terraces are not to be found, but many detached groups and isolated mountains, which nearly all rise abruptly—and many of them very abruptly—out of a nearly horizontal plain, and also often rising near each other, still do not form one continuous chain.

Eastern and Central Africa presents, from the second to the thirteenth degree of latitude from the coast of the Indian Ocean, westward, a vast plain, which has very little elevation, through which the rivers Osi, Saluki, Rufu, Lufji, Rufama, and other lesser streams wind a sluggish course to the Indian Ocean. It then sinks to the west, and is there bounded by a

vast inland sea, which, at its southern extremity, is called Niandsha; at its northern, Ukereme; and on its coasts, Niasa and Bahaii ga Unamesi.

In the isolated mountain groups and single mountains are situated the heads of the rivers. These mountains, in particular Kingnea, Doengo Engui, and Kilimandsharo, are known to the missionaries travelling from the coast, which the natives describe as covered with a white substance, for which they have no name in their language. They describe this white object as a thing that soon becomes water, when it is brought near a fire; and this description, verified by many witnesses, can relate to nothing but snow,—for quartz rock, even in Central Africa, will no more turn to water than in better known localities.\*

The missionaries, for many years, had received but confused and imperfect descriptions of these great plains and the great inland sea. And the reason of this was, that the neighbourhood of Mombas, when they had established themselves, had but little intercourse with the interior; and those natives who were well acquainted with it seldom came into that district.

My long residence in Usambara, and my detention in Tangoe, the assembly place of large caravans for the Wakuafi and Masai plains, brought me in contact with many travellers, Arabs and Suahelis, likewise natives from all parts of the interior, who generally gave me very clear descriptions of what they had seen in their journeys.

These descriptions of names, routes travelled, and accounts of their adventures are so numerous that I cannot now include them all. The situations of the localities are so placed on the map as agree best with a strict comparison of the different accounts of my informants.

The interior of Africa has been for many ages visited by the natives and others dwelling on the coast. There they purchase ivory, and from thence come the slave caravans. The principal routes are three:—

1. The northern, from Pangani, a small town on the coast, and from Tangoe to Dshaga and the great Masai plains.

2. The middle, from Bagamoyo and Mboamaji to Uniamesi

3. The southern, from Kiloa and Kisanga, opposite the island Wabu or Ibo, to the forts of Niasa, where the slaves with which the market at Kiloa and other places are supplied are brought across the lake.

\* This alludes to a hypothesis of some geographers, that the white peaks are merely a quartz capping.

1. The great caravan road to Dshaga and the Masai Plains. The information on this route was given me by a caravan leader, and further confirmed by the accounts of upwards of forty other different travellers. The caravan consisted, as I myself saw it, of ivory and slave merchants, about 500 to 800 men strong, who were all under one leader. Armed with guns, and provided with a supply of beads, brass wire, and cotton goods, for barter and trade, they left the coast. They proceeded in a north-west direction through the low hills of Bomdei, until they reached the foot of the isolated Msihui mountain, whence they ascended into the Wakuafi desert, from which their route was in a westerly direction, leaving the Usambaru mountains to the south. Arriving at the little river, Mkomafi, running north and south, which has its source in the Bura mountains, the road divides into two branches. Crossing the river, one branch runs westward, leaving the steep Pare mountains to the south, and Ugomo and Kisungo to the north, until it again separates at two short days' journey from Rufu, and runs in a northerly direction to Dshaga, and in a south-westerly to the drift of the Rufu. This place lies in a westerly direction behind Pare, and forms the only place where the river could be forded by the travellers. The road leading in a south-westerly direction along the Mkomafi River leaves Usumbaru to the east and Pare to the west, then turning in a north-west direction, crosses the river at the ford above mentioned. The Rufu is formed of many mountain streams rising in the highlands of Dshaga River, by the ford, where the river widens from north to south, and is about four and a half German feet deep, and of considerable breadth. The banks are low. After crossing the Rufu, the road runs north-west into the plains through Little Arusha, and through the southern end of its lake, and passes the mountain Meru. To the south-west, a road here goes to the place of Segelei, the son of the chief Sibedi, and farther west to Sibedi's own place; and this great potentate is very friendly to all merchants and traders. From Sibedi's place, this road runs nearly due west till it reaches the coast of the Great Lake. The country is very level, sometimes covered with many little isolated hills and mountains, which, however, in travelling have never to be crossed over. West of Sibedi's place is that great landmark, the high and slender Doengo Engui, quite as white but higher than Kilimandshuro, with only one peak. When we stand opposite the mountain, Kilimandsharo lies ten or twelve days' journey to the eastward. From a high position here, the spectator sees the horizon bounded to the south and west by the extensive



plains of Inner Africa, and towards the north by high and lofty peaks. Salt marshes appear along the rest of this westerly route, until they come to the neighbourhood of a spur of a mountain range coming from the north, called Endaraseriani, at the foot of which a river coming from the north slowly winds and takes a westerly direction.

From the heights of Endaraseriani, the lay of the great plains of the Umamesi to the west is plainly manifest, as well as the course of the bare and steep peaks of the northern highlands by which they are bounded. Here come also the Wamamesi of the tribes of Wasambrio, to exchange corn and vegetables with the tribes of the Masai, and travellers, for flesh. The most distant point from this where we find the Masai tribes is Burgenei. To the mountain slope north is a bare desolate and stony country, the soil strongly impregnated with sulphur, and abounding in hot springs, which extends itself to near Burgenei. A caravan of twenty men left this place seeking for ivory, and after experiencing many difficulties, came in eight days' journey to a great inland sea, on whose coasts lived the people called Wamamesi; and which stretched itself out north-west and south farther than they could see. They could not see any islands, and the waves rose very high. The water was fresh and full of fish.

The distances between the principal stations on this route are as follows:—

	Days.
From Tanga, on the coast, to the fords of Rufu,	15
From the Rufu to King Sibedi's place,	6
From Sibedi's place to Doengo Engai,	7
Doengo to Endaraseriani,	15
Endaraseriani to Burgenei,	8
Burgenei to the inland sea,	8
	—
Total,	59

But generally, two and a half or three months are spent on this journey.

(*To be continued.*)

In connection with this subject, we observe from one of the papers received by the *James Hartley*, that letters have reached Sir Roderick Murchison from the distinguished explorer, Capt. Richard Burton. At the date of these letters, he was at Zanzibar, and was preparing to set out on his expedition into the interior in search of the great Lake Nyassi, alluded to in Mr. Erhardt's memoir. Further discoveries from that highly interesting region may therefore be shortly anticipated.—EDS.



## A LAY OF THE POST-CART.

Rumbling, rattling, shaking, jolting,  
 Galloping, kicking, plunging, bolting,  
 Driver giving eternal "colting"  
 To horses 'neath th' infliction moulting,  
     So merrily goes the post-cart.

Passenger holding on tight and smoking,  
 Vowing the thing is beyond all joking,  
 Cursing his folly, the saints invoking,  
 Swallowing pounds of sand and choking,  
     So merrily goes the post-cart.

Horses prancing, pulling, fretting,  
 Straining, suorting, panting, sweating,  
 In a manner to tender hearts upsetting,  
 And still no end of a thrashing getting,  
     As merrily goes the post-cart.

Driver hallooing, shouting, tearing,  
 For nothing on earth but the time-bill caring,  
 Never a moment his sjambok sparring,  
 And in *very* low Dutch, too, sometimes swearing.  
     Thus merrily goes the post-cart.

Letters inside (for fear of weather),  
 Bills and billets-doux all together  
 Tied up in sacks of dirty leather,  
 Little to them does it matter whither,  
     Merrily goes the post-cart.

Through the rivers, across the sluits,  
 Over the mountains and into the spruits,  
 As fast as can drag it the half-fed brutes,  
 Away like a flash of lightning it shoots.  
     So merrily goes the post-cart

And aye and anon sounds the driver's horn,  
 Not such as we hear on a hunting morn,  
 But such as the wretchedest jackass born  
 To utter or bray would indignantly scorn,  
     As merrily goes the post-cart.

It stops—the bags to the ground are cast,  
 But the passenger's ills are not yet past,  
 For his bruises a very long time will last  
 And remind him he *has been* terribly "fast,"  
     As merrily went the post-cart.

## MORAL.

Now you who have bones that are apt to break,  
 And you who have sides that are given to ache,  
 Or sensitive nerves that can't stand a shake,  
 A trip in the mail don't ever take,  
     Though merrily goes the post-cart.

But you who are made in a mould more tough,  
 And think a delicate fellow a "muff,"  
 If you *are* in a hurry and don't mind the rough,  
 You'll find that the mail is well enough,  
     For speedily goes the post-cart.

## LITERARY REVIEW.

THE Rev. Charles Kingsley is one of the most remarkable working men of the age. His activity as a public writer and a public man is something quite extraordinary. Some ten years ago, when Chartism had yet some violent vitality in it, and the lower classes of the mother country were excited by a deep sense of political wrong, and social oppression and hardship, Mr. Kingsley, with Mr. Maurice, and a few more, went into the agitation; strived to wield the fierce democracy for the best of purposes; and then was discussed the scheme of Christian socialism, promulgated by those earnest Christian men. We do not now venture an opinion on the merits of the systems they advanced. There can be no possible question whatever of the nobleness of purpose and the energetic bravery which led them into the contest. At that time, too, it was that *Alton Locke* appeared from Kingsley's pen, with all its faults,—and they are, in our opinion, not a few,—one of the most vigorous, racy, piquant, powerful novels ever penned for the advocacy of earnest action and of social reform. About the same time appeared his *Yeast* and *Phaethon*, on kindred subjects to the theme of *Alton Locke*,—all books intensely representative of the great movements of the time,—social, intellectual, and religious; and mirroring the distractions of honest doubt and earnest, serious inquiry, which the singularly fermenting elements in English society have recently excited among the younger intellects of the age. In 1852, and 1853, Kingsley appeared again before the public, still faithful to his ancient purpose of grappling with the questions and problems of his own day, but in the guise of *old foes with new faces*. This was his *Hypatia*, the finest exposition of the Neo-Platonic philosophy, and the strange commingling of conflicting elements in Alexandria, in the fourth and fifth centuries of the Christian era. The highest eulogy that has been passed on this most remarkable work was pronounced by a most distinguished Oxford scholar. He said that he had well-nigh devoted all his lifetime to the study of that Alexandrian period; but all the knowledge of it he had ever attained Kingsley put into his *Hypatia*, and made a picture of the whole of it besides. A year or two passed away, and Kingsley was at his novel-writing trade again, and *Westward Ho!* was welcomed, on every hand, as one of the richest, freshest, most picturesque, and withal, most practical historical novels of the time. His Elizebethan studies gave some further fruit, in the shape of admirable articles on Raleigh, the Puritans, and kindred subjects, published in the *North British Review*. About a year ago, in the pages of that same review, a delicious natural history article appeared: the *Wonders of the Shore*. The genial freshness with which the writer descanted on aquaria and zoophytes, and the sands of Torquay, was something quite charming. But until a few months afterwards, the article was published, in an enlarged form and in a separate volume, as *Glaucus*: they were few indeed

that could have dreamt it was the production of the hard-book student, Charles Kingsley. The next effort of his pen was a delightful Juvenile's Romance, from the ancient Greek Mythology; and now, within the past few months, he has written his last, but not his least, production, *Two Years Ago*.

While Kingsley has thus shown himself the accomplished, successful *litterateur*, his work, as a minister of the Church of England and a man of action, has not been suffered to flag. Somewhat different from Mrs. Jellaby's way of not doing it at home, though doing it ever so much abroad, his parish of Eversley is considered a perfectly model parish for all England.

In the brief notice of *Two Years Ago*, to which our limits must confine us, we cannot give even the slightest outline of the story. It must be enough to say that it gives a picture, and a very real living picture, too, of English life at the outbreak of the recent Russian war. Though the scene is laid almost entirely in Kingsley's favourite Devon, we have presented on his tableaux the types of every social class; and we have the author's own views, broadly enunciated, on almost every large question that agitates human thought in the present day. We have Tom Thurnall, the true man of the world, but not in the common acceptance of that common term. We have Frank Headley, the curate of the picturesque Aberalva, the representative of many an earnest, self-denying, generous, misunderstanding and misunderstood minister of religion now in England. We have Grace Harvey, the Aberalva village schoolmistress, the no less real type of another pure-souled class, in the depiction of whom Kingsley takes peculiar and congenial delight. His portrait of Grace Harvey is a study of inimitable beauty; he seems to linger over his touches as Murillo would have done in painting one of his divine Madonnas. We have Elsley Vavasour, unlike the plebeian John Briggs, the fashionable poet. We have Lord Seouthush, the imbecile, but honest, autocrat; the cotton millionaire, Lord Minchampstead, and a score more of representative men and women besides. Through these Kingsley descants, and occasionally sermonizes (though in a style of sermonizing which the modern pulpit would not be a bit the worse for adopting), on the religious questions and the social problems of the time. He expounds his hearty English views of slavery, and of spasmodic poetry; of sanitary reform and of pre-Raphaelism, and a hundred topics more, in the most heterogeneous way, but, at the same time, with a picturesqueness, vividness, and force which are quite refreshing. We shall give a few extracts from the passages that strike us as of the greatest interest. Tom Thurnall is a doctor, and one of somewhat erratic habits. He has wandered the world over, and has met with "moving accidents by flood and field," on the Rocky Mountains and at Ballarat; at Santa Fe de Bogota, and among the Kirghese Tartars. He is at last driven on the shores of Devon, the solitary survivor of the wrecked ship *Hesperus*. He becomes, in every

respect, the hero of the novel, and here is some account of him:—

“If I wished to define Tom Thurnall by one epithet, I should call him specially an ungodly man, were it not that scriptural epithets have, now-a-days, such altogether conventional and official meanings that one fears to convey, in using them, some notion quite foreign to the truth. Tom was certainly not one of those ungodly whom David had to deal with of old, who robbed the widow and put the fatherless to death. His morality was as high as that of the average, his sense of honour far higher. He was generous and kind-hearted. But of godliness, in its true sense of belief that any Being above cared for him and was helping him in the daily business of life, that it was worth while asking that Being’s advice, or that any advice would be given if asked for,—of any practical notion of a Heavenly Father or a Divine education, Tom was as ignorant as thousands of respectable people who go to Church every Sunday, and read good books, and believe firmly that the Pope is Antichrist.”

His career in Aberalva, the new life he throws into the picturesque society of that place, and the growing influence which the Christian Grace Harvey (who, by the way, had saved his life while drifting shipwrecked among the rocks), are beautifully told. Cholera is about to visit Aberalva. Sanitary reform is urgently required, and Tom Thurnall, all the opposition to his plans notwithstanding, is determined that this reform shall be accomplished. Here is a conversation between himself and the curate, Frank Headley. Frank was perfectly amazed at the energy and self-denial manifested by Thurnall in his work:—

“‘You are a greater puzzle than ever to me, Thurnall,’ said Frank ‘You are always pretending to care for nothing but your own interest.’”

“‘Well, I do it because I like it. It’s a sort of sporting with your true doctor. He blazes away at a disease, where he sees one, as he would at a bear or a lion; the very sight of it excites his organ of destructiveness. Don’t you understand me? You hate sin, you know. Well, I hate disease. Moral evil is your devil, and physical evil is mine. I hate it, little or big; I hate to see a fellow sick; I hate to see a child rickety and pale; I hate to see a speck of dirt in the street; I hate to see a woman’s gown torn; I hate to see her stockings down at heel; I hate to see anything wasted, anything awry, anything going wrong; I hate to see water-power wasted, manure wasted, land wasted, muscle wasted, pluck wasted, brains wasted; I hate neglect, incapacity, idleness, ignorance, and all the disease and misery which spring out of that. There’s my devil, and I can’t help, for the life of me, going right at his throat whersoever I meet him!’”

Here is some description of Frank Headley himself, the High Church clergyman, who had been commissioned to rescue Aberalva from the dominance of dissent:—

“Poor fellow! he had been labouring among these people for now twelve months as no man had ever laboured before, and he felt that he had not won the confidence of a single human being,—not even of the old women were took his teaching for the sake of his charity, and who scented Popery all the while in words in which there was no Popery, and in doctrines which were just the same, on the whole, as those of the dissenting preacher, simply because he would sprinkle among them certain words and phrases which had become suspect as party badges. His church was all but empty. Now, be it always remembered, Frank Headley was a good man, in every sense of the word. He had nothing, save the outside, in common with those undesirable coxcombs who have not been bred up by the High Church movement, but have taken refuge in its cracks, as they would have done forty years ago in those of the Evangelicals—youths who hid their crass igno-

rance and dulness under the cloak of church infallibility ; and having neither wit, manners, learning, humanity, or any other dignity whereon to stand, talk loud *pour pis aller* about the dignity of the priesthood."

One or two more brief passages we cannot forbear quoting. Lord Scoutbush goes down from London to visit his estates at Aberalva. Landing from his yacht, he is welcomed by the brave, hardy mariners and fishers of the ancient seafaring town. He shakes them by the hand, exchanges kindly jokes and repartees with them, and forthwith the poor, brainless Scoutbush becomes to these rough, honest men something quite to be adored. Kingsley thus writes :—

"How easy it is to buy the love of men ! Gold will not do it ; but there is a little angel, or may be, in the corner of every man's eye which is worth more than gold, and can do it free of all charges ; unless a man drives him out and hates his brother, and so walks in darkness, not knowing whither he goeth, but running full tilt against men's prejudices, and treading on their corns till they knock him down in despair ; and all just because he will not open his eyes and use the light which comes by common human good nature."

As a specimen of the author's word-painting and idealizing, we select the following. Thurnall goes on a Sunday afternoon to pay a professional visit at an upland farm on the slopes above Aberalva :—

"It was a 'day of God.' The earth lay like one great emerald, ringed and roofed with sapphire ; blue sea, blue mountain, blue sky overhead. There she lay, not sleeping, but basking in her quiet Sabbath joy as though her two great sisters of the sea and air had washed her weary limbs with holy tears, and purged away the stains of last week's sin and toil, and cooled her hot worn forehead with their pure incense breath, and folded her within their azure robes, and brooded over her with smiles of pitying love, till she smiled back in answer, and took heart and hope for next week's weary work."

Poor "godless" Tom's soliloquy, in gazing on this lovely picture was slightly different from Kingsley's. He addresses himself thus :—

"Brave old world she is after all, and right well formed, and looks right well to-day in her go-to-meeting clothes, and plenty of room and chance in her for a brave man to earn his bread if he will but go about his business, as the birds and the flowers do, instead of peaking and pining like that miserable Briggs."

Kingsley remarks :—

"Let him stride over the down, rejoicing in the mere fact of life and health and strength, and whistling shrilly to the birds below. . . . He might have better Sunday thoughts ; perhaps he will have, some day. At least he is a man, and a brave one, and as the greater contains the less, surely before a man can be a good man, he must be a brave one first, much more a man at all."

Many an adventure and hard course of discipline intervene ; but the third volume ends appropriately by telling us that Tom did come to have even better Sunday thoughts than these ; that he discovered that it was not Fate or Fortune, but a Heavenly Father, who rules among men, and shapes for them their course ; "and the old heart," we read, "passed away from Thomas Thurnall, and he received a new heart, even the heart of his father."



*Two Years Ago* is altogether an admirable book, full of vigour, freshness, and reality. There are many points in it to which a hypercritical reader might safely object on the score of taste; and if theological subjects were not excluded from this periodical, there are some deeply important aspects of religious questions which we should feel strongly inclined to guard against. But we have no doubt that all who have access to the Public Library will read the book, and judge of it for themselves.

Among the new books for the month is—alas, the *late*—Hugh Miller's *Testimony of the Rocks*. It was received at the Library but a few days ago, and we have yet had time only to glance its pages over. As we have seen elsewhere, appositely quoted from Milton: "A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit embalmed, and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." How tragically true is it that this brilliant work is, in sad reality, the precious life-blood of the man who perished only on the day when he had just completed it. None who read, two months ago, the records of the painful story, can have now forgotten it. And none who have known aught of Hugh Miller himself, or as revealed in that best and most enduring book of his,—his own autobiography,—the Cromarty stonemason—the genial, hearty, real man—the graceful, vigorous, graphic writer—the profoundly scientific explorer—and the equally profound and christian theologian,—can fail to appreciate, as applicable to him, what Byron sung of Kirke White:—

"Oh! what a noble heart was here undone,  
When science self destroyed her favourite son;  
'Twas his own genius gave the final blow,  
And helped to plant the wound that laid him low!"

A prefatory note informs the reader that "the lamented author of this volume spent a part of the last day of his life in correcting the proofs of its concluding pages,"—and then his work was done! There is a dedication written a few days before, and addressed to his friend Professor Miller, in which he tells us, summarily, the purpose of the book to be the "answering, to the best of its author's knowledge and ability, the various questions which the old theology of Scotland has been asking for the last few years of the newest of the sciences." It consists of twelve lectures, extending over 500 pages. Some of them have been made public before, as delivered, *viva voce*, to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution, and the Geological section of the British Association, besides a well-known one addressed to the Young Men's Christian Association at Exeter Hall, and since translated into several Continental languages. The whole are now re-cast, and several new ones are added, to give completeness and continuity to the argument, from the testimony of the rocks to the alliance of geology and the two theologies—natural and revealed. With ample information on the subject-matter of his wide discussion, and with a breadth and liberality of view, both in matters

scientific and religious,—possessed, unfortunately, but by few.—he gives the best exposition of the relations of geology and religion that has ever yet appeared. We cannot enter now into any detail, and shall merely quote the titles of the several lectures, on the palæontological history of plants,—the palæontological history of animals,—the two records, Mosaic and geological,—the Mosaic vision of creation,—geology in its bearings on the two theologies,—the Noachian deluge,—the discoverable and the revealed,—the geology of the ante-geologists,—and, finally, on the less known fossil floras of Scotland. We need only further remark, though it is almost unnecessary, that this is, in no degree, a hard and heavy scientific treatise. There are, ever and anon, gleams of the richest fancy, and sallies of humour and the most sparkling wit; while there is an under-current, clear, and deep, and strong, of powerful convincing, irrefutable argument, and, occasionally, glimpses of foreshadowings into the mysterious future destinies of our race, that rise to the height of the true sublime. We trust to be able, in an early number, to devote an article to an analysis of the work. We may remark that so great has been the demand for it at home, that, notwithstanding a very large impression was prepared, in a very few days the whole was out of print.

There are many works, besides, of more than average interest received this month. Among them is the continuation of the *Spanish Conquests in America*, by Mr. Helps, which we have not yet read, but which is spoken of, as we expected it would be, as distinguished by great affluence of knowledge and perfection of style.

Another volume of Sir Archibald Alison's new *History of Europe* (the sixth), besides a digest of contemporary French and English history, is occupied with the history of India, from the reign of Warren Hastings to the British invasion of Afghanistan.

An interest of a peculiar nature attaches, at present, to Sir John Bowring's *Kingdom and People of Siam*, as visited by him in 1855. There is much in it of new information regarding the social condition and national peculiarities of the Siamese people, as well as curious and authentic descriptions of the Siamese authorities.

Another volume of the *Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel* carries on the previous autobiography from the new government of 1834-5 to the repeal of the corn-laws in 1846. A further volume of Professor Wilson's works is enriched with some of the very best literary essays he ever wrote. Among them is his most admirable one on the poetry and genius of Burns. We regret that among the new arrivals is not Mr. Gaskell's *Memoir of Charlotte Brontë*, the admired "Currer Bell" of literary fame. A criticism we have seen of it, describes the biography as a "romance itself, with a sustained interest as deep as the novelist has portrayed in her remarkable works."

The following is a complete list of the new publications received at the Public Library:—Bacon's Works; Harford's Life of Michael Angelo Buonarroti; Palgrave's History of Normandy and of England; Napier's Baltic Campaign of 1854; Alison's History of Europe, vol. 6; Hersted's Treaties and Conventions, vol. 9; Help's Spanish Conquest in America, vol. 3; Wilson's Essay's, vol. 7; Borthwick's California; Year Book of Facts, 1857; Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel, parts 2 and 3; Lucy Aylmer; Hugh Miller's Testimony of the Rocks; The Second Wife; Gladstone's Kansas; Bowring's Siam; Annual of Scientific Discovery, 1857; Osborn's Quedah; Periodicals for April.

The Annual Meeting of the Public Library was held on the 9th of last month. These annual gatherings in that hall are now regularly looked upon as furnishing the best and richest literary treat with which the Cape colonists are blessed. Since 1839, the chair has been taken in succession by men of great eloquence, ability, and learning, and the published collection of their several addresses now before us would be creditable to institutions of far higher pretensions than the Public Library of Cape Town. History, Literature, Poetry, Oratory, Physical Science, have all been descanted on in turn. The Rev. Canon White's address last month, on what may be called the Philosophy of Reading, was certainly worthy of a comparison with the very best of those which had preceded it. He enlarged upon the three classes of—readers for amusement,—readers for the admiration of beauty,—and readers for the attainment of truth. The first branch of his subject opened up the discussion of novels and works of fiction generally. His views on this subject, we think, were, on the whole, liberal, judicious, and just. There were one or two points, however, advanced, which we think are open to a partial contradiction. He states that "the great consumption of works of fiction is a token of imperfect education." We think that it is owing to something deeper than that. The minds of most men are so constituted that the imaginative powers are the freshest and the strongest elements. There is a craving after novelty and fictitious delight innate in most of us. The child exercises it when engrossed in admiration of the nursery tales of fairy-land; the youth enjoys it equally in his Crusoe, or Gulliver, or the old, but rich, Arabian Nights. The great bulk of the people—educated as well as uneducated—show the vitality and force of it in their love—almost passion—for scenic representations, of every grade, from the gorgeous Shaksperian tableaux of the Princess' Theatre, to the lowest penny gaff in the New Cut of Lambeth. It is thus that we would feel most disposed to account for the great consumption of works of fiction, and not so much attributable to an imperfect education. To one other opinion of Mr. White's we respectfully demur. His censure of the novels of the school of horror, and the heroism of crime, was just and merited. But when he associated *Oliver Twist* with

*Jack Sheppard*, we think he did not sufficiently discriminate between the two works. *Jack Sheppard* is the hero of his own story,—a criminal and a villain. He is painted, notwithstanding, in a light to compel some unwilling admiration for him and sympathy in his career. This is certainly most pernicious in its tendencies. *Oliver Twist*, too, abounds in relations of crime, but it is ever presented in its most hideous and revolting form, and we defy any one who has read the novel to entertain the slightest feeling of admiration for Sykes or Fagin, or even the Artful Dodger. The tendency of the two works is essentially different. The one only panders to the lowest passions, and renders vice and crime something almost heroic. The other aims at great social reforms, and pictures crime in the light in which it should be seen—as intensely odious, and to be condemned. On Reading for the “admiration of beauty,” Mr. White gives some admirable appreciable sketches of poetry and poetic prose, and in the third branch of his subject enters upon the comparative merits of physical science, history, and mental philosophy. From a return of the proceedings of the Library, as read by the reverend chairman, no less than 8893 books were in circulation during the past year. This is exclusive of periodicals, and works taken out for a day or two. Of these about 55 per cent. are novels,—1 per cent. poetry,—3 per cent. arts and sciences,—7 per cent. history,—16 per cent. of voyages and travels,—8 per cent. biography,—2 per cent. political economy,—and miscellaneous, 8 per cent. If the doctrine on the subject of fiction we have stated above be correct, the imaginative faculty has certainly full development among the subscribers of the Public Library. We wish that their active operating faculties were equally developed, and we might expect that something would be done this year for putting this noble institution on a more satisfactory basis than hitherto. The House of Assembly has shown itself wisely liberal in the matter of the South African Museum, and has, last week, voted it an endowment of £500 a year. The claims of the Public Library on the support of the Government, are, certainly, in no degree less, but we think, very much greater than even those of the Museum. Its thirty-two thousand volumes are, by law, kept open freely to the public every day in the year; yet it has no endowment from Government of any kind. Its means are limited to the annual contributions of its subscribers, and these are too limited to maintain the institution as it should be kept. The rates of salaries to its officials are shamefully low. From want of means, it has been obliged to discontinue the purchase of some of the most valuable and indispensable English works,—the *Philosophical Transactions*,—the *Geological and Astronomical Transactions*,—the *Statutes at large*, and many works more, invaluable for purposes of reference. From want of adequate support, though in their present hall their shelves are over-crowded, and proper classification and arrangement of books are rendered impossible, and

though they have some amount of capital, and an excellent site now granted them, the Committee are unable to build the new Library, which all are so anxious to see the best ornament of Cape Town. We cannot doubt that an application to Parliament will be successful, and if a request for an annual grant of £300 be promptly made, not one member of that honourable assembly will be found to oppose it.

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## COMMERCIAL REVIEW.

MANY circumstances have induced speculation in articles of import and export during the month of May, which has consequently been one of great briskness. The large number of English war steamers expected, *en route* to the seat of hostilities in China, and the extensive supplies which their crews and the troops embarked in them will require, have tended to increase the prices of provisions very considerably, and we may yet expect a further rise. Breadstuffs have been purchased eagerly, as have also spirits for the navy, beef, pork, &c. The determination of the British Government to avenge the insult which has been put upon our flag at Canton, as evinced by the reinforcements above alluded to, has led to the opinion that some time will elapse before pacific relations are again established; and the obstinacy of the Chinese will doubtless induce them to continue the struggle for a long period. This, and the fact that the caper teas, to which the Cape colonists are so partial, have only hitherto been procurable at Canton, have tended to a firmness in our market for that article, which we may expect to see maintained. In coffee, too, there has been an advance, owing, it is said, to the advices received by H. M. S. *Iris*, added to the diminished stocks in this place, and large consumption on the frontier.

Cape raisins have been bought up, *on dit*, for the Australian market; and the supply being much smaller than usual, owing to the increased price of wine having induced the farmers to press in lieu of preserving, there is no doubt that the speculation is a safe one. The *Ocean Wave* took upwards of 2000 boxes for Adelaide. The deliveries of Cape brandy continue large.

There have been considerable shipments of specie to the frontier, by the *Madagascar*, on merchants' account; and it is said that H. M. S. *Penelope* takes £150,000 for the Commissariat. These will very materially assist the operations of the eastern banks, whilst the fact evinces a change in the transactions with that province entirely unexpected a few years since. The detention of vessels at the port of East London has very much militated against the trade with that place; but arrangements are being made for lightering, by means of vessels of small draught of water, which will obviate some portion of the difficulty. The consumption of all articles of food is very large in British Kaffraria, and even Kaffraria Proper, in



which latter territory the suicidal measures of the natives themselves have led to destitution, starvation, and misery. Wools have declined upwards of 1d.  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. in the sales of February-March, of which we have just received accounts; and there seems a diversity of opinion among those connected with this branch of trade in England, as to the prospects of the wools which are being held at this moment. For ourselves, we would caution our commercial readers that a reaction, however slight, in wools or other produce would be attended with serious consequences to the colony, and that events of this nature have occurred before in its history. Wine advances in the London market steadily, as much as £27 having been given for portacs of superior quality. In hides there seems a prospect of a still further advance, attributable, in some measure, to a murrain among cattle in northern Europe, and to a short supply from South America. Tallow also appears on the rise.

Freights have been, and continue, very low; and although no ships with cargoes bound for this port have as yet left it in ballast, many are willing to proceed to the eastward at very low rates. We hear of a charter being offered from Hondeklip Bay to Swansea @ £2 10s.  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton for copper ore, but not taken. Freights for the outer anchorage at East London 40s.  $\frac{1}{2}$  ton, and to cross the bar, 60s.

The Commercial Exchange Committee and the merehants have petitioned Parliament on the subject of the wharfage rates, in order to simplify the collection of them; and have recommended the imposition of an *ad valorem* rate, viz., one half per cent. To this subject we alluded in a former number. Very satisfactory returns are issued by the custom-house of the transactions in that department for the first quarter of the present year; and the attention of Parliament and the public has been directed to immigration, which is to be undertaken at first on a very limited scale; to light-houses on the coast; to railways, in connection with the arrival of an eminent engineer; and to harbour improvements in Table Bay, for which work a well-known naval surveyor on this coast has received commands from the Lords of the Admiralty.

We cannot refrain from congratulating the colony on the Home Government having made the Cape an Admiral's station, and having added to it so considerable an extent of seaboard to supervise.

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## MONTHLY REPORT ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN MUSEUM.

THE additions to the collection of the South African Museum have not been very extensive this month ; the most interesting being, perhaps, a shell of a fresh-water muscle from China, containing a number of josses. This is a pleasing and instructive illustration of the method in which pearls are formed by oysters, and is well worth the attention of the fair readers of this Magazine. They will here see the process which furnishes one of their most elegant ornaments, and may learn the lesson that what they most value is only a disease of a humble shell-fish.

A pearl, on being divided, is found to contain an infertile egg, a grain of sand, or other foreign body. This is introduced into the shell when gaping for food, or not expelled from the ovarium, and becoming entangled with the mollusc, has created an irritation which the animal has endeavoured to allay as it could not get rid of it, by covering with nacreous matter, a supply of which it can at any time eliminate, for increasing its shell or mending a fracture.

The Chinese, taking advantage of this power, have long been in the habit of manufacturing pearls and josses by introducing beads strung on wire or horse-hair, and little metal figures, such as may be seen in the specimen exhibited in the Museum, into the gaping valves of the mussel, which is said to be common in their waters, and leaving them in that position until the fish has covered them with a thin coating of nacre. On the withdrawal of the wire, the pearl appears ready pierced, and the deception cannot be detected except by fracturing the specimen.

Many persons suppose that pearls are the produce of one kind of shell only. This is not so ; they have been found in molluscs of several species and different genera. I have myself taken them in Unios of different species, in England and America ; and suspect they also exist in the Unio of the Cape Flats, and in the common scollop of France, and the pearl oyster (*Aricula Margaritacea*) in Ceylon. I have seen shells from Table Bay and Cape St. Francis, on the coast of George, which would, I am sure, yield pearls. In fact, a gentleman informed me he had found a large one and several small ones in an oyster that he was eating, while at the latter locality ; the Portuguese have a fishery at Bazaruto Bay, above Quillimane, which, if properly conducted, would yield a good revenue. The Governor of Moçambic showed me several very large pearls procured thence ; and Commodore Trotter intended to have anchored there to have enabled me to inspect the banks, but was prevented from the increase of sickness on board the *Castor*.

The greatest alteration that has taken place in the Museum has been the re-arrangement of the shells. The collection is now subdivided into genera, and fully available to any one who may be studying this delightful branch of natural history. A few genera are unfortunately not yet represented ; but I shall request permission of the trustees to send to Europe and purchase such as can be procured.

The recent robberies of the churches, and at the Botanical Garden, have induced the trustees to remove the gold and other valuable coins from the glass case now in use, as they consider the building too insecure for the

safe keeping of such valuable and convertible specimens. During the whole time the Museum has been open, I rejoice to say but one robbery has taken place; the stolen article—one of the Daguerreotypes of Namaqualand—was, however, recovered from the thief, who was taken up and convicted on another offence.

The *Vaal Korhaan*, recently presented by J. Rose Innes, Esq., of Riversdale, is a valuable addition to the collection of birds. This species is getting very scarce at this end of the colony, and our friends at the other seem to think anything common there is not wanted. The Museum now possesses three species out of the six known to inhabit the colony, viz., the *Korhaan*, *Vaal Korhaan*, and *Paauw*. These latter (we have two specimens) are not in full plumage, and I shall be glad to replace them by better. I fear, however, that in the majority of cases where edible birds and animals are concerned, the kitchen gets the better of *science*, and many a bird is condemned to the pot which would be extremely valued in the Museum. The fine violet stork (*Ciconia Violacea*), just mounted, narrowly escaped this fate. The eye of an ever active friend fell on it, however, and the skin was rescued. I say the skin, because the body, after all, became the prey of the pot; and having partaken of it, I can vouch for the goodness of the *gibier*.

I hope this hint will not be lost on our friends here. I will at any time gladly return the bodies of any game birds that may be sent to the Museum. A piece of larded paper pinned on the breast while roasting—which operation, by the way, should not be carried on beyond two-thirds the usual time—effectually represents the skin, and preserves the flesh from “catching.”

E. L. LAYARD.

## NOTES AND QUERIES.

### QUERIES.

“THE length of time a Bushman can live without food is surprising, often living for three and four days without a mouthful; and the quantity they can devour, after such abstinence, is equally remarkable,—one man having been known to eat an African sheep (30 lbs.) in a single night.”

This is a quotation from a paper in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* for April, 1828, by Lewis Leslie, Esq., Assistant Surgeon, 45th regiment.

Is there any authentic proof of a Bushman having performed the feat just mentioned? Is it possible? Δ

WILL the following bit of zoological news be of any use to you? It is an extract from a letter I have just received.

“I suppose you have heard of the legion of field mice that has suddenly made its appearance on the farms of the River Zonder End, and the Dry Ruggens of Caledon. An old friend of mine has got thirty-four cats in his house to destroy the pest; another, C——, has got together sixteen cats.

“Where can these mice have come from, and of what species can they be?”

Will any friend of the Museum, in that part of the world, send a pair or two, male and female, for identification and mounting in the Museum? I will resume this subject in your next number.

E. L. LAYARD.

HAVE any of our Cape Town friends any reminiscence of the old Duke, then the Hon. Col. Wellesley, when, in 1796, he remained three or four months in Cape Town ? H

THE late lamented Tyrone Power spent nearly two years in the Cape some thirty years ago. Have any of your readers any recollections connected with him ? One I know has,—that is the respected magistrate of Oudtshoorn, Lieutenant-Colonel Armstrong, late of C. M. R. H

IN the window of our friend, Mr. Rawstorne, of the South African Bank, is a most interesting piece of glass with the autographs of Omai and Captain Clerk, both interesting relics of Cook's voyages. Why is it not secured for the Museum ? A pitch plaster at the back of the glass, and a sharp cut with a diamond, will enable it to be removed with safety ; or else soften the putty with a strong solution of caustic potash. H

WHEN shall our local antiquarians favour the public with a picture of Cape Town, one hundred years ago ? A certain C. F., I am sure, could do it if he would. H

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## GENERAL SUMMARY.

COLONIAL INTELLIGENCE.—The chief events of interest during the past month have been the proceedings in Parliament, a complete synopsis of which will be given in our next number, or at the close of the session. Several measures of importance have been carried ; amongst which are the harbour of refuge bill, which accepts the offer of the Home Government and secures the payment of £25,000 a year, or such larger sum as may be derived from wharfage dues, &c., towards the repayment of the capital expended ; and a bill for placing £50,000 at the disposal of Government for immigration purposes during the ensuing year. Railways have also claimed much attention, and Mr. Scott Tucker, the eminent engineer, arrived here in the last mail steamer, having been deputed by several large capitalists in England to investigate and report on the subject.

The *Charity*, steam transport, arrived here on the 22d ult., bringing Rear-Admiral the Honourable Sir Frederick Grey, K. C. B., the newly appointed naval Commander-in-chief, with his lady and suite. The Cape station has been extended, and now includes all the west coast up to the twentieth degree of north latitude.

Several vessels with troops, forming part of the China expeditionary force, have touched here. Amongst them are the *Sanspareil*, 70 ; the steam frigate *Shannon*, 52 ; and the monster *Himalaya*.

The annual meeting of the Public Library was held on the 9th ult., at which the Chairman, the Rev. Canon White, delivered a very interesting lecture.

The bridge at the Paarl, over the Berg River, one of the finest in the colony, was opened on the 19th ult. with great ceremony, and named Lady Grey's bridge.

The Right Rev. Dr. Cotterill, Bishop of Graham's Town, has arrived with a numerous staff of clergymen and catechists.

The R. M. S. *Clarendon*, after undergoing a complete survey, left for India on the 11th May, her mails having been previously dispatched by H. M. S. *Megara*, while her passengers proceeded in the following steamer.

**KAFFRARIA.**—The intelligence is unimportant. Affairs were on a most pacific footing. The influence of the prophet appears entirely gone. He has announced that the great spirits underground will speak no longer. Large numbers of Kafirs are still passing through to take service in the colony. The German settlements are progressing. The foundation stone of a mansion for Baron von Stutterheim has been laid, and the chief commissioner has borne creditable testimony to the Legion for their discipline and good behaviour under trying circumstances.

**FREE STATE.**—The latest information states everything to be very unsettled, nothing being definitively known respecting Pretorius' movements. He is stated to have crossed the Vaal; and President Boshof was collecting a large force at Cronstadt, to repel any invasion.

**NATAL.**—The dates by the *Madagascar* steamer are to the 11th ult. The Council was still sitting, and the session would probably last some weeks longer. One of the most important measures passed is throwing open the Crown waste lands on easy and advantageous terms. The Council has also authorised a loan of from £100,000 to £200,000 for public works. An affair had taken place at Uneomaza, in which a refractory chief was severely punished, 6000 head of cattle taken from him, and another placed in his stead. A company had been formed to procure a steam-tug for the harbour.

**EUROPEAN INTELLIGENCE.**—The dates from England, by the last steamer, are to the 16th April. The news is both important and interesting. Parliament had been dissolved on the China question. The elections were the all-absorbing topic. Lord Palmerston's government was obtaining large increases in numbers. The Conservative and peace parties have suffered severely. Amongst the latter, who have not been returned, are Cobden, Bright, and Milner Gibson.

The Earl of Elgin had been appointed Plenipotentiary to China, and a strong expeditionary force is now on its way out, under the command of Lieut.-Gen. the Hon. T. Ashburnham.

The Queen had given birth to a Princess on the 14th of April.

The commercial world had again been startled by the bankruptcy of several large joint-stock companies, revealing the most gross mismanagement and jobbing on the part of the directors.

In the fourth series of wool sales, the Cape again took the lead in quantity; and although there was a decline, towards the close, of from 1½d. to 2d. a lb., on all woolst, the improved condition and quality of Cape increased it in favour with both home and foreign buyers. Other Cape produce, especially wine, maintained high rates.

From the Continent, the news is not important, beyond the cessation of diplomatic relations between the Courts of Austria and Sardinia, chiefly arising from the Lombardy question.

The R. M. steamer *England* would bring out the mails of the 6th May.



## MILITARY INTELLIGENCE.

ARRIVALS FROM ENGLAND.—Per *Dreadnought*: Purveyor Selkirk Stuart-Messrs. Treadwell and Monk, Clerks.

Per *Charity*: Capt. Hardy, Royal Artillery, to relieve Lieut.-Col. the Hon. G. T. Devereux.

Per steamer *James Hartley*: Lieut.-Col. Dill, Royal Engineers, Lieut.-Col. Tinley, C. M. R., Lieutenants Perring and Dunn, 89th Regt.

ARRIVALS FROM THE FRONTIER.—Assistant-Surgeon Snell, *en route* to New Zealand, Col. Ferryman, C.B., Lieutenants Lloyd and Browning, Paymaster Scott, Surgeon Gilborne, Quartermaster Sibbald, 89th Regiment.

The company ordered to relieve Major the Hon. G. T. Devereux (now Lieut.-Colonel), company R. A., has been re-ordered to proceed to China. It therefore remains on this station for the present.

Col. Ferryman, C.B., 89th Regiment, having arrived from the frontier, has assumed command of the garrison of Cape Town and western district, in succession to Lieut.-Col. Hon. G. Devereux, R. A.

PROMOTIONS, &c.—*Royal Artillery*: Brevet-Major the Hon. G. Devereux, to be Lieut.-Col., *v. McCoy*, promoted.

Lieut. R. M. Hazen, 60th foot, to be Instructor of Musketry.

APPOINTMENTS.—*Second Foot*: Quarter-Master Sergeant Mackie to be Quarter-Master, *vice* Mansfield, who retires with rank of Capt. *12th Foot*: Ensign and Adjutant Gibson to have the rank of Lieutenant; Ensign G. Warren to be Lieutenant, *vice* Irving. *45th Foot*.—Paymaster D. Blythe, from 3rd West India regiment, to be Paymaster, *vice* Taylor. *C. M. Rifles*.—Lieut. F. Boyes to be Captain, *vice* Sales.

## CIVIL APPOINTMENTS.

*April 30.*—Major W. Boyle, H. M. 89th Regiment, to be H. E. the Governor's Colonial Aide-de-Camp.

*May 2.*—M. G. Human, Esq., to be Justice of the Peace for the district of Uitenhage.

*May 14.*—Alexander Henderson, Esq., to be acting Civil Commissioner and Resident Magistrate for the division of Victoria, during the absence of Mr. Calderwood, on leave. J. C. Altenburg, M. D., to be District Surgeon for Victoria (West). Assistant Surgeon J. E. Moffat, H. M. 2d Regiment, to be District Surgeon for Stockenström.

*May 16.*—Staff Assistant Surgeon N. Norris to be District Surgeon for Fort Peddie. Mr. H. J. Fox to practise as a Notary Public. Mr. J. R. W. Rulofs to act as Sworn Translator in the English, French, Dutch, and German languages.

*May 22.*—J. P. Wiggins, Esq., M. P., to be Justice of the Peace for the District of Picketberg. H. R. Kuys, Esq. Assistant Surveyor-General, to be in charge of Surveyor-General's department during absence of Surveyor-General on leave. Mr. A. A. O'Reilly to practise as a Notary Public.

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# Meteorological Register for March, 1857.

*Deduced from five Observations daily. Sundays excepted.*

Hours of observation, 1b. 34m., 5h. 34m., 9h. 34m., 17h. 34m., 21h. 34m., Cape mean time.—Height above the sea level, 37 feet.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr.	Thermometer		Humidity of Air. Satura- tion 100	Self-register- ing Thermom		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°		°	°			Inch.	
1					78.9	62.2				
2	29.962	71.36	66.06	76.2	79.3	63.6	6.5	SSW		2.9
3	885	74.96	66.10	63.0	83.8	64.6	4.4	S		.4
4	890	71.88	65.24	71.4	87.0	63.5	4.1	SbE		8.
5	929	66.20	58.38	63.6	76.8	57.6	2.	SbW		5.8
6	944	64.50	57.08	63.4	77.0	57.2	2.6	SSW		7.7
7	883	67.42	60.26	66.4	73.3	62.0	3.1	SbW		5.1
8					78.3	59.0				
9	819	66.86	61.16	81.6	81.5	54.6	1.8	NWbW SW		2.2
10	927	67.12	61.12	72.8	75.6	54.2	1.	NW		2.9
11	997	65.30	61.08	79.8	72.8	54.5	1.4	NNW		2.8
12	951	70.06	64.92	76.4	76.5	61.8	5.3	S [NWbW		2.2
13	920	69.66	64.44	76.6	79.0	61.5	4.2	SbW		9.4
14	29.919	66.18	63.0	84.2	72.3	63.9	3.2	S NNW	.018	9.4
15					77.0	63.4				
16	30.045	61.72	57.46	77.0	70.5	53.8	1.8	NW WbW	.036	7.6
17	146	62.84	56.24	67.2	70.3	52.3	0.8	SSW		6.4
18	30.087	67.28	60.80	69.4	71.8	55.7	3.	S		2.1
19	29.948	70.94	61.48	69.6	74.0	61.2	4.8	S		.2
20	846	72.08	62.84	63.8	87.2	58.4	.4	S		2.6
21	30.037	68.30	61.48	68.8	76.7	58.0	3.3	S		1.6
22					72.5	56.8			.003	
23	30.091	65.80	57.24	59.0	72.1	59.0	6.4	SbW		.1
24	29.932	72.20	60.18	50.0	79.2	58.1	3.4	S		1.8
25	843	74.92	62.30	50.6	87.8	63.8	.6	SSE NW		9.4
26	910	72.18	62.80	62.2	88.4	55.0	1.1	NW		.4
27	937	67.38	61.54	74.6	76.5	55.9	.7	SbW NbW	.009	4.
28	29.952	66.54	59.76	67.6	72.7	55.9	.9	NWbW S		3.3
29					76.0	54.5				
30	30.029	60.24	53.16	62.2	69.0	53.5	1.7	SSW		84.1
31	108	62.54	56.00	69.6	68.5	55.7	2.4	S	.033	.2
Mean	29.959	67.94	60.87	68.35	76.85	58.49	2.7		.098	4.1

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. h. m. 5.34	A. M. h. m. 9.34	P. M. b. m. 1.34	P. M. h. m. 5.34	P. M. h. m. 9.34	highest	lowest
Barometer, cor. to 32°, inches	29.958	29.986	29.944	29.937	29.971	30.164	29.795
Thermometer, dry bulb, deg.	60.41	69.91	75.81	69.40	64.18	89.0	54.2
wet bulb, deg.	56.48	61.62	64.37	62.37	59.54	71.2	50.7
Humidity of the air, per cent.	78.73	63.42	55.54	67.77	76.27	94.0	27.0

## Meteorological Register for April, 1857.

Day.	Barometer corrected at 32° Fahr't.	Thermometer.		Humidity of Air. Satura- tion = 107.	Self-register- ing Thermom		WIND.		Rain.	Cloudy sky in tenths.
		Dry.	Wet.		Max.	Min.	Force.	Direction.		
	Inch.	°	°	°	°	°			Inch.	
1	29.999	64.16	57.60	67.4	70.7	56.3	4.2	SbW		2.8
2	891	63.72	57.22	67.4	73.2	56.8	4.2	S W		3.3
3	29.981	57.58	55.72	89.0	64.5	52.0	1.0	NWbN	0.814	9.7
4	30.092	60.98	56.40	75.6	60.6	56.8	0.7	SSW	.499	3.9
5					68.2	54.6				
6	30.152	62.34	57.28	73.8	68.7	55.0	2.7	SbE WbS		4.2
7	30.101	63.40	57.46	69.8	65.5	56.8	4.8	SbW		2.4
8	29.953	62.48	57.74	76.0	72.8	50.0	1.5	S		0.5
9	29.953	65.66	58.90	68.6	77.0	56.4	2.8	NWbN S		3.6
10	30.036	65.36	59.36	71.0	72.0	57.0	5.3	SbW		1.4
11	30.041	65.46	60.46	75.2	72.8	53.6	3.3	SW W		0.4
12					70.5	58.5				
13	29.970	63.38	58.26	74.8	71.8	52.0	1.4	S NW		0.9
14	30.050	59.80	55.94	79.2	69.2	52.0	5.4	NW SEbS	.180	6.8
15	30.229	58.58	51.70	62.8	62.8	51.2	3.3	S		0.4
16	29.940	62.24	53.12	56.0	71.8	47.0	2.1	S NWbN		3.7
17	898	59.02	56.60	86.4	68.1	55.2	1.4	NWbN	.643	9.2
18	29.986	56.90	54.62	86.6	57.6	50.5	0.5	SSW [S] bS	.165	4.6
19					62.5	50.2			.009	
20	30.003	58.10	54.28	79.4	66.0	49.8	0.5	NW		3.9
21	009	58.76	56.08	84.6	62.5	52.6	1.7	NNW		8.8
22	014	58.84	56.90	89.2	66.7	47.6	0.6	NW	.009	4.5
23	097	61.12	58.40	85.2	64.7	56.0	1.2	NW SE	.192	8.1
24	242	58.06	52.82	70.8	63.5	50.7	2.8	SbE		4.
25	208	60.56	55.70	72.6	67.8	55.0	6.	SbW		0.6
26					66.7	56.6				
27	228	62.28	57.52	75.0	66.5	56.4	8.	SbW		0.6
28	229	61.80	57.26	76.4	66.2	54.6	4.4	SbW		0.2
29	152	62.94	57.60	74.2	74.5	48.5	1.8	S		0.
30	30.122	69.52	58.72	56.2	84.4	53.0	1.7	NW NbE		0.9
Mean	30.0608	61.666	56.68	74.74	68.32	53.42	2.8		2.511	3.4

## MEAN RESULTS FOR THE SEVERAL HOURS OF OBSERVATION.

	A. M. h. m.	A. M. h. m.	P. M. h. m.	P. M. h. m.	P. M. h. m.	highest	lowest
Barometer, cor. to 32°, inches	30.059	30.093	30.042	30.042	30.069	30.299	29.802
Thermometer, dry bulb, deg.	56.34	63.34	67.82	62.32	58.52	85.1	50.4
wet bulb, deg.	53.42	57.68	59.68	57.36	55.25	64.1	47.7
Humidity of the air, per cent.	82.77	71.54	63.27	74.53	81.46	97.0	26.0

## ASTRONOMICAL PHENOMENA FOR JUNE, 1857.

June 6.—Scorpii, 4th May, will be occulted by the Moon. Disappearance at bright limb, 6h. 57m.; reappearance at dark limb, 8h. 14m.; also the bright star, Antares, 1st May; disappearance, 12h. 49m.; reappearance, 14h. 11m.; Antares is close double, distance 3<sup>h</sup>; the companion small, of a blue colour, but owing to the strong moon-light, or the chance of bad definition, it may not be visible.

„ 7.—Full Moon, at 6h. 37m.

„ 12.—Mercury will be stationary.

„ 15.—Mercury in conjunction with Tauri.

„ 21.—New Moon at 11h. 17m.

Morning Stars—Venus and Jupiter.

Evening Star—Saturn.

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